

73021
T H E
W O R K S
O F
A N A C R E O N,
S A P P H O, B I O N,
M O S C H U S and M U S Æ U S.

Translated into English.

By a GENTLEMAN of CAMBRIDGE.

—Propitious Muse;
While I so late unlock thy hallow'd Springs,
And breathe whate'er thy ancient Airs infuse,
To polish *Albion's* warlike Ear
This long-lost Melody to hear,
Thy sweetest Arts employ;
As when the Winds, from Shore to Shore,
Through *Greece* thy Lyre's persuasive Language bore,
Till Towns, and Isles, and Seas return'd the vocal Joy.
Akenfide on Lyric Poetry

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. NEWBURY in *St. Paul's Church-yard*;
and L. DAVIS and C. REYMERS in *Holborn*.

M,DCC,LX.

The Reader is desired to correct the
following few Errors of the Press.

P. 8. Line 4. Read—*nor Flame, nor Sword,*
nor Spear. P. 197. Line 8. For *lovely*, read *lonely*.



INTRODUCTION.

IT may be necessary to inform the Reader, that many of the following Odes were translated several Years ago at College for the Author's Amusement, without any Intention of making them public. But being encouraged by the Partiality of Friends, and allowed to insert those Odes * of *Anacreon*, which are elegantly translated by the late Dr. *Broome*, and five others, viz. 2, 11, 45, 49, and 51; he came to a Resolution of completely cloathing the *Teian* Bard in an *English* Dress, as no one of this nation had hitherto furnished him with a graceful Habit. Mr. *John Addison's* Translation, excepting a few Odes, is harsh and crude, and far from being well done. What the late ingenious and learned Mr. *West* says of *Cowley's Pindar*, may be applied to his Odes of *Anacreon*: "That they have not the least Resemblance to the Manner of the Author whom they pretend to imitate, or, if any, 'tis such a Resemblance only as is expressed by the *Italian* Word *Caricatura*, a monstrous and distorted Likeness."

It may be thought a bold Undertaking to attempt *Sappho*, after the high Encomiums which

* Dr. *Broome's* Odes were printed in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, under the Name of *Charles Chester*, M. D.

Mr. *Addison*, in the *Spectator*, has passed on *Philips's* Translation of her two Odes. But, with Deference to the Authority of so good a Judge, besides what the Reader will find observed with regard to Mr. *Philips's* mistaking the true Sense of his * Author, the three first Lines are amazingly rough and awkward :

Blest as th' immortal Gods is he,

The Youth who fondly sits by thee,

And hears and sees thee all the while, &c.

It is surprising, that such unpoetical Expressions, as those here marked, should escape the Censure of the accurate Mr. *Addison*, unless we suspect, that the Partiality of the Friend biassed the Judgment of the Critic.

It is equally surprising, that the beautiful *Idylliums* of *Bion* and *Moschus*, which charm every Reader in the Original, should scarce ever have been attempted in *English*. The Translator, therefore, may justly claim some Merit in endeavouring to make these elegant *Greek* Writers speak his native Language.

He cannot conclude this short Introduction, without returning his Thanks to an ingenious and worthy Friend (whose Name would do Honour to the Title-page) for his Revision and Correction of this little Work, and for those excellent Translations of the *Idylliums* of *Moschus* marked D.

* See the Note in Page 187.

T H E

Mr. Addison, in the Spectator, has said on this subject, "The Translation of Homer is a work of great Difficulty, and one which requires the Assistance of the Authority of a good Judge. Deference to the Authority of a good Judge, is what has been observed with regard to the Translation of Homer. The true Sense of his Author, the Notes in the Margins, and the three last Lines are almost enough and awkward."

ANACREON.

A*nancreon* was born at *Tibis*, a Sea-port Town of *Ionia*. Who were his Parents is uncertain, though it is conjectured, from good Authority, that his Family was noble. The Time of his Birth, according to *Barnes*, was in the Second Year of the 55th *Olympiad*, about the Beginning of the Reign of *Cyrus*, in the Year of *Rome* 194, and the 554th before *CHRIST*. According to this Account, he was about Eighteen Years of Age, when *Harpagus*, the General of *Cyrus*, came with an Army against the confederate Cities of the *Ionians* and *Æolians*. The *Teians*, finding themselves too weak to withstand the Enemy, rather chose to abandon their Country than their Liberty, and therefore transported themselves and their Families to the City

of *Abdera* in *Thrace*; where they had not been long settled, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavoured to give them Disturbance. It is probable that, in these Conflicts, *Anacreon* lost those Friends whom he laments in some of his Epigrams.

We cannot expect many Particulars of the Life of this Poet, because he seems to have been a professed Despiser of Business, and the Cares of the World. It is certain, that Wine, Love, and the Muse, had the Disposal of all his Hours.

From *Abdera* he went to the Court of *Polycrates*, Tyrant of *Samos*, at that Time one of the most gay and flourishing in *Asia*. A Person of *Anacreon's* Character must undoubtedly meet with a welcome Reception, wherever Wit and Pleasure were esteemed: Accordingly we find, that he was so highly honoured by *Polycrates*, as not only to be admitted into a Share of his Friendship, but even into his most secret Counsels. How long he continued at *Samos*, is uncertain; but it is probable, that the Friendship of *Polycrates*, and the Splendor of his Court, had Influence enough to detain him there the greatest Part of his Reign. This Opinion also seems confirmed by *Herodotus*, who assures us, that *Anacreon* was with that Prince in his Chamber, when he received a

Message

Message from *Orestes*, Governor of *Sardis*, by whose Treachery *Polyrates* was soon after betrayed, and inhumanly crucified *

A little before this remarkable Incident *Anacreon* left *Samos*, and removed to *Athens*, having been invited thither by *Hipparchus* the eldest Son of *Pisistratus*, one of the most virtuous and learned Princes of his Time; who, as *Plato* assures us, sent the most obliging Letters, with a Vessel of fifty Oars, to convey him over the *Ægean*. The same Philosopher who relates this, does *Anacreon* the Honour to style him "the wise *Anacreon*;" which is the Foundation of Monsieur *Fontenelle*'s ingenious Dialogue, where he introduces *Anacreon* and *Aristotle* disputing the Prize of Wisdom, and gives the Advantage to our Poet.

Hipparchus being assassinated, he returned to his native Country *Teos*; for, after the Death of *Cyrus*, the *Teians* had been suffered to reinhabit their Country unmolested. Here he remained, as *Suidas* informs us, till another Commotion in the State obliged him once more to fly to *Abdera*; where he died in the 85th Year of his Age.

The Manner of his Death was very extraordinary; for we are told, that he was choaked with a Grape-stone, as he was regaling on some new Wine: Which has afforded Mr. *Cowley* a

* See *Universal History*, Vol. 8. 8vo. Page 271.

Subject

Subject for a fine Elegy, the Conclusion of which is very happy :

It grieves me, when I see what Fate
Does on the best of Mankind wait,
Poets or Lovers let them be ;

'Tis neither Love nor Poësy
Can arm against Death's smallest Dart
The Poet's Head, or Lover's Heart.

But when their Life in its Decline
Touches th' inevitable Line,

All the World's mortal to them then,
And Wine is Aconite to Men.

Nay, in Death's Hand the Grape-stone proves
As strong as Thunder is in Jove's.

A small Part only of his Works has escaped the Malice of Time ; for, besides the Odes and Epigrams that still remain, he composed Elegies, Hymns, and Iambics. Some Writers honour him with the Invention of the Lyre. How much he was the Delight both of the Ancients and Moderns, appears sufficiently from those extravagant Praises which they have bestowed on him. Horace mentions him with Honour :

Nec, si quid olim iussit Anacreon,

Delevit ætas ———

Lib. 4. Ode 9.

——blithe Anacreon's sportive Lay

Still lives, in spite of Time's destructive Sway.

Duncombe.

Anacreon

Anacreon had a delicate Genius, and there are
inexpressible Charms and Graces in his Poetry.

“ His chief Excellence, says *Madam Dacier*,
“ consists in imitating Nature, and following
“ Reason: He presents no Images to the Mind
“ but what are noble and natural.” “ The
“ Odes of *Anacreon*, says *Rapin*, are Flowers,
“ Beauties, and perpetual Graces: it is familiar
“ to him to write what is natural: He has an
“ Air so delicate, easy and graceful, that, among
“ all the Ancients, there is nothing comparable
“ to the Method he took, nor to that Kind of
“ Writing he followed. He flows soft and easy,
“ every where diffusing the Joy and Indolence
“ of his Mind through all his Compositions,
“ and tuning his Harp to the pleasant and happy
“ Temper of his Soul.”

But no one has given us a juster Character of
his Writings, than that little God who inspired
them, as *Mr. Cowley* has made him speak:

All thy Verse is softer far
Than the downy Feathers are
Of my Wings, or of my Arrows,
Of my Mother's Doves, or Sparrows;
Graceful, cleanly, smooth and round,
All with *Venus'* Girdle bound.

I cannot

THE LIFE, &c.

I cannot better conclude this Account of *Anacreon*, than with the following Epitaph, as it is translated in the *Spectator*, No. 551.

On *Anacreon*. By *Anipater*.

This Tomb be thine, *Anacreon*, all around
Let Ivy wreath, let Flow'rets deck the Ground,
And from its Earth, enrich'd by such a Prize,
Let Wells of Milk, and Streams of Wine arise:
So will thine Ashes yet a Pleasure know,
If any Pleasure reach the Shades below.

To which let me add a fine Stanza from Dr. *Akenfide's Ode on Lyric Poetry*, in Honour of our Poet:

I see *Anacreon* smile and sing:
His silver Tresses breathe Perfume;
His Cheek displays a second Spring
Of Roses, taught by Wine to bloom.
Away, deceitful Cares, away!
And let me listen to his Lay,
While flowery Dreams my Soul employ;
While, turtle-wing'd, the laughing Hours
Lead Hand in Hand the festal Powers,
Lead Youth, and Love, and harmless Joy.

THE

O D E S
O F
A N A C R E O N.

Translated from the GREEK.

With Roses crown'd, on Flowers supinely laid,
Anacreon blithe the sprightly Lyre essay'd,
In light fantastic Measures beat the Ground,
Or dealt the mirth-inspiring Juice around:
No Care, no Thought, the tuneful *Teian* knew,
But mark'd with Bliss each Moment as it flew.

Progress of Poetry. By a Lady.

Best the fire spirit, that flicker all the sky,
The flame extinguish, and the cover die,
More would I know, I know not why.

The happiest of all things is love,
This mutual vow, the I know not why,
The Night in Rapture of my soul,
Her Tale, I know not why, I know not why,
And his, to cross the unshameable face.

On painted this, the beautiful face,
The face of the highest of the highest,
Till the fond Nymph, when Darius spoke,
Back to her Tower now slowly came.

Translated from the Greek,
Mark'd well the station of the star,
Then sought the star, the star, the star,
I know not why, I know not why, I know not why,
I know not why, I know not why, I know not why.

And the star, the star, the star,
On dark the star, the star, the star,
No star, no star, the star, the star,
The star, the star, the star, the star,
At length, the star, the star, the star,
Sleep, the star, the star, the star.

THE ODES OF
ANACREON.

ODE I.

ON HIS LYRE.

“ WAKE, O Lyre, thy silent Strings,
“ Celebrate the Brother-Kings,
“ Sons of *Atræus*, fam’d afar,
“ *Cadmus*, and the *Theban War*.”—

Rapt

ODE I.

This Ode is, with great Reason and Propriety, placed at the Head of these beautiful little Poems; for Love, the Argument, is in a good measure the Argument of all the rest.—The Invention of it has been esteemed so happy and gallant, and the Turn so delicate, that the best Masters of Antiquity have copied this excellent Original. *Horace* had it in View, Ode 12. Book 2.

*Nolis longa feræ bella Numantiæ,
Nec dirum Annibalem, nec Siculum mare,
Pæno purpureum sanguine, mollibus
Aptari citharæ modis.*

Dire *Hannibal*, the Roman Dread,
Numantian Wars which rag’d so long,
And Seas with *Punic* Slaughter red,
Suit not the softer Lyric Song.

Lord Chief Baron *Gilbert*.

Rapt I strike the vocal Shell—

5

Hark—the trembling Chords rebel ;

All averse to Arms they prove,

Warbling only Strains of Love.

Late

Ovid has imitated it in several of his *Elegies* : In the following Distich he seems to have comprehended the Substance of the whole Ode, *Eleg. 12. Book 3.*

Cum Thebæ, cum Troja forent, cum Cæsaris æta ;
Ingenium movit sola Corinna meum.

Tho' *Thebes* and *Troy* remain, and *Cæsar's* Praise,
Illustrious Themes that might my Fancy raise,
Corinna only can inspire my Lays. }

Bion of *Smyrna* has beautifully imitated this Ode at the End of his Fourth *Idyllium*.

Ἦν μὲν γὰρ βροτὸν ἄλλον ἢ θανάτου τινα μιλῶ,
Καμβανὲ μὲν γλῶσσαι, καὶ ὡς παρὸς ἐκ ἐτ' αὐδῶ.
Ἦν δ' αὐτ' ἐς τὸν ἔρωτα καὶ ἐς Λυκίδα τι μελίσσας,
Καὶ τόκα μοι χαιρεῖσα διατοματος ῥέει ὕδα.

To praise a Hero when I strike the Lyre,
Or nobly-daring to some God aspire,
In Strains more languid flows the nerveless Song,
The fault'ring Accents die upon my Tongue ;
But when with Love or *Lycidas* I glow,
Smooth are my Lays, the Numbers sweetly flow.

VER. 3. *Sons of Atreus, &c.*—*Cadmus* and the *Theban War* } *Agamemnon* and *Menelaus*, the chief Commanders at the Siege of *Troy*. By the *Atidae* the Poet means the *Trojan*, and by *Cadmus* the *Theban War*.

VRE.

Late I strung anew my Lyre —

“Heav’nly Muse, my Breast inspire,

“While the swelling Notes resound

“*Hercules*, for Toils renown’d.”

Still the Chords rebellious prove,

Ans’ring only Strains of Love!

Farewel

VER. 9. *Late I strung anew my Lyre.*] Mr. Dacier judiciously observes, in his Notes on the Twenty-sixth Ode of the first Book of *Horace*, that the Poets, when they would celebrate any extraordinary Subject, were wont to say, they had *new-strung* their Lyre.

— *Hunc fidibus novis,
Huncce Lesbio sacrare plectro,
Teque tuasque decet sorores.*

To sound his Praise, O Muse, is thine,
In concert with the tuneful Nine,
On the fam’d *Lesbian* Lyre *new-strung*,
In Numbers sweet, as old *Alcæus* sung.

VER. 14. *Ans’ring only Strains of Love.*] The Greek Word, ἀντισφωρῶν, is very strong and expressive, and means, “to return a contrary Sound.” To understand this Passage clearly, we must imagine that *Anacreon* is singing and playing upon the Lyre, which, instead of answering to his Voice in heroic Numbers, returned only the Sounds of Love. *Tibullus* has a similar Expression, *Eleg. 4. Book 3.*

*Tunc ego nec citharâ poteram gaudere sonora,
Nec similes chordis reddere voce sonos.*

No more I tun’d the loud resounding String,
Nor to the Lyre’s sweet Melody could sing.

6 ANACREON.

Farewel Heroes, farewel Kings! 15

Love alone shall tune my Strings.

O D E II.

By another Hand.

O N W O M E N.

NAture gives all Creatures Arms,

Faithful Guards from hostile Harms ;

Jaws, the Lion to defend,

Horrid Jaws that wide distend !

Horns, the Bull, resistless Force ! 5

Solid Hoofs, the vig'rous Horse ; Nimble

VER. 15. Farewel Heroes, &c.]

—Heroum clara valete

Nomina, non apta est gratia vestra mihi.

Ovid, Eleg. 1. Book 2.

Ye Heroes of immortal Fame, adieu !

Ill suits the warbling of my Lyre with you.

O D E II.

Phocylides has copied great Part of this Ode in his
admonitory Poem :

Ὅπλον ἑκάστῳ νέμεθ' ὅσος φύσιν' ἡγεροφροῖτον
Ὀρεῖσι μὲν πολλὴν ταχύτητ', ἀλκὴν τελευτᾷ,
Ταυροῖς δ' αὐτοχυτοῖς κεραισσιν, κείρα μελισσαις
Ἐμφύϊον ἀλκαρ ἔδωκε· λόγος δ' ἐρυμ' ἀνθρώποισι.

Arms

Nimble Feet, the fearful Hare;
 Wings to fly, the Birds of Air;
 Fins to swim, the watry Kind;
 Man, the bold, undaunted Mind. 10
 Nature, lavishing her Store,
 What for Woman had she more?

Helpless

Arms to all Creatures God's abundant Care
 Affords; light Pinions to the Birds of Air;
 The lordly Lion boasts his matchless Might;
 The Bull's bright Horns are terrible in Fight;
 The Sting sharp-pointed is the Bee's Defence;
 The Shield and Buckler of Mankind is Sense.

VER. 10. *To Man, the bold undaunted Mind.*] The Greek Word, *φρονιμα*, generally signifies Prudence; and so *Stephens* has translated it: But as it would be highly absurd to suppose that Nature had forgot that useful Ingredient in the Composition of the Ladies, we must look out for another Interpretation. *φρονιμα* equally signifies Magnanimity. It is similar to an Expression of *Tully*, in *Off.* 1. 19.—*Elatio & magnitudo animi*: And as *Mr. John Addison*, in his Note on this Passage, observes: "By Courage, when applied to Man, is properly meant that Superiority of Mind, which is Man's peculiar Characteristic and Charter of Dominion."

B 4

VER.

Helpless Woman ! TO BE FAIR ;

Beauty fell to Woman's Share.

She that's beauteous need not fear

Sword, or Flame, or Shield, or Spear :

Beauty

VER. 14. *Beauty fell to Woman's Share.*] Coluthus, in his Poem of the Rape of Helen, has the same Thought, speaking of Venus :

Μην Κυπρις αναλκις ἐνν Διός· ἡ βασιλευσὶν
Κοιρανίην, ἢ δ' εἰχος ἀγρίου, ἢ βέλος ἰλκω·
Ἀλλὰ τί δειμαίνω πτερωσίου ; ἀντί μιν πικρῆς,
Ὅς· δορυεἰχος ἔχουσιν μάκροισιν δίσκοις ἐγώνων.

Of all the Gods, no regal Sway I bear,
Nor, weak and timid, wield the martial Spear ;
Yet great my Pow'r, for my resistless Darts
Are Smiles and Loves that triumph over Hearts.

And a little further,

Ἔργα μὲν οὐκ οἶδα· τί γὰρ σάκεον Ἀφροδίτῃ ;
Ἀγλαίῃ πολὺ μάλλον ἀριστέουσιν γυναῖκες.

No Fights I know, averse to War's Alarms ;
Idalian Venus has no need of Arms :
The Fair are irresistible in *Charms*.

Nonnus introduces *Venus* speaking in the same Manner :

Εἰχος ἐμὸν πῶλε καλλός, ἐμὸν ξίφος ἐπ' ἔλεο μερφῇ.
Resistless *Beauty* for a Sword I wear,
And *Charms* more piercing than the pointed Spear.
The

ANACREON.

9

Beauty stronger Aid affords,
Stronger far than Flames or Swords,
Stronger far than Swords or Shields;
Man himself to Beauty yields.

20

O D E III.

CUPID BENIGHTED.

THE fable Night had spread around
This nether World a Gloom profound;
No silver Moon nor Stars appear,
And strong Boötes urg'd the Bear:

The

The Romans were so fully convinced of the Power of Beauty, that the Word *fortis*, strong or valiant, signifies likewise fair or handsome; as appears by two Passages in *Plautus*.—*Bacchid.* Act. 2. Scen. 2. 38. *Sed Bacchis etiam tibi fortis visa est? Et Miles Glor.* Act. 4. Scen. 3. 13. *Ecquid fortis visa est?*

O D E III.

This, as *Longepierre* observes, is one of the most beautiful of *Anacreon's* Odes. Nothing can be more ingenious than the Fiction, which is something similar to the Fable of the Serpent and the Labourer.

VER. 4. And strong Boötes urg'd the Bear.] Two Constellations near the Northern Pole. Boötes is also

10 ANACREON.

The Race of Man, with Toils oppress'd, 5

Enjoy'd the balmy Sweets of Rest;

When from the heav'nly Court of Jove

Descended swift the God of Love,

(Ah me! I tremble to relate)

And loudly thunder'd at my Gate. 10

"Who's there? I cry'd, Who breaks my Door

"At this unseasonable Hour?"

The God, with well-dissembled Sighs,

And Moan insidious, thus replies:

"Pray ope the Door, Dear Sir——'tis I, 15

"A harmless, miserable Boy;

"Benumm'd with Cold and Rain I stray

"A long, uncomfortable Way——

"The

called *Arctophylax*, or the *Bear-keeper*. *Aratus*, in his *Phænomena*, has three Lines perfectly similar to this Passage of *Anacreon*:

Εξοπιθεν δ' Ελικης φερεται ελαοντι εοικως
Αρκιόφυλαξ, τον ε' ανδρες επικλειουσι Βοωτην,
Ουτεχ' αμαξαιης ιναφωμενος ειδεται Αρκις.

Behind, and seeming to urge on the *Bear*,

Arctophylax, on Earth *Boötes* nam'd,

Sheds o'er the *Arctic* Car his Silver Light.

ANACREON. 11

“ The Winds with blust’ring Horror roar——

“ ’Tis dismal dark——Pray ope the Door,” 20

Quite unsuspecting of a Foe

I listen’d to the Tale of Woe,

Compassion touch’d my Breast, and strait

I struck a Light, unbarr’d the Gate;

When, lo! a winged Boy I spy’d 25

With Bow and Quiver at his Side:

I wonder’d at his strange Attire;

Then friendly plac’d him near the Fire.

My Heart was bounteous and benign,

I warm’d his little Hands in mine, 30

Chear’d him with kind assiduous Care,

And wrung the Water from his Hair.

Soon as the fraudulent Youth was warm,

“ Let’s try, says he, if any Harm

“ Has chanc’d my Bow this stormy Night; 35

“ I fear the Wet has spoil’d it quite :”

With that he bent the fatal Yew,

And to the Head an Arrow drew;

B 6

Loud

Loud twang'd the sounding String, the Dart
Pierc'd thro' my Liver and my Heart.

40

Then laugh'd amain the wanton Boy,
And, "Friend, heery'd, I wish thee Joy ;
" Undamag'd is my Bow, I see,
" But what a Wretch I've made of thee !"

O D E

VER. 40. *Pierc'd thro' my Liver.*] The Antients placed the Seat of Love in the *Liver*, as might be proved from several Passages.

*Cum tibi fervens amor & libido,
Quæ solet matres furiare equorum,
Sæviet circa jecur ulcerosum.* Hor. B. 1. Ode 2.

And burning Love and loathsome Lust,
Such as the madding Fillies fires,
Still in thy canker'd Liver rage. *Duncombe.*

Theocrit. Idyll. 11. ver. 16.

—το οἱ ἥπαρ πᾶζε βελεμον.

—She in his Liver fix'd a Dart.

And in the Thirteenth *Idyll*. Ver. 71. speaking of *Hercules*, he says,

—Χαλεπὸς γὰρ ἐσὼ θεὸς ἥπαρ ἀμυσσεν.

For in his Liver Love had fix'd a Wound.

There is an Epigram in the Seventh Book of the *Anthologia*, to the same Purpose :

Ἀἴξον, ἔρωι, κρᾶδιν τε καὶ ἥπαρ. εἰ δ' ἐπιθυμῆις
βαλλεῖν, ἄλλο τι μὲ τῶν μελέων μεταβα.

Cease, Love, to wound my Liver and my Heart :
If I must suffer, chuse some other Part.

O D E

ANACREON. 13

ODE IV.

ON HIMSELF.

R Eclin'd at Ease on this soft Bed
 With fragrant Leaves of Myrtle spread,
 And flow'ry Lote, I'll now resign
 My Cares, and quaff the rosy Wine.
 In decent Robe, behind him bound, 5
 Cupid shall serve the Goblet round:
 For fast away our Moments steal,
 Like the swift Chariot's rolling Wheel:

The

ODE IV.

VER. 2. *With fragrant Leaves of Myrtle spread, &c.*] Madam Dacier observes, that the Antients, by way of Indulgence, used to repose themselves on large Heaps of fragrant Herbs, Leaves and Flowers.

VER. 7. *For fast away our Moments steal,
 Like the swift Chariot's rolling Wheel.*]

Seneca, in his *Hercules Furens*, Act 1. Scene 2. Ver. 177. has the same Sentiment.

— *Properat cursu
 Vita citato, volucrique die
 Rota præcipitis vertitur anni.*

With rapid Motion, never at a Stay,
 Life swiftly posts along, and, Day by Day,
 The Year's great Wheel incessant rolls away.

} VER.

14 ANACREON.

The rapid Course is quickly done,
 And soon the Race of Life is run ; 10
 Then, then, alas ! we droop, we die,
 And sunk in Dissolution lie ;
 Our Frame no Symmetry retains ;
 Nought but a little Dust remains.
 Why on the Tomb are Odours shed ? 15
 Why pour'd Libations to the dead ?

VER. 14. *Nought but a little Dust remains.*] *Anthologia*, Book 7.

Εν ζωῇσι τα τεύχεα τα Κυπρίδος ἐν δ' Ἀχέροϊ
 ὄσσεα καὶ σποδὴν, παρθεὶν, κλισομεθα.

Phyllis, while living, let us Life employ
 In the soft Transports of *Idalian* Joy ;
 For when we die, (and die, alas ! we must)
 All that remains is Ashes, Bones, or Dust.

Nos ubi decidimus

Quo pius Aeneas, quo Tullus dives, & Ancus,
Pulvis & umbra sumus. Hor.

But to the dreary Realms below
 Who sink, must no Return for ever know !
 Inroll'd among the mighty dead,
 Our Body will be Dust, our Soul a Shade. *Duncombe.*

VER. 15. *Why on the Tomb are Odours shed ?*
Why pour'd Libations to the dead ?]

There are two Epigrams in the Second Book of the *Anthologia*, very similar to this Passage of *Anacreon* :

Καὶ οἶνε, καὶ τεύχε, Δημοκράτης· ὃ γὰρ ἐς αἶν
 Πιομεθ', ὃ δ' αἶνι τεύχος ἱζομεθα.

Kai

To me, far better, while I live,
 Rich Wines and balmy Fragrance give;
 Now, now, the rosy Wreath prepare,
 And hither call the lovely Fair. 20

Και στεφανὺς κεφαλᾶς πυκασώμεθα, καὶ μυρισώμεν
 Αὐτὸς, πρὶν τυμβῶσις ταῦτα φέρειν ἑταῖρος.
 Νυνὶ ἐν ἐμοὶ πνιέτω μεθὺ τὸ πλεονόφειά ταμα.
 Νεκρὰ δὲ Δευκαλίων αὐτὰ κατακλύσεται.

Drink and rejoice; for let us wisely think,
 My Friend, we must not always laugh and drink:
 Our Heads we'll crown with Flow'rs and rich Per-
 fumes

Before they're vainly lavish'd on our Tombs.
 Cares and Anxieties I now resign,
 Or drown them in a mighty Bowl of Wine.
 When dead, Deucalion may, if he thinks good,
 Drench my cold Carcase in a watry Flood.

Μὴ μυρεῖα, μὴ στεφανὺς λιθίναις στήλαισι χαρίζεσθαι,
 Μῆδὲ τὸ πνυρὸν φλεξέσθαι· εἰς κενὸν ἢ δαπάνη.
 Ζωντὶ μοι, ἐντὶ δελαίς χαρίζεται.

On the cold Tombs no fragrant Unguents shed,
 No flow'ry Chaplets unavailing spread,
 Nor kindle living Lamps to light the dead. }
 Vain are these Honours; rather, while I live,
 To me the sweet, the rich Oblation give.

Of these Customs of the Antients, of pouring sweet
 Unguents on the Tombs of the dead, and crowning
 them with Flowers, &c. See *Potter's Antiquities*.

16 ANACREON.

Now, while I draw my vital Breath,
Ere yet I lead the Dance of Death,

For

VER. 22. *Ere yet I lead the Dance of Death.*] The
Antients believed, that happy Souls in the *Elysian*
Fields enjoy'd those Pleasures which they most delight-
ed in when living. Thus *Virgil*,

Pars pedibus plaudunt choreas, & carmina dicunt.

Those raise the Song divine, and these advance
In measur'd Steps to form the solemn Dance. *Pitt.*

Tibullus, Book 1. Eleg. 3.

Sed me, quod facilis tenera sum semper Amori,

Ipsa Venus campos ducet in Elysios:

Hic choreas, cantus vigent, &c.

Then Love my Ghost (for Love I still obey'd)
Will grateful usher to th' *Elysian* Shade:

There Joy and ceaseless Revelry prevail,

There soothing Music floats on ev'ry Gale;

There painted Warblers hop from Spray to Spray,

And, wildly-pleasing, swell the gen'ral Lay:

There ev'ry Hedge untaught with Cassia blooms,

And scents the ambient Air with rich Perfumes:

There ev'ry Mead a various Plenty yields;

There lavish *Flora* paints the purple Fields:

With ceaseless Light a brighter *Phœbus* glows,

No Sickness tortures, and no Ocean flows:

But

For Joy my Sorrows I'll resign,
And drown my Cares in rosy Wine.

ODE V.

ON THE ROSE.

TO make the Beverage divine
Mingle sweet Roses with the Wine;
Delicious will the Liquor prove,
For Roses are the Flow'rs of Love:

And

But Youths associate with the gentle Fair,
And stung with Pleasure, to the Shade repair:
With them Love wanders wherefoe'er they stray,
Provokes to Rapture, and inflames the Play:
But chief the constant few, by Death betray'd,
Reign crown'd with Myrtle, Monarchs of the Shade.

Grainger.

I hope the Reader will not think this Quotation tedious, as the Passage is admirably translated, and contains a beautiful Description of *Elysium*.

ODE V.

The GRECIANS esteemed the Rose more than any other Flower, and admitted it to all their Entertainments; of which there needs no other Proof than this Ode of *Anacreon*, and likewise the Fifty-third, where he praises this beautiful Flower with the greatest Address
and

And while with Wreaths of Roses crown'd, 5
Let Laughter and the Cup go round.

Hail, lovely Rose ! to thee I sing,
Thou sweetest Daughter of the Spring :
All Mortals prize thy Beauties bright ;
In thee the Pow'rs above delight. 10
Gay Cupid, with the Graces bland,
When lightly bounding Hand in Hand,
With nimble Feet he beats the Ground,
Shows his bright Locks with Roses crown'd.

Here

and Delicacy. The Romans equally valued it. *Horace* says,

*Huc vina & unguenta, & nimum breves
Flores amœna ferre jube rose.*

Here Wine, and Oyl, and Roses bring,
Too short-liv'd Daughters of the Spring.

Duncombe.

His Complaint of the Shortness of the Rose's Duration is an artful and delicate Manner of prailing that Flower.

VER. 5. *And while with Wreaths of Roses crown'd.*
The Antients used Wreaths of Flowers, and Perfumes,

ANACREON. 19

Here then the flow'ry Garland bring;
 With Numbers sweet I'll wake the String,
 And crown'd with Roses, heav'nly Flow'rs!
 Admitted, *Bacchus*, to thy Bow'rs,
 With snowy-bosom'd *Sappho* gay
 I'll dance the feather'd Hours away.

ODE VI.

THE PARTY OF PLEASURE.

WHILE Roses round our Temples twine,
 We'll gayly quaff the sparkling Wine:
 And,

at their Entertainments, not only for Pleasure, but
 because they imagined that Odours prevented the
 Wine from intoxicating them.

ODE VI.

This Ode, in the Original, bears the same Title as
 the former, Εἰς ῥόδον, On the Rose. But, as it is uni-
 versally agreed, to be a Mistake of the Copyists, the
 Editors of *Anacreon* have given it various Appella-
 tions. *Barnes* calls it *Κῶμος*, which he translates
Festivitas amatoria, The Festival of Love. *Dr. Trapp*
 intitles it *Συμπόσιον*, *Convivium*, The Banquet. *Madam*
D'Acier would have it called *The Masquerade*: But I
 agree with *Longepierre*, who thinks it ought to be styled
The Party of Pleasure.

VER.

And, lo! the love-alluring fair
 Her *Thyrus* brandishes in Air,
 With clust'ring Ivy wreath'd around 5
 Whose Branches yield a rustling Sound;
 With graceful Ease her Steps she suits
 To Notes of soft *Ionian* Lutes.
 A Youth, whose Hair luxuriant flows
 In Curls, with Breath ambrosial blows 10
 The

VER. 4. Her *Thyrus* brandishes in Air.] The
Thyrus was a Spear encircled with Wreaths of Ivy,
 and sometimes Vine-leaves: It was used as a Weapon
 by those who attended the Revels of *Bacchus*.

VER. 10. With Breath ambrosial blows.] Mr.
Longpierre quotes a most beautiful Epigram from the
 Seventh Book of the *Anthologia*, near the End, simi-
 lar to this Passage; which, I think, cannot have Jus-
 tice done it in an *English* Translation:

Καρη τις μ' ἐφίλησε ποθεσπέρα χιλεσιν ὕγροις
 Νεκταρ ἐν το φιλημα το γαρ γομα νεκταρ ἐπναι.
 Νυν μεθυω το φιλημα, ποδων τον ερωλ παπακως.

Phyllis the gay, in Robe of Beauty drest,
 Late on my Lips a humid Kifs impress;
 The Kifs was Nectar which the Fair bestow'd,
 For in her am'rous Breath a Gale of Nectar flow'd.

What

The well-pair'd Pipes, and, sweetly clear,
Pours melting Music on the Ear.

Here Cupid too with golden Hair,

And Bacchus, ever young and fair,

With Cytherea, who inspires

Delightful Thoughts and warm Desires,

Gay-smiling join the festive Train,

And make an old Man young again.

ODE

What Love, ye Gods ! what Raptures in her Kifs !
My Soul was drunk with Ecstasy of Blifs.

VER. 12. *Pours melting Music on the Ear.*] Προχύνων
λίγυαν ούδην, *pouring a liquid Sound.* The Expression
is very delicate. Horace has something like it, Ode,
24. B. 1.

Cui liquidam Pater vocem cum citharâ dedit.

Who shar'ſt from Jove the melting Voice and Lyre.

Duncamba.

VER. 14. *Bacchus ever young and fair.*] The an-
cient Poets always represented Bacchus young and
beautiful. So Ovid, *Metam.* Book 4. Ver. 17.

— *Tibi enim inconsumpta juventas,*

Tu puer æternus, tu formosissimus alto

Conspiceris cælo : tibi, cum sine cornibus adſtas,

Virgineum caput eſt. —

To thee Eternity of Youth is giv'n :

Unrival'd in thy Bloom thou shin'ſt in Heav'n :

Conceal thy Horns, and ev'ry charming Grace

Of Virgin Beauty brightens in thy Face.

ODE

ODE VII.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

LOVE, waving awful in his Hand
His Hyacinth-encircled Wand,

Forc'd me, averſe, with him to run ;

In vain I ſtrove the Task to ſhun.

Swift o'er the Plain our Courſe we ply'd,

5

Thro' foaming Floods, o'er Foreſts wide,

O'er

ODE VII.

VER. 2. *His Hyacinth-encircled Wand.*] Madam Dacier and Barnes thought, *ῥακύνω* might ſignify the Colour of the Wand or Rod ; but as the Hyacinth is no where deſcribed to be of any determined Colour, the Interpretation will not hold good. The Thought is poetical, and worthy of *Anacreon*, to ſuppoſe *Cupid's* Wand adorned with little Wreaths of that delicate Flower tied round it : Or perhaps, by *ῥακύνω* the Poet meant only a ſingle Hyacinth ; for *ῥακύνω* may ſignify the Stalk or Stem of a Flower : And then the Moral of this charming Ode will latently inculcate the irrefiſtible Force of Love, in whoſe Hands a Flower is as powerful as his Bow, and Arrows that are tip with Fire.

A late Right Reverend Author, much admired for the Elegance of his Writings, ſeems to have had an eye to this Ode when he compoſed the following Lines on a Fan :

Flavia

ſun

O'er Hills where Rocks impending hung,
Till me, alas ! a Serpent stung:
Sore heav'd my Heart with dire Dismay,
My Spirits sunk—I dy'd away—
Pleas'd *Cupid* caught my trembling Hand,
My Face with his soft Pinions fann'd,
And cry'd, ' Since now my Pow'r you prove,
' Dare you still boast, you will not love ?'

ODE VIII.

THE DREAM.

AS on a purple Bed supine,
Rapt in the pleasing Joys of Wine,
I lull'd

Flavia the least and slightest Toy
Can with restless Art employ:
This Fan, in meaner Hands, would prove
An Engine of small Force in Love;
Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
Not to be told, or safely seen,
Directs its wanton Motions so,
That it wounds more than *Cupid's* Bow;
Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

VER. 8. *Till me, alas ! a Serpent stung.*] His being stung by a Serpent, as *Madam Dacier* observes, was to punish

I lull'd my weary Limbs to Rest,
 Methought, with Nymphs supremely blest,
 A beauteous Band, I urg'd the Chace,
 Contending in the rapid Race;
 While fairest Youths, with Envy stung,
 Fair as *Lyæus* ever young,
 With jealous Leer, and bitter Jest,
 Their keen Malevolence express.
 Intent on Love, I strive to greet
 The gamesome Girls with Kisses sweet,
 And, as on Pleasure's Brink I seem,
 Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a Dream.

Vex'd

punish his Insensibility, and to show that Love, if he
 would submit to his Dominion, would take him under
 his Protection.

ODE VIII.

VER. 8. *Fair as Lyæus ever young.* *Lyæus* was a
 Name given to *Bacchus*. It is derived from the Word
 λυω, to loose or free, because Wine frees the Mind
 from Anxieties.

ANACREON. 25

Vex'd to be thus alone in Bed, 15
 My visionary Charmers fled,
 To dream once more I close my Eyes ;
 Again, ye soft Illusions, rise !

O D E

VER. 15. *Vex'd to be thus alone in Bed,
 My visionary Charmers fled, &c.]*

Madam Dacier commends the Delicacy and Beauty of this Ode, though in her Translation all the Spirit evaporates : The two last Lines,

Μεμονωµενος δ' ὁ τληµων Πάλιν ἠθέλον καθευθεῖν.

Thus miserably left alone, I wish'd to sleep again ;

she has rendered thus : *Etant donc tout triste de me voir ainsi demeuré seul, je ne trouvais point de meilleure consolation, que de me remettre à dormir.* There are some beautiful Lines in Ovid's Epistle of Sappho to Phaon, as Mr. Pope has taught her to speak, which will elucidate this Passage of Anacreon.

O Night more pleasing than the brightest Day,
 When Fancy gives what Absence takes away,
 And drest in all its visionary Charms,
 Restores my fair Deserter to my Arms !
 But when with Day the sweet Delusions fly,
 And all Things wake to Life and Joy, but I,
 As if once more forsaken, I complain,
 And close my Eyes, to dream of you again.

ODE IX.

THE DOVE.

“ TELL me, dear, delightful Dove,
 “ Emblematic Bird of Love,

“ On your wavering Wings descending,

“ Whence you come, and whither tending ?

“ Tell

ODE IX.

Faber says of this Ode, that it does not seem to be the Work of one Man only, but that the Graces joined in Concert with the Muses to finish this beautiful little Piece.

To understand it properly we must remember, that it was a Custom among the Antients, when they undertook long Journeys, and were desirous of sending back any News with uncommon Expedition, to take tame Pigeons along with them. When they thought proper to write to their Friends, they let one of these Birds loose, with Letters fastened to its Neck : The Bird, once released, would never cease its Flight till it arrived at its Nest and young ones. The same Custom still obtains among the *Turks*, and in several Eastern Countries. *Longepierre* has a Quotation from *Ælian*, Book 6. Chap. 7 which proves, that the *Crow*, *Kocurn*, was sometimes employed in this Office. The Passage may be thus translated : “ In *Egypt*, near the Lake
 “ *Myris*, the Natives shew the Monument of a Crow,
 “ of which they give the following Account : That it
 “ was brought up by one of their Kings called *Marrhes*,
 “ whose Epistles it carried, wheresoever he pleased,

" Tell me whence your snowy Plumes 5

" Breathe such Fragrance of Perfumes?

" And what Master you obey,

" Gentle Bird of *Venus*, say!"

" Blithe *Anacreon*, the wife,

(Thus the feather'd Page replies) 10

" Sends me o'er the Meads and Groves

" To *Bathyllus* whom he loves,

" To

" fed, with greater Expedition than the swiftest of his
" Messengers: That, when he gave his Orders, it im-
" mediately understood which Way to direct its
" Flight, through what Country to pass, and where to
" stop. To recompense these Services, when it died,
" *Marrhes* honoured it with a Monument and an Epi-
" taph."

VER. 6. *Breathe such Fragrance of Perfumes.*] 'The
" Greeks perfumed their Birds, as we perfume our Lap-
" dogs.' Madam *Dacier*.

VER. 12. *To Bathyllus whom he love.*] *Bathyllus*
was a young *Samian* of great Beauty, and admired by
Anacreon. See Ode 29th. *Horace* has taken notice
of this Passion:

Non aliter Samio dicunt arsisse Bathyllo

Anacreonta Teium.

Qui per sepe caruâ testudine flevit amorem.

Non elaboratum a pedem.

Epod. 14.

Such was the Fate *Anacreon* prov'd,

So fondly he *Bathyllus* lov'd,

28 ANACREON.

- " To *Bathyllus*, beauteous Boy,
 " Mens Delight, and Maidens Joy.
 " For a Sonnet terse and trim, 15
 " Which the Poets call a Hymn,
 " *Venus*, in her sweet Regard,
 " Sold me to the gentle Bard :
 " Happy in his easy Sway,
 " All his Mandates I obey; 20
 " Often through the Fields of Air
 " Song or Billet-doux I bear.
 " If you serve me well, says he,
 " I will shortly make you free.
 " He may free me, if he will, 25
 " Yet I'll stay and serve him still :
 " For
 Accustom'd his Complaints to suit
 In easy Measures to the Lute. *Duncombe.*

This Youth was also a Favourite of *Polyrates*, who erected a Statue to him that represented *Apollo* playing upon the Lyre.

VER. 15, 16. For a Sonnet terse and trim,
Which the Poets call a Hymn, &c.]

The Poet could not pay himself a more delicate Compliment, than by saying, that *Venus*, the Mother of the Graces, was glad to purchase a little Hymn of his composing

- “ For what Comfort can I know
 “ On the Mountain’s barren Brow?
 “ Or in Deserts left alone,
 “ There to murmur and to moan? 30
 “ Or in melancholy Wood,
 “ Pecking Berries, nauseous Food!
 “ Now I eat delicious Bread,
 “ By my liberal Master fed;
 “ Now I drink, of his own Bowl, 35
 “ Rosy Wine that cheers my Soul;

“ Some-

composing at the Price of one of her favourite Doves. This Passage is a Proof, that *Anacreon* wrote Hymns in Honour of the Gods; which are all lost, except, perhaps, Part of the 50th and 52d Odes to *Bacchus*, the 58th to *Cupid*, the 60th to *Diana*, and the 64th to *Apollo*. The 62d Ode is also an Hymeneal Hymn.

VER. 35. Now I drink, of his own Bowl,
 Rosy Wine, &c.]

The Dove praises the Liberality of his Master for admitting him to drink of the same Wine as himself; which was an Indulgence the Antients never allowed to any but their Favourites. Thus *Homer* introduces *Achilles* entertaining *Ajax*, *Ulysses*, and *Phænix*, *Iliad* 9. Ver. 202.

With that the Chiefs beneath his Roof he led,
 And plac’d in Seats with purple Carpets spread.

" Sometimes dance, and sometimes play;

" Ever easy, ever gay ;

" Or my fragrant Pinions spread,

" Hovering o'er my Master's Head :

" When my Limbs begin to tire,

" Then I perch upon his Lyre ;

" Soothing Sounds my Eye-lids close,

" Sweetly lulling my Repose.

" Now I've told you all I know,

" Friend, adieu—'tis Time to go ;

" You my Speed so long delay,

" I have chatter'd like a Jay."

O D E

Then thus—*Patroclus*, crown a larger Bowl,

Mix purer Wine, and open every Soul.

Of all the Warriors yonder Host can send,

Thy Friend most honours these, and these thy Friend.

P a p e.

O D E

ANACREON. 31

ODE X.

CUPID IN WAX.

A Rustic brought, of curious Mold,

A waxen *Cupid* to be sold :

“ What Price, I cry’d, ingenuous say,

“ For this small Image shall I pay ?”

“ Small is the Price, reply’d the Clown,

5

“ Take it, e’en take it at your own :

“ To tell you all without a Lye,

“ I make no Images, not I ;

“ But dare not in my Mansion trust

“ This Patron of unbounded Lust.”

10

“ If so, then for this little Coin,

“ Said I, the Deity is mine.

“ And

ODE X.

The Commentators observe, that *Anacreon* makes this young Countryman speak in the *Devic* Dialect, which was the most rustic, to ridicule the Unpoliteness of a Person who could be so insensible of the Charms of Love, as to wish to part with his Image.

VER. 11. *If so, then for this little Coin.*] In the *Greek*, the Price offered is a Drachm, an *Attic* Coin, Value about Seven-pence Half-penny *English*.

“ And now, great God, my Breast inspire,

“ There kindle all thy gentle Fire :

“ But, if thou fail’st to favour me,

15

“ I swear I’ll make a Fire of thee.”

O D E

VER. 16. *I swear I’ll make a Fire of thee.*] Barnes observes, that it was usual for the antient Heathens to treat the Images of their Gods well or ill, just as they fancied they had been used by them. The modern *Indians* chastise their Idols with Scourges, whenever any Calamity befalls them. There is a Passage in the *Seventh Idyllium* of *Theocritus* similar to this of our Poet, where a Person, after having made his Supplication to the God *Pan*, pleasantly enough threatens him :

Εἰ δ’ ἄλλως νύσαις, καταμειχρῶσαι πάντ’ οὐχίστα,

Δακρυμῶν, κισσῶν, κ. τ. λ.

But may’st thou, if thou dar’st my Boon deny,

Torn by fell Claws on Beds of Nettles lie ;

All the cold Winter freeze beneath the Pole,

Where *HEBER*’s Waves down *EDON*’s Mountains
roll ;

And in the scorching Heats of Summer glow,

Where under *BLEMYAN* Rocks *NILE*’s boiling
Waters flow.

O D E

ANACREON:

33

ODE XI.

By another Hand.

ON HIMSELF.

OF T, with wanton Smiles and Jeers,

Women tell me, I'm in Years;

I, the Mirror when I view,

Find, alas ! they tell me true ;

Find

ODE XI.

That natural Facility of Thought, and that sweet Simplicity of Expression, which are so deservedly admired in the Writings of *Anacreon*, abound in the Original of this beautiful Ode. *Horace* gives us his true Character, when he tells us he wrote, *non-elaboratum ad pedem, in unlaboured Verse* ; Verse that flows with so much Ease, that it seems to have cost him no Care or Trouble. He played upon his Lyre, and the Numbers came ; therefore he says of him in another Place ;

Nec, si quid olim lussit Anacreon,

Delevit ætas —

Hor. L. 4. Od. 9.

— and blithe *Anacreon's* sportive Lay
Still lives, in spite of Time's destructive Sway.

Duncombe.

We have an Imitation of this Ode in an Epigram of *Palladas*, in the 47th Chapter of the 2d Book of the *Anthologia*.

Ἡραλέον με γυναῖκες ἀποσκῆπτισι, λεγούεις

Εἰς τὸ κατοπλερον ὄραν λειψανον ἡλικίης.

Ἀλλ' ἐγὼ εἰ λευκὰς φορέω τρίχας, εἴτε μελαινας,

Οὐκ ἀλεγω, βίωτε πρὸς τέλος ἐρχομενος.

C 5

Εὐδομοῖς

Find my wrinkled Forehead bare;

5

And regret my falling Hair;

White and few, alas! I find

All that Time has left behind.

But my Hairs, if thus they fall,

If but few, or none at all,

10

Asking

Eudæmonis de muporior, kai en tē aliois sepharior,

Kai seomw waw sepharior agyathas.

To me the wanton Girls insulting say,

‘Here in this Glass thy fading Bloom survey:’

Just on the Verge of Life, ’tis equal quite,

Whether my Locks are black, or silver-white;

Roses around my fragrant Brows I’ll twine,

And dissipate Anxieties in Wine.

VER. 6. *And regret my falling Hair.*] The Hair was always esteemed by the Antients the principal Ornament of Beauty. *Apuleius* has this remarkable Passage in the Second Book of his *Milesiacks*: “*Venus herself, if she was destitute of Hair, though surrounded by the Graces and Loves, would not have Charms to please her own Husband Vulcan.*” *Longepierre* quotes a Passage from *Petronius*, where *Eumolpus* calls the Hair the chief Grace of Beauty:

Quod summum formæ decus, cecidere capilli,

Vernante sue comas tristis abegit hyems.

Nunc umbrâ nudata suâ jam tempora mærent,

Areæque attritis nideat adusta pilis.

O fallax natura deum! quæ prima dedisti

Ætati nostræ gaudia, prima rapis.

Asking not, I'll never share
 Fruitless Knowledge, fruitless Care,
 This important Truth I know,
 If indeed in Years I grow,
 I must snatch what Life can give ;
 Not to love, is not to live.

ODE

*Infelix modo crinibus nitebas
 Phæba pulchrior, & sorore Phæbi :
 At nunc lævior ære, vel rotundo
 Horti tubere, quod creavit unda,
 Ridentes fugis & times puellas.
 Ut mortem citius venire credas,
 Scito jam capitis perisse partem.*

Fall'n is thy Hair, for woeful Winter hoar
 Has stol'n thy Bloom, and Beauty is no more ;
 Thy Temples mourn their shady Honours shorn,
 Parch'd like the Fallow, destitute of Corn.
 Fallacious Gods ! whose Blessings can betray ;
 What first ye give us, first ye take away.
 Thou, late exulting in thy golden Hair,
 As bright as *Phæbus*, or as *Cynthia* fair,
 Now view'ft, alas ! thy Forehead smooth and plain
 As the round Fungus, Daughter of the Rain ;
 Smooth as the Surface of well-polish'd Brass,
 And fly'ft with Fear each Laughter-loving Lass.
 Death haltes amain ; thy wretched Fate deplore ;
 Fall'n is thy Hair, and Beauty is no more.

C 6

ODE

ODE XII.

ON A SWALLOW.

SAY, chattering Bird, that dar'st invade
My Slumbers with thy Serenade,
And steal'st my visionary Bliss,

How shall I punish thee for this?

Say, shall I clip thy soaring Wing;

5

Or, like stern *Tereus*, *Thracian* King,

To Swallows Name of dire Dismay,

Tear by the Roots thy Tongue away?

For,

ODE XII.

VER. 6. *Or, like stern Tereus, &c.*] The Poet very judiciously endeavours to terrify the Swallow with the Mention of *Tereus*, whose Palace, as the Antients have remarked, was carefully avoided by those Birds. *Pliny* says, *Arx regum Thraciæ, à Terei nefasto crimine in-visa hirundinibus.* See also *Solinus*. From this Passage of *Anacreon* it should seem, that *Philomela* was changed into a Swallow, and not *Progne*, as *Ovid* and others have asserted.

VER.

For, with thy execrable Scream,

Thou wak'st me from a golden Dream,

10

And

VER. 10. *Thou wak'st me from a golden Dream,
And from my Arms hast snatch'd away
Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.*

Madam Dacier says, that this Passage, and another in the Eighth Ode—

Intent on Love, I strive to greet
The gamesome Girls with Kisses sweet,
And, as on Pleasure's Brink I seem,
Wake, and, behold! 'tis all a Dream.

undoubtedly furnished Horace with that beautiful Sentiment in the First Ode of the Fourth Book:

*Nocturnis te ego somniis
Jam captum teneo; jam valucrem sequor
Te per gramina Martii
Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubiles.*

Which Mr. Pope has most admirably imitated:

Thee, dress'd in Fancy's airy Beam,
Absent I follow through th' extended Dream;
Now, now I seize, I clasp thy Charms,
And now you burst (ah cruel!) from my Arms;
And swiftly shoot along the Mall,
Or softly glide by the Canal,
Now shown by Cynthia's silver Ray,
And now on rolling Waters snatch'd away.

Argentarius imitates this Passage in an Epigram, in the First Book of the *Anthologia*, which begins,

*Ορνι, τι μοι φιλον ύπνον αφηρησας; ηδου δε Πυρρην
Ειδωλον κοιτης ωχετ' αποπλαμενον.*

Invidious

And from my Arms hast snatch'd away

Phyllis the fair, the young, the gay.

ODE

Invidious Swallow, with thy horrid Scream
Why hast thou wak'd me from so sweet a Dream?
Stunn'd by thy Noise fair *Pyrrha*, like the Wind,
Flew from my Arms, just yielding to be kind.

Agathias has also imitated it in an Epigram, in the Seventh Book of the *Anthologia*.

Πασαν ἔγω' τὴν νύκτα κινυρόμαι· ἔντε δ' ἐπελθῇ

Ὁρθρος, ἐλινύσσει μικρὰ χαρίζομενος.

Ἀμφιπεριτρυφεσὶ χελυδοῖς· εἰς δὲ μὲ δακρυ

βαλλῶσι, γλυκερὸν κῶμα παρῶσάμεναι.

Ὡ φθονεραὶ παυσάσθε· λαλητρίδες· ἢ γὰρ ἐγὼ γε

τὴν φιλομηλείαν γλώσσαν ἀπεθρίταμην.

Ἀλλ' Ἴτυλον κλαίετε κατ' ἑρῆα, καὶ γοοῦστε

εἰς αἶπος, κρᾶνάν τε αὐλὴν ἐφιζόμεναι,

βασιὶν ἵνα κνωσσοίμεν· ἰσως δὲ τίς ἤξει οἰκίος

ὅς μιν Ῥοδανθείοις πηχεσὶν ἀμφιβαλὼν

All Night I sigh, with Cares of Love oppress,

And when the Morn indulges balmy Rest,

These twitt'ring Birds their noisy Mattins keep,

Recall my Sorrows, and prevent my Sleep:

Cease, envious Birds, your plaintive Tales to tell,

I ravish'd not the Tongue of *Philomel*:

In Deserts wild, or on some Mountain's Brow,

Pay all the tributary Grief you owe

To *Ity*, in an Elegy of Woe.

Me leave to sleep: in visionary Charms

Some Dream perhaps may bring *Rodanthe* to my Arms.

ODE

ODE XIII.

ON ATYS.

AS o'er the Mountains, o'er the Plains,
 Unmanly Atys, in loud Strains
 Great Cybele invoking, mourn'd,
 His Love to sudden Madness turn'd.

Some to the Clarian Fountains throng
 Of laurel'd Phæbus, God of Song,
 And,

ODE XIII.

VER. 2. *Unmanly Atys.*] A young Phrygian of great Beauty, beloved by Cybele the Mother of the Gods, who made him her Priest, on Condition that he should live chaste: But he broke his Vow, and, as a Punishment, she afflicted him with Madness; in the Transports of which he deprived himself of the Distinction of his Sex, and would have killed himself, had not Cybele, moved with Compassion, transformed him into a Pine-tree.

VER. 3. *Some to the Clarian Fountain throng.*] Claros was a City of Ionia near Colophon, rendered famous for a Fountain consecrated to Apollo, who from thence was called Clarius. Tacitus gives an Account of it in the Second Book of his Annals, where, speaking of Germanicus, he says: *Appellatque Colophona; ut Clarii Apollinis præculo uteretur. Non femina illic, ut apud Delphos; sed certis è familiis, & ferme Mileto accersitus sacerdos, numerum modo consultantium & nomina audit: tum in specum degressus, haustâ fontis ar-*
cani

And, with prophetic Draughts inspir'd,
 Enraptur'd rave, with Frenzy fir'd:
 I too, inspir'd with generous Wine,
 While round me breathe Perfumes divine,
 And with fair *Chloe* blest, will prove
 The sweetest Madness—Wine and Love.

O D E

cani aquâ, ignarus plerumque literarum & carminum, edit responsa versibus compositis super rebus quas quis mente concepit. "He landed at Colophon, to consult the Oracle of *Apollo* at *Claros*. The Person that delivers the Oracles there is not a Woman, as at *Delphos*, but a Man selected out of certain Families, and frequently from *Miletus*. This Priest only enquires the Number and Names of those that consult the Deity: After that, having entered his Grotto, and drank of the mysterious Water, he answers the Questions of his Enquirers in Verse, though he is generally illiterate, and unacquainted with the Muses."

VER. 6. *Of laurel'd Phœbus.*] The Greek is *Δαφνιφόρος*, Laurel-wearing *Phœbus*; because when *Daphne* escaped his Pursuit by being changed into a Laurel, he consecrated that Tree to himself. *Ovid. Metamorph.*

Cui Deus, At quam conjux mea non potes esse, Arbor eris certe, dixit, mea; semper habebunt Te coma, te citharæ, te nostræ, Laure, pharetræ.

To whom the God—"Because thou canst not be
 "My Mistress, I espouse thee for my Tree;
 "Be thou the Prize of Honour and Renown,
 "The deathless Poet and the Poem crown."

Dryden.

O D E

ODE XIV.

LOVE IRRESISTIBLE.

YES, I yield,—thy sovereign Sway,
Mighty *Cupid*, I'll obey.

Late with soft persuasive Art
Love essay'd to win my Heart:

I, inflam'd with rebel Pride,
His Omnipotence defy'd—

With revengeful Fury sung,
Strait his Bow he bent, he strung,
Snatch'd an Arrow wing'd for Flight,

And provok'd me to the Fight: 10

I, disdain'g base Retreat,

Clad in radiant Arms compleat,

Like

ODE XIV.

The Subject of this Ode is to show the irresistible Nature of Love. In this little Piece *Anacreon* discovers a wonderful Delicacy of Invention: Nothing can be imagined more entertaining than this Combat, the Preparation for it, the Issue of it, and that natural and admirable Reflexion with which it concludes.

VER. 12. *Glad in radiant Arms compleat, &c.* *Anacreon* arms himself with a Spear and Shield, to contend with

Like *Achilles*, boldly wield
 Glittering Spear, and ample Shield;
 Thus equipt, resolve to prove
 The terrific Power of Love.
 From his Bow the Arrows sped;
 I, alas! inglorious fled—
 When the Quiver at his Side
 Feather'd Shafts no more supply'd,

20
Love,

with Love. In an ancient Epigram of the *Anthologia*, Book 7. we have an Account of a Combatant, who put on the Breast-plate of Reason, to withstand the Attacks of this dangerous Enemy.

Ἀπλῆσμαι πρὸς ἐρῶτα περὶ γαστρίαι λογισμαί.

Οὐδὲ με κηρῶσι, μέγας πῦρ πρὸς ἔνα.

Θάνατος δ' ἀθανάτω συνελυσσόμεναι· ἢ δὲ Βοηδοῦ

Βαχχοῦ ἐχθρὸν, τί μοι πρὸς δύ' ἐγὼ δυνάμει;

With Love I war, and Reason is my Shield,

Nor ever, match'd thus equally, will yield:

If *Bacchus* joins his Aid, too great the Odds;

One Mortal cannot combat two such Gods.

VER. 19 & 20. When the Quiver at his Side

Feather'd Shafts no more supply'd.]

The Author of an Epigram, in the Seventh Book of the *Anthologia*, complains, in like manner, that Love had exhausted his Quiver by shooting at him.

Μηκέτι τις ὠτίζει Πόδα Βέλος· ἡ δὲ δοκὴ γὰρ

Εἰς ἐμὲ λαβρὸς ἔβω· ἐξαιμῶται δ' ἄλγος

Love, transform'd into a Dart,
 Pierc'd, like Light'ning, thro' my Heart,
 Of my Vitals made his Prey,
 And dissolv'd my Soul away.
 Now, alas! in vain I wield
 Glittering Spear, and ample Shield,
 Victory in vain dispute;
 Love, I find, is absolute;
 All

No more let Cupid's Shafts the World appall,
 For in my Bosom he has lodg'd them all.

VER. 21. Love, transform'd into a Dart,
 Pierc'd like Light'ning thro' my Heart.]

This Thought is very beautiful and ingenious. It is taken from an antient Piece of Gallantry, which ought not to be pass'd over in Silence. The Heroes of Antiquity, when in any desperate Engagement they found their Darts spent, their Strength exhausted, and saw no Prospect of surviving long, would collect all their Spirits and Strength, and run headlong with amazing Impetuosity upon their Enemies, that even in Death the Weight of their Bodies, thus violently agitated, might bear down their Adversaries. Examples of this Kind of Heroism are frequent in *Lucan*. Book 3d, speaking of a brave Veteran :

*Tum vulnere multo
 Effugientem animam lassos collegit in artus
 Membraque contendit toto, quicunque manebat,
 Sanguine, & hostilem, desessis robore membris,
 Insiliit solo nocturno pondere pappim.* B. 3. Ver. 622.

All Defence to Folly turns
When within the Battle burns,

30

ODE XV.

By DR. BROOME.

HAPPY LIFE.

THE Wealth of Gyges I despise,
Gems have no Charms to tempt the Wise ;

Riches

And, Book 6. Ver. 204, speaking of Scæva :

*Solus obit, denique ferens in pectore sylvam
Jam gradibus fessis, in quem cadat, eligit hostem.*

Encumber'd sore with many a painful Wound,

Tardy and stiff he treads the hostile Round :

Gloomy and fierce his Eyes the Crowd survey,

Mark where to fix, and single out the Prey.

Rowe.

ODE XV.

VER. 1. *The Wealth of Gyges I despise.* Gyges was the Favourite of Candaules King of Lydia, whose Queen was remarkably beautiful, and passionately admired by her Husband. In his Vanity he extolled her

Charms.

Riches I leave, and such vain Things,

To the low Aim and Pride of Kings.

Let my bright Hair with Unguents flow, 5

With rosy Garlands crown my Brow;

This Sun shall roll in Joy away;

To-morrow is a distant Day.

Then

Charms above measure to Gyges, and, to convince him of her Beauty, determined to shew her to him naked: Which he effected, but not without the Queen's discovering the Affront; who next Morning sent privately for Gyges, and resolutely told him, he must either suffer immediate Death for what he had done, or dispatch Candaul's, and take her and the Kingdom of Lydia for his Recompence. The Choice was difficult, as he greatly valued his Master: However, the Love of Life prevailed—he stabbed Candaul's, married the Queen, and took Possession of the Kingdom.

VER. 8. *To-morrow is a distant Day.*] There is an Epigram in the Second Book of the *Anthologia*, that has the same Turn:

Πνε, και ευφραινε' τι γαρ αυριον, η τι το μελλον,

Ουδεις γινωσκει' μη τρεχει, μη κοπια.

Ως δυνασαι χαρισαι, μεταδος, φαιγε, θνητα λογιζε,

Το ξην τε μη ξην εδεν ολας απεχει.

Πας ο βιος τοσοδε, σοτην μονον αι προλαβη της.

Αν δε δαηνη, ιτις η παντα, συ δ' εδεν ιχαις.

Cease

Then while the Hour serenely shines,
 Toss the gay Die, and quaff thy Wines; 10
 But ever, in the genial Hour,
 To Bacchus the Libation pour,
 Left Death in Wrath approach, and cry,
 Man—taste no more the Cup of Joy.

O D E

Cease from thy Cares and Toils, be sweetly gay,
 And drink—To-morrow is a distant Day:
 Improve on Time; to Bliss each Moment give;
 Not to enjoy this Life, is not to live:
 Our Goods are now our own, but when we die
 They come to others while in Dust we lie,
 And then, alas! have nothing to enjoy. }

Horace expresses himself in the same Manner, B. 1.
 Ode 9.

*Quid sit futurum eras fuge querere: Et
 Quem fors dierum cumque dabit, lucro
 Appone: nec dulces amores
 Spe ne puer, neque tu choreas;
 Dum virenti canities abest
 Morosa*————

To-morrow and her Works defy;
 Lay hold upon the present Hour,
 And snatch the Pleasures passing by,
 To put them out of Fortune's Pow'r:
 Nor Love, nor Love's Delights disdain,
 What'er thou gett'st To-day, is Gain, Dryden.

O D E

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ODE XVI.

By DR. BROOME.

THE POWER OF BEAUTY.

SOME sing of *Thebes*, and some employ
Their Numbers on the Siege of *Troy*.

I mourn, alas ! in plaintive Strains,

My own Captivity and Chains.

No Navy, rang'd in proud Array, 5

No Foot, no Horseman arm'd to slay,
My

ODE XVI.

VER. 1. *Some sing of Thebes.*] *Anacreon* alludes to the famous War of the Seven Captains against *Thebes*, occasioned by *Eleocles* the Son of *Oedipus* and *Jocasta*, refusing his Brother *Polynices* his Share in the Government, tho' they had previously agreed, after their Father's Death, to rule alternately Year by Year. *Æschylus* wrote a Tragedy on this Subject.

VER. 3. *I mourn, alas ! in plaintive Strains,
My own Captivity and Chains.*]

Ovid has imitated this Passage—*Amor. L. 2. Eleg. 18.*

Vincor, & ingenium sumptis revocatur ab armis,

Resque domi gesta, & mea bella cano.

I'm conquer'd, and renounce the glorious Strain
Of Arms and War, to sing of Love again :

My Themes are Acts which I myself have done,
And my Muse sings no Batties but my own.

VER.

48 ANACREON.

My Peace alarm : far other Foes,
Far other Hosts create my Woes ;
Strange, dangerous Hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright, Love-darting Eye !
Such as destroy, when Beauty arms,
To conquer, dreadful in its Charms !

ODE XVII.

THE SILVER BOWL.

*M*Ulciber, this Silver take,
And a' curious Goblet make ;
Let thy utmost Skill appear
Not in radiant Armour there ;

VER. 9. *Dangerous Hosts, that ambush'd lie
In every bright Love-darting Eye.*

Nonnus calls the Eyes, *The Archers of Love*, ἀκοντιστῆς
εὐρωτων ; and there is something similar to this in an
Epigram of the *Anthologia*, Book 7.—which, speak-
ing of Love, says,

Οὐ μὲ λεληθας,

Τοξοτα, Ζηνοφίλας ὀμμασι κρυπτομενος.
Insidious Archer, not unseen you lie,
Though ambush'd close in *Zenophelia's* Eye.

ODE XVII.

This elegant Ode is quoted by *Gellius*, who says
it was sung and played upon Instruments at an En-
tertainment where he was present.

Let me there no Battles see;
 What are Arms or Wars to me
 Form it with a noble Sweep,
 Very wide, and very deep.
 Carve not there the northern Team,
 Nor Orion's dreadful Beam;
 Pleiads, Hyads, Bears dispense;
 What have I to do with these?

Why

VER. 9. *Carve not there the northern Team, &c.*
 The Poet alludes to the Constellations, which *Vulcan*
 described on the Shield of *Achilles*. See *Homer's*
Iliad, Book the 18th.

There shone the Image of the Master-Mind:
 There Earth, there Heaven, there Ocean he design'd;
 Th' unwearied Sun, the Moon compleatly round;
 The starry Lights that Heaven's high Convex crown'd;
 The *Pleiads*, *Hyads*, with the northern Team;
 And great *Orion's* more refulgent Beam,
 To which, around the Axle of the Sky,
 The *Bear* revolving points his golden Eye,
 Still shines exalted on th' ætherial Plain,
 Nor bathes his blazing Forehead in the Main. *Pope.*

VER. 10. *Nor Orion's dreadful Beam.* *Anacreon*
 calls *Orion*, *εὐρυς*, odious, because he is the Fore-
 runner

Why should slow *Bacchus* roll,
 Why should horrid Monsters crowd,
 On the Margin of my Bowl?
 Draw me, what I value more,
 Vines with purple Clusters store,
Bacchus ever young and fair,
Cupid with the golden Hair,
 Gay *Bathyllus* too be there.
 See that, beautiful and bold,
 All these Figures rise in Gold:
 In the Wine-press let them join
 Hand in Hand to tread the Wine.

runner of Tempests, and therefore dreadful to Mariners. *Horace* calls him *Aspidochelone*, Epode 15.

Dum pecori lupus, & canibus Orion

As long as Wolves pursue the fearful Sheep,

And stern *Orion* rages o'er the Deep,

O D E XVIII

ON THE MARRIAGE OF A BARBER.

Draw me, what I value more
 Contrive me, Artisan, a Bowl
 Of Silver, ample as my Soul;
 And in the bright Compartments bring
 The sweet Profusion of the Spring;
 Let that fair Season, rich in Flowers,
 Shed Roses in ambrosial Showers;
 Yet simply plain be thy Design,
 A festive Banqueting of Wine;
 No Hieroglyphics let it have,
 No foreign Mysteries engrave:
 Let no blood-thirsty Heroes wield
 Rough Armour in the silver Field;
 But draw me *Jove's* delightful Boy,
 Bacchus, the God of Wine and Joy:
 Let *Venus* with light Step advance,
 And with gay Hymn lead the Dance.

Beneath the Leaf-embellish'd Vine,
 Full of young Grapes that promise Wine,
 Let LOVE, without his Armour, meet
 The meek-ey'd Graces laughing sweet.
 And on the polish'd Plain display
 A Group of beauteous Boys at Play;
 But no Apollo, God of Day.

O D E

O D E XVIII.

VER. 19. *Let Love, without his Armour, meet**The meek-ey'd Graces laughing sweet.]*

It is not without Reason that *Anacreon*, after having mentioned *Venus*, introduces *Love* among the *Graces*; being sensible, that though Beauty alone might please, yet, without the Aid of other Charms, it could not long captivate the Heart.

Καλλος ἀνὺ χάριτος τέρπει μοῖραν· ἢ κατίζει δέ,
 ὥς αἰεὶ ἀγκυρὴν ἐνχομενοὶ δέλας.

Beauty without the Graces may impart
 Charms that will please, not captivate the Heart;
 As splendid Baits without the bearded Hook
 Invite, not catch, the Tenants of the Brook.

VER. 23. *But no Apollo, God of Day.]* The Poet desires that *Apollo* may not be described upon his Bowl, because he was so unfortunate as to kill his Favourite *Hyacinthus*, as he was playing with him at Quoits.

O D

O D E XIX.

WE OUGHT TO DRINK.

THE thirsty Earth sucks up the Showers,
Which from his Urn *Aquarius* pours;
The Trees, which wave their Boughs profuse,
Imbibe the Earth's prolific Juice;
The Sea, in his prodigious Cup,
Drinks all the Rain and Rivers up;
The Sun too thirsts, and strives to drain

The Sea, the Rivers, and the Rain,
And

O D E XIX.

VER. 5. *The Sea, in his prodigious Cup,
Drinks all the Rain and Rivers up.*

The Original is, *Πινι θαλάσσης ἄνεμα*, *The Sea drinks up the Air*. All the Commentators are silent here, except Dr. Traut, who owns he did not understand the Expression. Might I venture to make an easy Alteration of the Text, I would read, *Πινι θαλάσσης ἄνεμα*, *The Sea drinks up the Rivers*. See Ode 7th. *Δια τῶν ποταμῶν ἀνέματα*, *Through rapid Rivers, or Torrents*. It is likewise used in the same Sense by the best Authors. *Moschus, Idyllum 2. 31.* See also *Hesiodus on Apollonius Rhodius, Book 1. 9.* This Emendation makes the Sense full and complete.

And nightly, when his Course is run,

The merry Moon drinks up the Sun.

Then give me Wine, and tell me why,

My Friends, should all Things drink but I?

ODE XX.

By Dr. BROOME.

TO HIS MISTRESS.

THE Gods & er Mortals prove their Sway,
And fling them from themselves away.

Transform'd by their almighty Hands,

Sad Nibbe an Image stands;

VER. 10. The merry Moon drinks up the Sun,
The Moon is said to drink up the Sun, because she borrow
her Light from that Luminary.

VER. 4. Sad Nibbe an Image stands. Nibbe was the
Daughter of Tantalus King of Phrygia, and Wife of
Pelops King of Thebes, by whom, according to
Homer, having six Sons and six Daughters, she be-
came so proud of her Offspring and high Birth, that
she had the Vanity to prefer herself to Leto, the
Mother of Apollo and Diana, who, to revenge the Af-
front

ANDERSON 35

And *Phaon* up-borne on Wings,
Through Air her mournful Story sings.
Would

front offered to their Parent, in one Day flew all her
Children; upon which *Noë* was struck dumb with
Grief, and remained stupid. For that Reason, the
Poets have feigned her to be turned into a Stone.
The Story is told by *Ovid* in the Sixth Book of the
Metamorphoses; but perhaps better by *Pope*, in his
Translation of the Twenty-fourth Book of the *Niad*,
where *Achilles* is introduced thus speaking to *Priam*.

Nor thou, O Father! thus consum'd with Woe
The common Cares that nourish Life forego.
Nor thus did *Nioë*, of Form divine,
A Parent once whose Sorrows equal'd thine:
Six youthful Sons, as many blooming Maids,
In one sad Day beheld the *Syrian* Shades;
These by *Apollo's* silver Bow were slain,
Those *Cynthia's* Arrows stretch'd upon the Plain:
So was her Pride chastis'd by Wrath divine,
Who match'd her own with bright *Leda's* Line:
But twp the Goddess, twelve the Queen enjoy'd;
Those bled twelve in avenging two destroy'd.
Steep'd in their Blood, and in the Ditch expos'd,
Nine Days neglected lay expos'd the dead;
None by to weep them, or inhume them none,
(For *Jove* had turn'd the Nation all to Stone)
The Gods themselves, at length relenting, gave
Th' unhappy Race the Mourner of a Grave;
Herself a Rock (for such was Heaven's high Will)
Through Defens wild now pours a weeping Rill;
Where, round the Bed whence *Atropos* springs,
The wat'ry Furies dance in many Rings.

Would Heaven, indulgent to my Vow,
 The happy Change I wish allow;
 Thy envy'd Mirror I would be,
 That thou might'st always gaze on me;
 And, could my naked Heart appear,
 Thou'dst see thyself—for thou art there!

Or
 There high on *Sisyphus's* shaggy Brow
 She stands, her own sad Monument of Woe:
 The Rock for ever lasts, the Tears for ever flow.
 Pope.

There are two short Epigrams in the *Antologia*,
 which perhaps the Reader will be glad to see in
English.

Ὁ τύμβος ὅτος ἔσθ' οὐκ ἔχει νεκρὸν.

Ὁ νεκρὸς ὅτος ἔσθ' οὐκ ἔχει τάφον.

Ἄλλ' αὐτὸς αὐτὴ νεκρὸς ἐστὶ καὶ τάφος.

This weeping Tomb within no Corse contains;
 This weeping Corse without a Tomb remains:
 For, by a strange irrevocable Doom,
 This Image is the Carcase and the Tomb.

Ἐν ζῶντι μὲν θάψας ἑαυτὸν ἄνθρωπος

Ζῶντι θάψας ἑαυτὸν ἄνθρωπος

I once was *Noble*, and fill'd a Throne,
 Till Fate severe transform'd me into Stone:
 Behold the Change which mimic Art can give!
 From Stone *Praxiteles* has made me live.

I cannot conclude my Notes on this Ode, without
 first observing, that this gallant Original has been
 copied by several Masters. I shall produce one Ex-
 ample, because it is the shortest, which is an Epigram
 of *Dionysius* the Sophist.

ANAGREON 837

Or were I made thy folding Vest,
 That thou might'st clasp me to thy Breast!
 Or, turn'd into a Fount, to lave
 Thy naked Beauties in my Wave
 Thy Bosom-cincture I would grow,
 To warm those little Hills of Snow:
 Thy Ointment, in rich fragrant Streams
 To wander o'er thy beauteous Limbs;
 Thy Chain of shining Pearl, to deck
 And close embrace thy graceful Neck:
 A very Sandal I would be,
 To tread on—if trod on by thee.

O D E

Εἶθ' αὖτις γινώμην, σὺ δὲ γὰρ ταχὺς ἀπὸς αὐγὰς,
 Στάδια γυμνασάς, καὶ με πρὸς αὐτὸν λαβοῖς.
 Εἶθ' ῥόδον γινώμην ὑποπόφυρον, ὅφρα με χερσὶ
 Ἀραμνῇ, κομίσαις ἐλθὼν χλαμῶς.
 Εἶθ' κρινὸν γινώμην δαυκαχρὸν, ὅφρα με χερσὶ
 Ἀραμνῇ, μάλ' ἢ σὺν ἁγρῶν κομίσαις.

I wish myself a gentle Breeze to blow,
 O'er your fair Bosom unconfin'd I'd flow,
 And wanton on those little Hills of Snow.
 I wish myself a Rose in Purple dress,
 That you might place me in your snowy Breast.
 I wish myself a Lilly, lovely fair,
 That I might kiss your Skin, and gather Whiteness
 there.

But O! my Heart, what can remove,
What Wines, what Dishes, what
These are all vain and s

FILL, fill, Sweet Gifts, the foaming Bowl,
And let the Grains my Soul:

I faint with Thirst—the Heat of Day
Has drank my very Life away.

O! lead me to yon cooling Bowers,
And give me frether Wreaths of Flowers;
For those that now my Temples shade,
Scorch'd by my burning Forehead, fade:

ODE XXI.

Viz. In the trading my soul. The Great is,
a Manner of drinking among the Persians, so called
from their swallowing down a certain Quantity of
Liquor without reaching Breath, or making the
Mouth. Horace takes notice of it in Book 1. Ode 26.

Non multo Damalis more
Bassus Venerit conat assidue.
Bassus nam Damalis oserome,

And drink the Goblet in a Dring.

But O! my Heart, what can remove,
 What Wines, what Shades, this Heat of Love? so
 These are all vain, alas! I find;
 Love is the Fever of the Mind.

ODE XXII

By E. G. B. Esq.

THE BOWER.

HERE, my *Chloe*, charming Maid,

Here, beneath the genial Shade,
 Shielded from each ruder Wind,

Lovely *Chloe*, lie reclin'd!

Lo! for thee the balmy Breeze

Gently fans the waving Trees!

Streams

VER. 9. But O! my Heart, what can remove, &c.]

The Reflection the Poet here makes is exceedingly natural, beautiful, and strong; When Love has once got Possession of the Heart, all exterior Remedies will have no Effect, agreeably to the Conclusion of the Fourteenth Ode.

*All Defence to Rolly turns,
 When within the Battle burns.*

ODE XXIII

This Ode is by *Anacreon* addressed to *Boethius*; but the Translator has, with more Decency and Gallantry, applied it to a Lady.

100 ANACREON.

Streams that whisper through the Grove
Whisper low the Voice of Love,
Sweetly bubbling wanton Sport,
Where *Persuasion* holds her Court.

Ye who pass th' enamell'd Grove,
Through the rustling Shade who rove,
Sure my Bliss your Breast must fire!
Can you see, and not admire?

O D E

VER. 10. *Where Persuasion holds her Court.*] The Original is, Πηγή ῥέουσα ποτὶς, a Fountain rolling *Persuasion*, than which nothing can be more delicate or poetical, as most of the Commentators have observed. Longepierre quotes a beautiful Epigram from the *Anthologia*, Book 1. similar to this Ode; where the God *Pan* is supposed to speak.

Ἐγὼ καὶ κατ' ἑμὴν ἵδρυ αἰνον, αἶ το μελῶν
Πρὸς μαλακὴς ἤχει κεκλιμῶνα ζεύγους.
Ἡ δὲ καὶ χορὸς μελῶν, ὅσα μελῶν
Ἦδ' ἱερῶν ὕμνων ἀγῶ καλαμοῖς.

Rest here beneath my shady Pine reclin'd,
Whose tall Top sweetly murmurs to the Wind;
Here too a Brook mellifluous flows along,
And woos me with its ever gurgling Song:
Here on my solitary Pipe I play,
Or sweetly sleep the tranquil Hours away.

O D E

ODE XXIII.

THE VANITY OF RICHES.

IF the treasur'd Gold could give
 Man a longer Term to live,
 I'd employ my utmost Care
 Still to keep, and still to spare;
 And, when Death approach'd, would say,
 'Take thy Fee, and walk away.'

But

ODE XXIII.

One cannot but be surpris'd at the wretched Taste of *Faber*, who has reject'd this Ode as spurious, and not *Anacreon's*, when perhaps it is not inferior in Beauty to the best of them; as *Barnes* and *Trapp* have amply proved by explaining a *Greek* Idiom, with which it is scarce worth while to trouble the *English* Reader.

VER. 3 & 4. I'd employ my utmost Care

Still to keep, and still to spare.]

These Words seem to allude to an Anecdote in the History of *Anacreon*, which I shall explain. *Stobæus* tells

ANACREON

But since Riches cannot save
Mortals from the gloomy Grave, O

Why should I myself deceive,

Vainly sigh, and vainly grieve?

Death will surely be my Lot,

Whether I am rich, or not.

Give me freely while I live

Generous Wines, in Plenty give

Soothing Joys my Life to cheer,

Beauty kind, and Friends sincere,

Happy! could I ever find

Friends sincere, and Beauty kind.

tells us, that *Anacreon*, having received a Present of five Talents of Gold from *Palaemon*, Tyrant of *Samos*, was so embarrassed with Cares and Sollicitudes about his Treasure, that he could not sleep for two Nights successively; Whereupon he sent back the Present, with this Apology to his Patron. That, however valuable the Sum might be, it was not a sufficient Price for the Troubles and Anxiety of keeping it.

To let no Troubles in my Bosom dwell.
I like *Anacreon's* Counsel word, none well.

But since Riches cannot save

O D E XXIV

E N J O I N M E N T W

Since I'm born a mortal man,

And my Being's but a Span,

'Tis a March that I must make,

'Tis a Journey I must take,

What is past I know too well,

What is future who can tell?

Teazing Care, then set me free,

What have I to do with thee?

Ere I die, for die I must,

Ere this Body turns to Dust,

10
Every

O D E XXIV

VER. 1. Teazing Care, then set me free,

What have I to do with thee?

Ere I die, for die I must,

Ere this Body turns to Dust,

Macdonald concludes an Epigram with this Dis-

tich, Andol. Book 1.

Τὸ γὰρ Ἀνακτορικὸν ἀνακτορικὸν φύλασσον

Πιπιδασιν, ἐν δὲ τῷ πρῶτῳ κεφάλαιῳ.

Like Macdonald's Ode, I would thus well,

To let no Troubles in my Bosom dwell.

1 VER.

Every Moment I'll employ
 In sweet Revelry and Joy,
 Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play,
 With *Lyæus* young and gay.

O D E XXV.

WINE BANISHES CARES.

WHEN gay *Bacchus* cheers my Breast,
 All my Cares are lull'd to Rest:

Griefs

VER. 13 & 14. *Laugh, and sing, and dance, and play,
 With Lyæus young and gay.*

Julian, in an Epitaph he compos'd on *Anacreon*,
 makes him repeat the same Lesson after he was dead.

Πολλὰκι μὲν τοῦ ἀΐσαι, καὶ ἐκ τῆς τοῦ θεοῦ

Πίνετε, πρὶν ταύτην ἀμφιβαλεῖσθε κοινῇ.

What oft alive I sung, now dead I cry
 Loud from the Tomb, 'Drink, Mortals, ere you die.'

O D E XXV.

VER. 1 & 2. *When gay Bacchus cheers my Breast,
 All my Cares are lull'd to Rest.*

Dissipat Evius curas edaces. Hor. B. 2. 41.

Th' enlivening God will sordid Care refine.

IVXX

Duncombe.

nequa aliter

Mordaces diffugiant sollicitudines.

OB. I. 18.

'Tis Wine, Wine alone, that can drown every Care.

Duncombe.

O D E

Griefs that weep, and Toils that tease,
 What have I to do with these?
 No Sollicitudes can save
 Mortals from the gloomy Grave.
 Shall I thus myself deceive?
 Shall I languish? Shall I grieve?
 Let us quaff the generous Juice;
Bacchus gave it for our Use.

For when Wine transports the Breast,
 All our Cares are lull'd to Rest.

ODE XXVI.

THE TRANSPORTS OF WINE.

WHEN gay *Bacchus* fills my Breast,
 All my Cares are lull'd to Rest,

Rich I seem as *Lydia's* King,
 Merry Catch or Ballad sing;

Ivy-

ODE XXVI.

This Ode, as *Longepierre* observes, is in the same
 Style as the two preceding, and the next ensuing.
 There is a Fragment of *Bacchylides* remaining, which
 has

Ivy-wreaths my Temple shade,
 Ivy that will never fade:
 Thus I sit in Mind-estate,
 Laughing at the Parce of State.

Some
 has great Affinity to these four, but chiefly to the
 very Ode.

Γλυκὴ ἀνὰ κηρυττὸν καλὴν
 Θάλασσαν Συμὸν Καταδύει
 Ἐλπίς δ' αἰνέσσει Φοῖβον
 Ἀναμύμνητα Διόνυσον
 Ἀδραστὶ δ' ἄλυστον
 Πιπτοῖσι μερμήριον
 Αὐτὸς μερμήριον
 Κρηδεῖνόν τιμιον
 Πῶς δ' ἀφ' ὀφθαλμοῦ
 Μοῖναι χροῖται δαμνῶν
 Χρυσὸν δ' ἀλυστὰς
 Μοῖναι χροῖται δαμνῶν

On which Passage
 crown'd with Ivy, as
 either because they are
 call'd, or because Ivy, being an ever-green, is a sym-
 bol of that Eternity which they desire by their Ceri-

When the rosy Bowl we drain,
 Gentle Love Begins to reign:
 Hope, to human Hearts benign,
 Mingles in the sacred Wine.

And

ANACREON 67

Some delight in fighting Fields,
 Nobler Transports Bacchus yields;
 Fill the Bowl — I ever find,
 'Tis better to lie drunk than dead.

ODE

And with pleasing Villons fair
 Sweetly dissipates our Care,
 Warm with Wine we win Renown,
 Conquer Hosts, or storm a Town,
 Reign the mighty Lords of all,
 And in Fancy rule the Ball:
 Then our Villas charm the Sight,
 All with Gold and Ivory bright;
 Ships with Corn from Egypt come,
 Bearing foreign Treasures home:
 Thus each Bliss that fills the Soul
 Luxuriant rises from the Bowl.

VER. 5 & 6. *Ivy-wreaths my Temples shade,
 Joy that will never fade.*

Pastores biberis crescentem ornate poetam. Virg.
 With Ivy-wreaths your youthful Poet-crown.

On which Passage *Scaliger* remarks, that Poets are crowned with Ivy, as being consecrated to Bacchus; either because they are Enthusiasts, like the Bacchanals, or because Ivy, being an Ever-green, is a Symbol of that Eternity which they acquire by their Compositions. *Horace* says,

*Me dicarum hederae premula frontem
 Diva miscent Japuri.*

An Ivy Crown embles me
 Whose darling Joy is Poetry.

Duncombe.

ODE

ODE XXVII.

THE PRAISE OF BACCHUS.

Bacchus, Jove's delightful Boy,

Generous God of Wine and Joy,
Still exhilarates my Soul

With the Raptures of the Bowl;

Then with feather'd Feet I bound,

5

Dancing in a festive Round;

Then I feel, in sparkling Wine,

Transports delicate, divine;

Then

ODE XXVII.

VER. 5 & 6. Then with feather'd Feet I bound,

Dancing in a festive Round.]

In the Forty-first Ode Anacreon calls Bacchus, το
ἀφαινον χοροίαν, The Inventor of Dancing. So Tibullus,
Hic liquor docuit voces infestere cantu;

Movit & ad certos nescia membra modos.

L. 1. Eleg. 7.

This as Swains quaff'd, spontaneous Numbers came,

They prais'd the festal Cask, and hymn'd thy Name;

All Ecstasy! to certain Time they bound,

And beat in measur'd Awkwardness the Ground.

Grainger.

ODE

Then the sprightly Music warms,
Song delights, and Beauty charms : 10
Debonair, and light, and gay,
Thus I dance the Hour away.

O D E XXVIII.

From the GUARDIAN

HIS MISTRESS'S PICTURE

BEST and happiest Artisan,
Best of Painters, if you can,
With your many-colour'd Art
Paint the Mistress of my Heart.

Describe the Charms you hear from me, 5
(Her Charms you could not paint and see)
And make the absent Nymph appear
As if her lovely Self were here.

First draw her easy-flowing Hair,
As soft and black as she is fair; 10
And,

O D E XXVIII.

VER. 10. *Soft and black as she is fair.* Neither the
Greeks nor Romans seem to have esteemed one parti-
cular

And, if your Art can rise so high,
 Let breathing Odours round her fly
 Beneath the Shade of flowing Jet,
 The ivory Forehead smoothly set,
 With Care the fable Brows extend,
 And in two Arches nicely bend,
 That the fair Spaces which lies between
 The meeting Shade, may scarce be seen
 The Eye must be uncommon Fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire;
 The Flames, unseen, must yet be felt,
 Like Pallas kill, like Venus melt.
 The rosy Cheeks must seem to glow
 Amidst the White of new-fall'n Snow.

Let

cular Colour of the Hair more than another, for we
 find both black and light Colour equally admirable.

VER. 19 & 20. *The Eye must be an uncommon Fire,
 Sparkle, languish, and desire.*

Baxter, Barnes, and Stephens, trifle ridiculously on this
 Passage. The Greek *μολι* is *languish*. Madam Dacier
 judiciously observes, 'That Eyes, in which there is
 the least Degree of Humidity, are uncommonly vivid
 and full of Fire.'

VER.

Let her Lips Persuasion wear, A word is 26
In Silence elegantly said:
As if the blushing Rivals strove,
Breathing and inviting Love,
Below her Chin be sure to deck
With every Grape her polished Neck;
While all that's pretty, soft, and sweet,
In the swelling Bosom meet,
The rest in purple Gown conceal,
Her Body, not her Shape, conceal.
Enough!

VER. 25. Let her Lips Persuasion wear, The An-
tients, to give us an Idea of a Mouth perfectly agree-
able, generally represented it by the Lips of Per-
suasion. Anthol. B. 7.

Καλλος ἔχεις Κυπρίδος, Πύθος γομα, σωμα καὶ ἀκμή
Εἰσπινῶν ὤρων.

Persuasion's Lips, and Cyprus's Charm are yours;
And the fresh Beauty of the vernal Hour.

VER. 26. Her polished Neck, The Greek is, ἀργύρεον,
that is, Marble; from Argos, a Place in the Island
of Paros, famous for the finest Marble. Trapp.

VER. 27. The rest in purple Gown conceal
Her Body, not her Shape, conceal
Ovid has a similar Passage in the First Book of the
Metamorphoses, V. 500.

laudat

Enough !—the lovely Work is done, 35

The breathing Paint will speak anon.

THE SAME ODE IMITATED,

In the Year 1755.

By another Hand.

BEST of Painters, shew thy Art,

Draw the Charmer of my Heart ;

Draw her as she shines away

At the Rout, or at the Play :

Carefully each Mode exprefs, 5

Woman's better Part is Dress.

Let her Cap be mighty small,

Bigger just than none at all,

Pretty, like her Sense, and little,

Like her Beauty, frail and brittle. 10

——— *laudat digitosque manusque,*

Brachiaque, & nudos mediâ plus parte lacertos ;

Si qua latent meliora putat.———

——— He view'd

Her taper Fingers, and her panting Breast ;

He praises all he sees, and for the rest,

Believes the Beauties yet unseen are best. }

Dryden.

Be

Be her shining Locks confin'd
 In a threefold Braid behind;
 Let an artificial Flower
 Set the Fissure off before;
 Here and there weave Ribbon pat in, 15
 Ribbon of the finest Sattin.

Circling round her ivory Neck
 Frizzle out the smart *Vandyke*;
 Like the Ruff that heretofore
 Good Queen *Best's* Maidens wore; 20
 Happy Maidens, as we read,
 Maids of Honour, Maids indeed.

Let her Breast look rich and bold
 With a Stomacher of Gold;
 Let it keep her Bosom warm, 25
 Amply stretch'd from Arm to Arm;
 Whimsically travers'd o'er,
 Here a Knot, and there a Flower,
 Like her little Heart that dances,
 Full of Maggots, full of Fancies. 30

Flowing loosely down her Back
 Draw with Art the graceful Sack;
 Ornament it well with gimping,
 Flounses, Furbelows, and crimping,
 Let of Ruffles many a Row
 Guard her Elbows, white as Snow;
 Knots below, and Knots above,
 Emblems of the Ties of Love.
 Let her Hoop, extended wide,
 Show what Petticoats should hide,
 Garters of the softest Silk,
 Stockings whiter than the Milk;
 Charming Part of female Dress,
 Did it show us more or less.
 Let a Pair of velvet Shoes
 Gently press her Petty-toes,
 Gently press, and softly squeeze,
 Tottering like the fair *Chinese*,
 Mounted high, and buckled low,
 Tottering every Step they go.

ANACREON. 75

Take these Hints, and do thy Duty,
Fashions are the Tests of Beauty;
Features vary and perplex,
Mode's the Woman and the Sex.

ODE XXIX.

BATHYLLUS.

NOW, illustrious Artisan,
Paint the well-proportion'd Man;
Once again the Tints prepare,
Paint *Bathyllus* young and fair.
Draw his Tresses soft and black,
Flowing graceful down his Back,
Auburn be the curl'd Extremes,
Glowing like the solar Beams;

Let

ODE XXIX.

VER. 7 & 8. *Auburn be the curl'd Extremes,
Glowing like the solar Beams*]

Anacreon describes the Hair of *Bathyllus* black towards the Head, but lower down gradually inclining to a yellow. *Horace* calls this Colour *myrreum*, *Myrreum nodo cohibere crinem*, Book 3. Ode 14. On which an antient Critic remarks, *Colorem myrreum*

Let them negligently fall,
Easy, free, and artless all.

Let his bright cærulean Brow
Grace his Forehead white as Snow.

Let his Eyes, that glow with Fire,
Gentlest, mildest Love inspire;
Steal from Mars the radiant Mien,

Softness from th' Italian Queen;
This, with Hope the Heart to bless,
That, with Terror to depress.

Next,

in crinibus hodie quoque dicunt, qui medius est inter flauum & nigrum: "Even at this Day they call that
"Hair of a Myrrh Colour, which is between black
"and yellow." Ovid describes the Colour of his
Mistress's Hair thus, *Amor. L. 1. Eleg. 14.*

Nec tamen ater erat, nec erat color aureus illis;

Sed quamvis neuter, mixtus uterque color:

Qualem cliuossæ madidis in vallibus Idæ

Ardua, direpto cortice, cedrus habet.

Nor of a black, nor of a golden Hue
They were, but of a Dye between the two:
Such as in rindless Cedar we behold,
The black confounded with the dusky Gold.

VER. 9 & 10. Let them negligently fall,

Easy, free, and artless all.]

Petronius says, *Crine ingenio suo flexit, per totos se humeros effuderant:* "Her Hair, negligently floating
"where it pleased, diffused itself over her Shoulders."

VER.

ANACREON 77

Next, his Cheeks with *Roses* crown,

And the Peach's dubious *Down*;

And, if Art can this bestow,

Let the Blush ingenuous glow.

But Description would be faint,

Teaching you his Lips to paint:

There let fair *Persuasion* dwell,

Let them gently, softly swell,

Seem in sweetest Sounds to break

Willing Air, and silent speak.

Now you've finish'd high the Face,

Draw his ivory Neck with Grace;

All the Charms and Beauty add,

Such as fair *Adonis* had.

Let me, next, the Bosom see

And the Hands of *Mercury*.

But I'll not presume to tell,

Artist, you who paint so well,

How

VER. 25. *There let fair Persuasion dwell.*] *Meleager*, as *Longepierre* observes, calls his Mistress, *ido*
podon *wis* *duc*, *The sweet Rose of Persuasion.* *Anthologia.*

78 ANACREON.

How the Foot should be exprest,
How to finish all the rest.

I the Price you ask will give,
For the Picture seems to live :
Gold's too little, view this Piece,
'Tis the pictur'd Pride of Greece;
This divine *Apollo* take,
And from this *Bathyllus* make.
When to *Samos* you repair,
Ask for young *Bathyllus* there,
Finest Figure Eye e'er saw,
From *Bathyllus Phœbus* draw.

ODE

VER. 43 & 44. *This divine Apollo take,*

And from this Bathyllus make.]

The Poet could not give us a more perfect Idea of the Beauty of this young *Samian* : He tells the Painter, " If he would draw a good Likeness of *Bathyllus*, he must copy the Portrait of *Apollo*, the most beautiful of the Gods ; and if he would make a good Picture of *Apollo*, he must paint *Bathyllus*."

VER. 45. *When to Samos you repair.] Bathyllus* had a celebrated Statue erected to his Honour at *Samos* by *Polycrates*. See *Apuleius*.

ODE

ANACREON. 79

ODE XXX.

CUPID TAKEN PRISONER.

LATE the *Muses* *Cupid* found,
 And with Wreaths of *Roses* bound,
 Bound him fast, as soon as caught,
 And to blooming *Beauty* brought.
Venus with large Ransom strove
 To release the God of Love.
 Vain is Ransom, vain is Fee,
Love refuses to be free.

Happy

ODE XXX.

This Ode is very fine, and the Fiction extremely ingenious. I believe, *Anacreon* would inculcate, that Beauty alone cannot long secure a Conquest; but that when Wit and Beauty meet, it is impossible for a Lover to disengage himself. Madam Dacier.

VER. 5 & 6. *Venus with large Ransom strove
 To release the God of Love.*

Moschus, in his *Run-away Love*, makes *Venus* offer a Reward to any one who should only discover where he was.

Whoe'er shall bring the News, his Fee is this,
 I *Venus* will reward him with a Kiss.

Happy in his rosy Chain,
Love with Beauty will remain.

10

ODE XXXI.

THE PLEASING FRENZY.

Indulge me, *Stoics*, with the Bowl,
And let me gratify my Soul;
Your Precepts to the Schools confine,
For I'll be nobly mad with Wine.

Alcmaeon and Orestes grew

Quite mad when they their Mothers slew;
But I, no Man, no Mother kill'd,
No Blood but that of *Bacchus* spill'd,
Will prove the Virtues of the Vine,
And be immensely mad with Wine.

10

When

ODE XXXI.

VER. 5. *Alcmaeon and Orestes.* *Alcmaeon* was the Son of *Amphiaraus* and *Eriphyle*. His Father had been put to death by the Contrivance of his Mother, whom on that Account he slew. *Orestes* slew his Mother *Clytemnestra*, to revenge the Death of his Father *Agamemnon*, who, at his Return from the Trojan War, had been murdered by her and her Lover *Egis-
thus*. They were both tormented by the Furies.

VER.

When *Hercules* was mad, we know,
 He grasp'd the *Iphitean* Bow ;
 The Rattling of his Quiver spread
 Astonishment around and Dread.
 Mad *Ajax*, with his sevenfold Shield, 15
 Tremendous stalk'd along the Field,
 Great *Hector's* flaming Sword he drew,
 And Hosts of *Greeks* in Fancy flew.

But

VER. 12. *The Iphitean Bow.*] *Iphitus* was the Son of *Eurytus*, King of *Oechalia*, and slain by *Hercules*, who carried off his Bow.

VER. 15. *Mad Ajax with his sevenfold Shield.*] When the Armour of *Achilles* was adjudged to *Ulysses*, *Ajax* was so enraged at the Affront, that he ran mad; and falling upon a Flock of Sheep, which he took for so many *Grecians*, first slew them, and then himself. *Homer* celebrates his Shield for its extraordinary Size. *Iliad*, Book 7.

Huge was its Orb, with seven thick Folds o'ercast,
 Of tough Bull-hides; of solid Brass the last. *Pope*.

VER. 17. *Hector's Sword.*] *Hector* and *Ajax* made an Exchange of Presents (see *Iliad* 7.) which gave Birth to a Proverb, "That the Presents of Enemies are generally fatal." For *Ajax* with this Sword afterwards killed himself; and *Hector* was dragged, by the Belt which *Ajax* gave him, at the Chariot of *Achilles*.

But I with no such Fury glow,
 No Sword I wave, nor bend the Bow;
 My Helmet is a flowery Crown;
 In this bright Bowl my Cares I'll drown,
 And rant in Ecstasies divine,
 Heroically mad with Wine.

O D E XXXII.

THE NUMBER OF HIS MISTRESSES.

WHEN thou can'st fairly number all
 The Leaves on Trees that fade and fall,
 Or count the foaming Waves that roar,
 Or tell the Pebbles on the Shore;

Then

There is an Epigram to this Purpose, *Anthol. B. 3. C. 14.*

O D E XXXII.

Ἐπὶ τῷ Ἀνθολογίῳ· Ἐπὶ τῷ Ἀνθολογίῳ

Ζωφὸς ἀποφύγει τὸν ἄνθρωπον· ὁ δὲ δαδάρων.

Heſtor beſtow'd on Telamon the brave

A Sword; the Greek to god-like Heſtor gave

A radiant Belt: Each Gift was ſtamp'd with Woe,

And prov'd alike deſtructive to the Foe.

O D E

ANACREON. 83

Then may'st thou reckon up the Names 5

Of all my Beauties, all my Flames.

At Athens, Flames that still survive,

First count me only thirty-five.

At Corinth next tell o'er the Fair,

Tell me a whole Battalion there. 10

In Greece the fairest Nymphs abound,

And worse than banner'd Armies wound.

Count all that make their sweet Abodes

At Lesbos, or delightful Rhodes.

Then Carian and Inian Dames, 15

Write me at least two thousand Flames.

What ! think'st thou this too large a Sum?

Egypt and Syria are to come,

And

O D E XXXII.

VER. 9. *At Corinth next recount the Fair.* Corinth, the Metropolis of Achaia, was so famous for rich Courtezans, who would only entertain the wealthy, that it occasioned the Proverb, *Non cuius domini contingit adire Corinthum*, "Every Man cannot go to Corinth." *Lais* asked Demosthenes a thousand Drachms for one Favour; to which he replied, "I will not buy Repentance at so dear a Rate." Longepierre.

And *Crete*, where *Love* his Sway maintains,
 And o'er a hundred Cities reigns. 20
 Yet still unnumber'd, still remain
 The Nymphs of *Perfia* and of *Spain*,
 And *Indians*, scorcht by *Titan's* Ray,
 Whose Charms have burnt my Heart away.

O D E

VER. 19. *And Crete.*] *Anacreon* says of *Crete*,
 abundant exorn'd, abounding with all Things, to express
 its Fertility. *Vergil* says, it had an hundred Cities:

*Creta Jovis magni medio jacet insula ponto,
 Centum urbes habitant magnas, uberrima regna.*
 Fair *Crete* sublimely towers amid the Floods,
 Proud Nurse of *Jove* the Sovereign of the Gods;
 A hundred Cities the blest Isle contains,
 And boasts a vast Extent of fruitful Plains. *Pitt.*

Homer, in the *Iliad*, gives *Crete* a hundred Cities,
 Book 2.

Crete's hundred Cities pour forth all her Sons.
 But, in the *Odyssey*, only ninety;

Crete awes the circling Waves, a fruitful Soil!
 And ninety Cities crown the Sea-born Isle. B. 19.

Therefore it is probable, that in the Time of the
Trojan War it had no more than ninety Cities, but a
 hundred in the Days of *Homer*.

ODE XXXII.

THE SWALLOW.

L Ovely Swallow, once a Year,
Pleas'd you pay your Visit here;
When our Clime the Sun-beams gild,
Here your airy Nest you build;
And, when bright Days cease to smile,
Fly to Memphis, or the Nile:

But,

ODE XXXIII.

VER. 5. *And, when, &c.*] It was an Opinion generally received among the Antients, that Swallows, and several other Birds, crossed the Sea, on the Approach of Winter, in Search of warmer Climates. Thus *Virgil, Æneid. 6. Ver. 311.*

*Quàm multa glomerantur aves, ubi frigidus annus
Trans pontum fugat, & terris immittit apricis.*

Thick as the feather'd Flocks, in close Array,
O'er the wide Fields of Ocean wing their Way,
When from the Rage of Winter they repair
To warmer Suns and more indulgent Air. *Pitt.*

Others thought they hid themselves in the Clefts of Rocks. Thus *Ovid, Cum glaciuntur aquæ, scopulis se condit hirundo.*

Pecklinius, in his Book *De Aeris & Elementi defectu*, & *vitâ sub aquis*, assures us, that Swallows retire

But, alas! within my Breast
 Love for ever makes his Nest;
 There the little *Cupids* lie,
 Some prepare their Wings to fly,
 Some unhatch'd, some form'd in Part,
 Lie close nestling at my Heart,
 Chirping loud; their ceaseless Noise
 All my golden Peace destroys:

Some,

tire to the Bottom of the Water during the Winter; and that it is common for the Fishermen on the Coasts of the *Baltic* to take them in their Nets in large Knots, clinging together by their Bills and Claws; and that, upon their being brought into a warm Room, they will separate, and begin to flutter about as in Spring. *Kercher*, in his Book *De mundo subterraneo*, affirms the same, and that in the Northern Countries they hide themselves under Ground in the Winter, whence they are often dug out. *Longepierre*.

VER. 6. *Memphis, or the Nile.*] *Memphis* was a City situated on the *Nile*, a little below *Delta*, and the Residence of the Kings of *Egypt*. By the *Nile* *Anacreon* means *Ethiopia*, whence that River derives its Source.

VER. 8. *Love for ever makes his Nest.*] *Anacreon* is not singular in representing *Cupid* as a Bird, and with Propriety, because he is furnished with Wings, and his Flight is surprisingly rapid. *Bion* speaks of *Love* as a Bird: See his Second *Idyllium*.

Some, quite fledg'd and fully grown,
 Nurse the Younglings as their own;
 These when feather'd others feed,
 And thus propagate their Breed.
 Dreadful Torment I sustain,
 What, alas! can ease my Pain?
 The vast Flocks of *Zoar* that dwell
 In my Breast no Tongue can tell.

O D E XXXIV

TO HIS MISTRESS.

Though cold Winter o'er my Brow
 Sheds a scatter'd Shower of Snow,
 Waving Locks of silver Hair;
 Fly me not, capricious Fair,
 Though the Spring's enlivening Power
 Blossoms in your Beauty's Flower,
 Fly me not, nor slight my Love;
 In this Chaplet, lo! are wove

Lucid

Lucid Colours blending bright

Roses red, and Lillies white:

We, methinks, resemble those;

I the Lilly, you the Rose.

ODE XXXV.

ON THE PICTURE OF EUROPA.

THIS pictur'd Bull is mighty *Jove*,

Who meditates some Prank of Love;

On his broad Back, with pleasing Care,

He safely bears the *Tyrian* Fair:

Lo!

ODE XXXIV.

VER. 10. *Roses red, and Lillies white.*] *Virgil* has very happily mixed these two Colours, though upon a different Occasion, *Aeneid*. L. 12. Ver. 67.

Indum sanguineo veluti violæ verit ostro

Si quis ebur, aut mixta rubent ubi lilia multâ

Alba rosâ.———

So looks the beauteous Ivory stain'd with Red;

So Roses, mix'd with Lillies in the Bed,

Blend their rich Hues.———

Pitt.

ODE XXXV.

This Ode was compos'd on a Picture representing the Rape of *Europa*. See an *Idyllium* of *Moschus* upon the same Subject.

ODE

Lo! buoyant on the foaming Tide,
 He throws the circling Waves aside,
 Securely steering through the Sea.
 No other daring Bull, but He,
 Would leave his Heifers on the Plain,
 To tempt the Dangers of the Main.

5

10

O D E XXXVI.

By DR. BROOME.

LIFE SHOULD BE ENJOYED.

TALK not to me of pedant Rules,
 I leave Debates to learned Fools,
 Who solemnly in Form advise;
 At best, impertinently wise.

To me more pleasing Precepts give,
 And teach the Science how to live;
 To bury in the friendly Draught
 Sorrows that spring from too much Thought;
 To learn soft Lessons from the Fair,
 How Life may glide exempt from Care.

5

10

Alas!

Alas ! I'm bld—I see my Head
 With hoary Locks by Time o'erspread :
 Then instant be the Goblet brought,
 To make me young—at least in Thought.
 Alas ! incessant speeds the Day, 15
 When I must mix with common Clay ;
 When I must tread the dismal Shore,
 And dream of Love and Wine no more.

O D E

O D E XXXVI.

VER. 11. *With hoary Locks by Time o'erspread.*
 A Philosopher in Petronius makes the same Reflection, *Ego sic semper & ubique vixi, ut ultimam quamque lucem tanquam non redituram consumerem.* "Where-
 ever I am, I always enjoy the present Day, as if
 "I never expected to see another."

VER. 18. *And dream of Love and Wine no more.*
 Horace says, in the same Sense,

*Jam se premet nox, fabulaque manes,
 Et domus exilis Plutonia:—*

Too soon cut off from chearful Light,
 We must descend to sullen Night,
 And, in the Realms of fabled Shades below,
 Thy pining Ghost no Joy shall know.

Duncombe.

O D E

ODE XXXVII.

By DR. BROOME.

THE SPRING.

SEE! Winter's past; the Seasons bring
 Soft Breezes with returning Spring;
 At whose Approach the Graces wear
 Fresh Honours in their flowing Hair;
 The raging Seas forget to roar,
 5
 And smiling, gently kiss the Shore;

The

ODE XXXVII.

VER. 5. *The raging Seas forget to roar, &c.*] The Expression in Greek is extremely delicate and happy. *The Waves of the Sea are mollified into Tranquillity:* *Ἀπὸ θυμῶν γαλήνη.* Every Letter, every Syllable, is as liquid and smooth as the Calm he describes. A famous old Scotch Bishop, *Garwin Douglas*, in his Description of *May*, seems to have had this Passage in View.

For to behold it was ane Glore to se
 The stabyllit Wyndys, and the calmyt Se,
 The soft Sessoun, the Firmament serene,
 The Loune illuminate are, and Firth amene.

Or,

The sportive Duck, in wanton Play,
 Now dives, now rises into Day;
 The Cranes from freezing Skies repair,
 And sailing float to warmer Air;
 Th' enlivening Suns in Glory rise,
 And gaily dance along the Skies;
 The Clouds disperse, or, if in Showers
 They fall, it is to wake the Flowers.
 See! Verdure cloaths the teeming Earth;
 The Olive struggles into Birth;
 The swelling Grapes adorn the Vine,
 And kindly promise future Wine:
 Blest Juice! already I in Thought
 Quaff an imaginary Draught.

O D E

Or, as it is translated by Mr. Paruker,

How calm! how still! how pleasing to behold
 The Sea's broad Bosom where no Billows roll'd!
 The Season soft, the Firmament serene,
 Th' illumin'd Landscape, and the watry Scene!

O D E

ANACREON.

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ODE XXXVIII.

ON HIS MUSE.

YES, I'm old, I'm old, 'tis true;

What have I with Time to do?

With the young and with the gay,

I can drink as much as they.

Let the jovial Band advance,

Still I'm ready for the Dance!

What's my Scepter, if you ask,

Lo! I sway a mighty Flask.

Should some mettled Blade delight

In the bloody Scenes of Fight,

Let him to this Stage ascend,

Still I'm ready to contend——

Mix the Grape's rich Blood, my Page,

We in drinking will engage.

Yes,

ODE XXXVIII.

VER. 7. *What's my Scepter, &c* In the Bacchanalian Dances among the Antients, the Leader of them bore a Rod or Scepter.

VER.

Yes, I'm old ; yet with the gay 15
 I can be as brisk as they ;
 Like *Silenus* 'midst his Train,
 I can dance along the Plain.

O D E XXXIX.

O N H I M S E L F.

WHEN I drain the rosy Bowl,
 Joy exhilarates my Soul ;

To

VER. 17. *Like Silenus, &c.* *Silenus* was the Foster-father and Tutor of *Bacchu*, represented by a little, flat-nosed, bald, fat, tun-bellied, old, drunken Fellow, riding on an Ass. *Ovid* draws his Picture thus :

——— *Bacchæ Satyrique sequuntur,*

*Quique senex ferulâ titubantes ebrius artus
 Sustinet, & pando non fortiter haret asello.*

Metamorph. L. 4.

Around the *Bacchæ* and the Satyrs throng ;

Behind, *Silenus* drunk lags slow along ;

On his dull Ass he nods from Side to Side,

Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride. *Eusden.*

To the Nine I raise my Song,
 Ever fair and ever young,
 When full Cups my Cares expell,
 Sober Counsels, then farewell:
 Let the Winds that murmur, sweep
 All my Sorrows to the Deep.

When

ODE XXXIX.

VER. 3. *To the Nine I raise my Song.*] *Anacreon* is not the only one who asserts, that *Bacchus* is the best Friend to the Muses. If, as *Horace* says, you give Credit to old *Cratinus*, the Comic Greek Poet, *Nulla placere diu, nec vivere carmina possunt, Quæ scribuntur aquæ potoribus.* "No Verses long can please, or long can live, Which Water-drinkers write." There is an Epigram in the First Book of the *Anthologia*, which begins thus,

Οἶνός τοι χαριεντὶ μέγας πίνει ἵππος αἰοῶν,
 Ὑδὼρ δὲ πῶτος, καλὸν ὃ τέκοις ἔπος.

Wine is the Poet's generous Horse;
 But Water-drinkers Works of course
 Are languid, cold, and void of Force.

Aristophanes, in his Comedy called *Peace*, humorously tells us, That, when the *Lacedæmonians* came to besiege *Athen*, *Cratinus* died of Grief on seeing a Hoghead broken, and the Wine running out.

VER. 7. *Let the Winds that murmur, sweep.*] *Horace* has expressed himself in the same Manner:

—*Tristitiam*

When I drink all Time away,

Jolly Bacchus, ever gay,

Leads me to delightful Bowers,

Full of Fragrance, full of Flowers,

When I quaff the sparkling Wine,

And my Locks with Roses twine,

Then I praise Life's rural Scene,

Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

When I sink the Bowl profound,

Richest Fragrance flowing round,

And some lovely Nymph detain,

Venus then inspires the Strain.

When from Goblets deep and wide

I exhaust the generous Tide,

All my Soul unbends—I play

Gamesome with the young and gay.

*Tristitia & metus
Tradam protervis in mare Creticum
Portare ventis.*

Lov'd by the Muses, to the Wind

Be all my Fears and Griefs resign'd,

To drown them in the Cretan Main. *Duncombe.*

When the foaming Bowl I drain,
 Real Blessings are my Gain,
 Blessings which my own I call:
 Death is common to us all.

ODE XL.

CUPID WOUNDED.

ONCE as Cupid, tir'd with Play,
 On a Bed of Roses lay,
 A rude Bee, that slept unseen,
 The sweet-breathing Buds between,
 Stung

ODE XL.

Theocritus has imitated this beautiful Ode in his Nineteenth *Idyllium*.

Τὸν ἐλάνθανε ποτ' ἔγωγε, κ. τ. λ.

As Cupid once, the flyest Rogue alive,
 Was stealing fragrant Honey from the Hive,
 A little Bee, inflam'd with Rage and Grief,
 Pierc'd with his Sting the Finger of the Thief.
 He blew the tortur'd Hand, he stamp'd the Ground,
 He ran, and to his Mother show'd the Wound;
 And loud began through Anguish to complain,
 That a small Bee should cause such racking Pain.
 Fair Venus smil'd her sobbing Son to see,
 And said, * Thou too art little, like a Bee,
 * And yet what mighty Wounds are made by thee? }

Stung his Finger, cruel Chance! 5

With its little pointed Lance.

Straight he fills the Air with Cries,

Weeps, and sobs, and runs, and flies;

Till the God to *Venus* came,

Lovely, laughter-loving Dame: 10

Then he thus began to plain;

“ Oh ! undone—I die with Pain——

“ Dear Mamma, a Serpent small,

“ Which a Bee the Plough-men call,

“ Imp’d with Wings, and arm’d with Dart, 15

“ Oh !—has stung me to the Heart.”

Venus

VER. 13. *Dear Mamma, a Serpent small.*] Madam Dacier says, that *Anacreon* makes *Cupid* speak in this Manner, because, according to the *Pagan* Theology, the Language of the Gods was different from that of Men: But, as *Longepierre* ingeniously observes, To render a Passage of this Nature learned, is to make it obscure; for nothing can be more natural to imagine, than that an Infant, who had heard of the Stinging of Serpents, when he found himself stung by a little Creature, he hardly knew what, should immediately think it one. The Labourers might call it a Bee, if they pleased; his Pain and Fright made him persist that it was a Serpent.

ODE

Venus thus reply'd, and smil'd;
 ' Dry those Tears, for shame! my Child;
 ' If a Bee can wound so deep,
 ' Causing Cupid thus to weep,
 ' Think, O think! what cruel Pains
 ' He that's stung by thee sustains!

O D E X L I

THE BANQUET OF WINE.

NOW let us gayly drink, and join
 To celebrate the God of Wine,
 Bacchus, who taught his jovial Throng
 The Dance, and patroniz'd the Song;

In

O D E X L I

VER. 3 & 4. Bacchus, who taught the jovial Throng
 The Dance, and patroniz'd the Song.

Tibullus says the same:

Ille liquor docuit voces inflectere cantu;

Movit & ad certos hunc membra modos. L. 1. El. 7.

This as Swains quaff'd, spon:aneous Numbers came,
 They prais'd the festal Cast, and hymn'd thy Name;
 All Ecstasy! to certain Time they bound,
 And beat in measur'd Awkwardness the Ground.

Granger.

In Heart, in Soul, with Love the same,

The Favourite of the Cypris Dame.

Revelry he nam'd his Hairs

The Graces are his Daughters fair:

Sadness in Love's Lake he sleeps;

Sollicitude before him sleeps.

When in large Bowls fair Boys produce

The heart-exhilarating Juice,

Then all our Sorrows are resign'd,

They fly, and mingle with the Wind,

The generous Bowl then let us drain,

Dismissing Care, forgetting Pain:

VER. 8. *The Graces are his Daughters fair.* Madam Dacier supposes this to be the Passage on which the Opinion, that the Graces were the Daughters of Bacchus and Venus, was founded.

VER. 16. *Dismissing Care.* Matellanus, in an Epigram in the First Book of the *Anthologia*, C. 25, says, that To banish Care was a Precept of Anacreon's.

Τὸν γὰρ Ἀνακρέοντα οὐκ ἐπὶ τῷ ποτῶν
Παυσιμῶν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐπὶ τῷ ποτῶν
ἔστιν ὁ νόμος.

For still I hold, Anacreon's Rule the best
To banish Care for ever from my Breast.

In Heart, in Soul, with Love the same
 For Life, what Pleasure can it give,
 The Favourite of the Goddess Dance
 If with Anxiety we live?
 Revels he nam'd his Heir;
 And what hereafter may betide
 The Graces are his Daughters fair;
 No living Casuist can decide.

The Days of Man are fix'd by Fate,
 Dark and obscure, though short the Date.

Then let me, warm with Wine, advance,
 And revel in the tipsy Dance;
 Or, breathing Odours, sport and play
 Among the fair, among the gay.

VER. 19 & 20. *And what hereafter may betide, &c.*
 Anacreon is not singular in enforcing the Necessity of
 enjoying Life from the Brevity and Uncertainty of it.
 Rufinus has an Epigram in the Seventh Book of the
Anthologia, Epigram 142, to this Purpose.

Let us, my Friend, in Joy refine,
 Bathe, crown our Brows, and quaff the Wine;
 Short is the Space for human Joys;
 What Age prevents not, Death destroys.
 And Martial,

Non est, crede mihi, sapienti dicere, Vivam!

Sera nimis, cum sit crastina, vive bodie.

"I'll live to-morrow, tis not wise to say
 'Twill be too late to-morrow—live to-day."

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As for those stubborn Fools that will
Be wretched, be they wretched still.
But let us gayly drink, and join
To celebrate the God of Wine.

ODE XLII.
ON HIMSELF.

WHEN *Bacchus*, jolly God, invites,
In Yprightly Dance my Heart delights;
When with blithe Youths I drain the Bowl,
The Lyre can harmonize my Soul :
But when, indulging amorous Play,
I frolic with the fair and gay,
With hyacinthine Chaplets crown'd,
Then, then the sweetest Joys abound :
My honest Heart nor Envy bears,
Nor Envy's poison'd Arrows fears ;
By rankling Malice never stung,
I shun the venom-venting Tongue,

And

And at the jovial Banquet hate
Contentions, Battles, and Debate :
When to the Lyre's melodious Sound 15
With *Phyllis* in the Dance I bound,
The blooming Fair, the silver Lyre,
Should only Dance and Love inspire :
Then let us pass Life's peaceful Day
In Mirth and Innocence away. 20

ODE XLII.

VER. 13 & 14. *And at the jovial Banquet hate
Contentions, Battles, and Debate.*

Thus our Poet in his Seventh Epigram says,
I ne'er can think his Conversation good,
Who o'er the Bottle talks of Wars and Blood;
But his, whose Wit the pleasing Talk refines,
And lovely *Venus* with the Graces joins.

VER. 19. *Let us pass Life's peaceful Day.*] The
Greek is, Βίον ηὐχόμενος *Anatronic* esteemed
Tranquillity the happiest Ingredient of Life : Thus,
Ode the 39th, he praises the γαλήνη *Peace*,

— Life's rural Scene,
Sweet, sequester'd, and serene.

O D E XLIII

THE GRASHOPPER

THE E, sweet Grasshopper, we call
 Happiest of Insects all,
 Who from Spray to Sprays canst skip,
 And the Dew of Morning sip;
 Little Sips inspire to sing;
 Then thou'rt happy as a King.

O D E XLIII.

VER. 4 & 5. *And the Dew of Morning sip:
 Little Sips inspire to sing.*

Dew is the Nourishment of Grasshoppers. Thus Epigil, Eclogue 5, Ver. 77.

Dumque thymum pascuntur apes, cum rursus cicada.

Bees feed on Thyme, and Grasshoppers on Dew.

The Great Poets also describe the Grasshopper as a musical Insect. Thus Theocritus, Idyll. 1.

Thy Song is sweeter than the Grasshopper's.

Antipater, in an Epigram of the Anthologia, Book 1, says,

Απὸ τῆς ψυχῆς μου καὶ τῆς ψυχῆς τοῦ γρύλλου

Αὐτὸν ἀδῶναι καὶ ἐγὼ τὸν γρύλλοντα.

Inspired by Dew the Grasshopper rejoices;

Not boasts the Swan so musical a Voice.

VER.

All, whatever thou can'st find,
Herbs and Flowers belong to thee;
All the various Seasons yield,
All the Produce of the Field;
Thou, quite innocent of Harm,
Lov'st the Farmer, and the Farm;
Singing sweet when Summer's near,
Thou to all Mankind art dear;
Dear to all the tuneful Nine
Seated round the Throne divine;

Dear

VER. 15. *Dear to all the tuneful Nine.* *Ælian*, writing against those who eat Grasshoppers, says: *They are ignorant how much they offend the Muses, the Daughters of Jupiter.* Whence it appears, that these Animals were esteemed sacred to the Muses, and the eating of them accounted an impiety. The following is a Translation of an Epigram from the First Book of the *Anthologia*, Chap. 33, containing a beautiful Complaint of a Grasshopper against that Practice.

Why do ye, *Sons*, a Grasshopper pursue
Content with Solitude, and rosy Dew?
Me, whose sweet Song can o'er the Nymphs prevail;
I charm them in the Forest, Hill, or Dale,
And me they call their Summer-nightingale.
See, on your Branch the Thrush and Black-Bird prey!
See, the bold Stalling steal your Grain away!

Dear to *Phæbus*, God of Day, All, whatever the reverend
 He inspir'd thy *springing* Lay, Herbs and flowers and all
 And with Voice melodious blest, All the various
 And in vivid Colours drest, I dream'd I that late
 Thou from Spoil of Time art free, And twily seem'd through Art to lose
 Age can never injure thee, Me better could quick as I thought
 Wisest Daughter of the Earth, Lest it the fainter, sacred
 Fond of Song, and full of Mirth, Hurtled, and in an instant caught
 Free from Flesh, exempt from Pains, Singing sweet with
 No Blood riots in thy Veins, Thought at his Feet lying Weights of Lead
 To the Blest I equal thee; Thou to all Mankind
 Thou'rt a *Demi-Divine*. What can this Vision mean, I said

ODE

Destroy your Foes — why should you me pursue
 Content with verdant Leaves, and joy Dew?
 VER. 23. *Wisest Daughter of the Earth.* The *Albani*
niens called themselves *Terræ*, Grasshoppers, and some
 of them wore little Grasshoppers of Gold in their Hair,
 as Badges of Honour, to distinguish them from
 others of later Duration, and likewise as a Memorial,
 that they were born of the Earth like those Insects.

VER. 25 & 26. *Free from Flesh, exempt from Pains,*
No Blood riots in thy Veins.
 Homer represents the Gods as free from Blood. Speak-
 ing of *Venus* wounded, Book 5. he says,

ODE XLIV.

THE DREAM.

I Dream'd, that late I Pinions wore,
 And swiftly seem'd through Air to soar;
 Me fleetier *Cupid*, quick as Thought,
 Pursued, and in an Instant caught,
 Though at his Feet hung Weights of Lead:
 What can this Vision mean, I said?
 Its mystic Sense I thus explain:
 I, who ere-while have worn the Chain

From the clear Vein a Stream immortal flow'd;
 Such Stream as issues from a wounded God;
 Pure Emanation! uncorrupted Flood!
 Unlike our gross, diseas'd, terrestrial Blood:
 (For not the Bread of Man their Life sustains,
 Nor Wine's inflaming Juice supplies their Veins.)

ODE XLIV.

Nothing can be more politely imagined than this
 Ode, nor more courtly than the Turn of it. *Behold*,
 says *Madam Dacier*, one of the finest and most gallant
 Odes of Antiquity; and if she, for whom it was com-
 posed, was as beautiful, all Greece could produce no-
 thing more charming.

Of many a Fair-one for a Day,

Then hung the flowery Band away,

Am now involv'd, and fetter'd fast

In Links that will for ever last.

ODE XLV.

CUPID'S DARTS.

AS the God of manual Arts
Forg'd at Lemnos missile Darts,

Darts of Steel for Cupid's Bow,

Source of Joy, and Source of Woe;

ODE XLV.

Mont. Le Fevre was so transported with this Ode,
that he could not forbear crying out,

Felix, ab! nimis felix, cui carmine tali

Fluxit ab donis? que beatam iungit.

Quid melius dicerelet amor, et quae iocundae

Et cum germanis gratia iuncta suis?

Thrice happy he! to whose enraptur'd Soul

Such Numbers from the Lesbian Mountains roll;

More finish'd what could Love or Laughter write,

Or what the Graces dictate more polite?

John Addison.

VER. 2. For 'tis at Lemnos, Lemnos was an Island

of the Aegean Sea near to Vulcan, who, in the First

Book

MONACREON. 108 109

Venus, fast as Vulcan wrought,

Ting'd them in a honey'd Draught :

But her Son in bitter Gall

Ting'd them, doubly-ting'd them all.

Here, releas'd from War's Arms,

Enters the fierce God of Arms ;

Whether led by Will or Chance,

Here he shakes his weighty Lance.

Cupid's Shafts with scornful Eyes

Strait he views, and strait decries :

Book of the *Thial* giving an Account of *Valer's*
throwing him down from Heaven, and his Fall upon
that Island :

Once in your Cause I felt his matchless Might,
Hur'd headlong downward from th' æthereal height;
Toft all the Day in rapid Circles round,
Nor, till the Sun descended, touch'd the Ground :
Breathless I fell, in giddy Motion lost ;
The *Swiftness* this I find on the *Lebanon Coast*. Pope.

Ver. 6. T'ing'd them in a honey'd Draught. Horace
calls it the Nectar of *Venus*.

More than I could Love or Laughter write
Of what the *Graces* will be more doing
Quædam pars est nectaris umbra.

Lips, which *Venus* bath'd for Joy
In her celestial Dew.

VER.

110 ANACREON.

"This is slight, and that a Toy" 15

"Fit for Children to employ."

"These (said *Cupid*) I admit

"Toys indeed, for Children fit :

"But, if I divine aright,

"Take it—this is not so slight." 20

Mars receives it ; *Venus* smiles

At her Son's well-season'd Wiles.

Mars, with sudden Pain possest,

Sighs from out his inmost Breast :

"*Cupid*, you aright divine, 25

"Not so slight this Shaft of thine ;

"Small of Size ! but strong of Make !

"Take it—I have try'd it—take."

No,

VER. 23 & 24. *Mars*, with sudden Pain possest,

Sigh'd from out his inmost Breast.]

This Sentiment is extremely delicate, intimating, that one cannot even touch the Darts of *Cupid* with Safety. *Moschus* concludes his First *Idyllium* with a similar Thought:

Perhaps he'll say, "Alas ! no Harm I know,

'Here take my Darts, my Arrows, and my Bow.'

Ah ! touch them not, fallacious is his Aim,

His Darts, his Arrows all are tipt with Flame.

VER.

ANACREON. 111

‘No, reply’d the wanton Boy,
‘Keep it, Mars, tis but a Toy.’

ODE XLVI.

THE POWER OF GOLD.

Love’s a Pain that works our Woe;
Not to love, is painful too:

But, alas! the greatest Pain
Waits the Love that meets Disdain.

What avails ingenuous Worth,
Sprightly Wit, or noble Birth?
All these Virtues useless prove;
Gold alone engages Love.

Wak’d

ODE XLVI.

VER. 6. *Sprightly Wit, or noble Birth.]*

Nil tibi nobilitas poterit conducere amanti. Propertius.
Your noble Birth pleads not the Cause of Love.

VER. 8. *Gold alone engages Love.]* Ovid says the same:

*Aurea sunt vasa, bene seculis: plurimus auro
Venit honor: auro conciliatur amor.*

This is the golden Age; all worship Gold:
Honours are purchas’d, Love and Beauty sold.

Our iron Age is grown an Age of Gold,
Tis who bids most, for all Men would be sold.

Dryden.

VER.

THE ANAETHET

May he be compleatly curst,
Who the sleeping Mitchell first
Wak'd to Life, and, vile before,
Stamp'd with Words the fond Ore,
Gold creates in Brethren Strife;
Gold destroys the Parent's Life;
Gold produces civil Wars,
Murders, Massacres, and Wars;
But, the worst Effect of Gold,
Love, alas! is bought and sold.

ODE

VER. 13. Gold creates in Brethren Strife, &c.] Phyllis, in his Admirable Poem, Ver. 38, &c. seems to have imitated this Passage.

H. Phyllis, &c.

On sordid Avarice various Evils wait,
And Gold, false, glittering, is the tempting Bait.
O curst Gold! in whom our Woes combine,
Why dost thou thus with pleasing Ruin shine?
Cause of the Parent's Curse, of Brethrens Strife,
Wars, Murders, and all Miseries of Life.

ODE

ODE XLVII.

YOUNG OLD-AGE.

YES, yes, I own, I love to see
 Old Men factions, blithe, and free;
 I love the Youth that light can bound,
 Or graceful swim th' harmonious Round:
 But when Old-age jocosely, though grey,
 Can dance and frolic with the Gay;
 'Tis plain to all the jovial Throng,
 Though hoar the Head, the Heart is young.

ODE

ODE XLVII.

VAR. 8. *Though hoar the Head, the Heart is young.*
Longepierre quotes a Passage from Guarini, where the
same Sentiment is expressed, though in a different
Manner; and which is translated by John Addison.

— *O Corisca mio core,**D'anima Linca, e non di forme sono;**En questo vecchio tronco**E piu che fosse mai verde il desso.*Yes, my *Corisca*, *Linca* is the same,

Though not in youthful Force, in youthful Flame;

Though Age and Wrinkles on my Front appear,

My Heart is green, and Love still blossoms there.

ODE

ODE XLVIII.

By D. R. BROOME.

G A Y L I F E.

GIVE me *Homér's* tuneful Lyre,
 Let the Sound my Breast inspire!
 But with no troublesome Delight
 Of Arms, and Heroes slain in Fight:
 Let it play no Conquests here,
 Or Conquests only o'er the Fair!
 Boy, reach that Volume—Book divine!
 The Statutes of the God of Wine!

He,

ODE XLVIII.

VER. 3. *The Statutes of the God of Wine.* It was customary with the Antients, at their Entertainments, to chuse a King or Master of the Revels, who both regulated the Size of the Cups, and the Quantity each Person was to drink: He was generally chosen by the Cast of a Die.

Nec regna vini sortiere talis.

Har.

No longer by the Die's successful Cast
 Shalt thou controul the gay Repaste. *Duncombe.*

*—Quem Venus arbitrum**Dicer bibendi—*

L. 2. Ode 7.

Who, nam'd by *Venus*, at the jovial Board
 The Laws of drinking shall prescribe? *Duncombe.*

O D E

He, Legislator, Statutes draws,
 And I, his Judge, enforce his Laws;
 And, faithful to the weighty Trust,
 Compell his Votaries to be just:
 Thus, round the Bowl impartial flies,
 Till to the sprightly Dance we rise:
 We frisk it with a lively Bound,
 Charm'd with the Lyre's harmonious Sound:
 Then pour forth, with an Heat divine,
 Rapturous Songs that breathe of Wine.

XLIX.

O D E XLIX.

By another Hand.

T O S Y M P H Y N T E R.

While you my Lyre's soft Numbers hear,
 Ingenious Painter, lend an Ear,
 And, while it charms your ravish'd Heart,
 Display the Wonders of your Art!

First,

116 ANACREON.

First draw a Nation blithe and gay,
 Laughing and sporting Life away;
 Let them in sprightly Dances bound,
 Whil their shrill Pipes the Baccha sound;
 And, if you can Perfection give,
 Bid every breathing Figure live:
 And then, lest Life inlpid prove,
 To make them happy, bid them love.

ODE

ODE XLIX:

[Ver. 5. Draw a Nation blithe and gay.] It is probable, that in this Ode Anacron had in view the Image of Peace, which Kalkan represented upon the Shield of Achilles. *Iliad* 18.

Two Cities radiant on the Shield appear,
 The Image one of Peace, and one of War;
 Hicte sacred Pomp and genial Feast delight,
 And solemn Dance, and hymeneal Rite;
 Along the Street the new-made Brides are led,
 With Torches flaming, to the nuptial Bed:
 The youthful Dancers in a Circle bound,
 To the soft Flute and Cittern's silver Sound:
 Through the fair Streets the Matrons in a Row
 Stand in the Porches, and enjoy the Show.

Pope.

ODE

ANACREON 117

O D E I

By the same

THE HAPPY EFFECTS OF WINE.

SEE! see! the jolly God appears,
His Hand a mighty Goblet bears;
With sparkling Wine full charg'd it flows,
The sovereign Cure of human Woes.

Wine

YOLKE LI O

VER. 4. *The sovereign Cure of human Woes*] *Homer*
introduces *Helen* mixing such a Bowl. *Odyssey*, B. 4.

Mean-time with genial Joy to warm the Soul,
Bright *Helen* mix'd a mirth-inspiring Bowl;
Temper'd with Drugs of sovereign Use, Cassage
The boiling Bosom of tumultuous Rage;
To clear the cloudy Front of wrinkled Care,
And dry the tearful Sources of Despair.
Charms'd with that virtuous Draught, the exalted Mind
All Sense of Woe delivers to the Wind,
Though on the blazing Pile his Parent lay,
Or a lov'd Brother groan'd his Life away,
Or darling Son, oppress'd by ruffian Force,
Fell breathless at his Feet, a mangled Corse,
From Morn to Eve, impassive and serene,
The Man content and void of all desire.

Fenton.

O D E

118 ANACREON.

Wine gives a kind Release from Care, 5
 And Courage to subdue the Fair;
 Instructs the cheerful to advance
 Harmonious in the sprightly Dance
 Hail, Goblet, rich with generous Wines!
 See! round the Verge a Vine-branch twines. 10
 See! how the mimic Clusters roll,
 As ready to refill the Bowl.
 Wine keeps its happy Patients free
 From every painful Malady;
 Our best Physician all the Year; 15
 Thus guarded, no Disease we fear,
 No troublesome Disease of Mind,
 Untill another Year grows kind,
 And loads again the fruitful Vine,
 And brings again our Health—new Wine. 20

O D E II.

By another Hand.

ON A DISK, REPRESENTING VENUS.

RARE Artiff, whole inventive Skill
 Could this Orb with Wonders fill!

Where

Where the mimic Ocean glides
Soft with well-dissembled Tides;
The Waves seem floating, and above
Shines the beauteous Queen of Love;
The Workman's Fancy mounted high,
And stole th' Idea from the Sky.
Transporting Sight! — the Waves conceal
But what 'twere impious to reveal
She, like some Flower all-blossom'd gay,
Shines along the smiling Way.
The amorous Waters, as she swims,
Crowd to embrace her snowy Limbs;

Then,

O D E L I.

VER. 6. *Shines the beauteous Queen of Love.*] There are several Epigrams in the Fourth Book of the *Anthologia* on *Venus* rising from the Sea. I shall give a Translation of one of them, beginning,

Τὰν ἐκφύγαν, κ. τ. λ.

Apelles, rapt in sweet Surprise,
Saw *Venus* from the Ocean rise:
What Art before could never give,
He made the breathing Picture live.
Her radiant Locks luxuriant flow'd,
Her lovely Eyes serenely glow'd;
Like two round Apples ripe, her Breast
Rose, gently suing to be prest.

VER.

320 ANACREON.

Then, proudly swelling to be prest,
 Beneath her snowy fragrant Breast
 Ambitiously up-rise on high,
 And lift the Goddess to the Sky;
 And, while her lucid Limbs they lave,
 She brightens the transparent Wave :
 So Violets enlighten'd glow,
 Surrounded by the Lilly's Snow.

But see ! a lovely smiling Train,
 Conspicuous o'er the limpid Main,
 The

VER. 23. —a lovely smiling Train, &c.]

So when bright *Venus* rises from the Flood,
 Around in Throngs the wondering *Nereids* crowd ;
 The Tritons gaze, and tune the vocal Shell,
 And every Grace unsung the Waves conceal.

Garth's Disp. B. 6.

As when sweet *Venus*, so the Fable sings,
 Awak'd by *Nereids*, from the Ocean springs ;
 With Smiles she sees the threatening Billows rise,
 Spreads smooth the Surge, and clears the lowering Skies ;
 Light o'er the Deep, with flattering *Cupid's* crown'd,
 The pearly * Conch and silver Turtles bound ;
 Her Tresses shed ambrosial Odours round.

Tickell Prosp. of Peace.

* In *Dodley's Miscellanies* it is by Mistake printed, the pearly
 Couch. *Venus*, speaking of a beautiful Woman, says,
Hæc & cœruleis mecum consurgere digna
Fluctibus ; & nostrâ potius consideret conchâ.

Statius.

ODE

ANACREON. 121

The Queen attends! in Triumph moves 25

Gay Cupid with his laughing Loves.

On Dolphins borne, in State they ride,

And beautify the silver Tide:

Dancing around in Shoals they play,

And humble Adoration pay. 30

Rare Art, that Life to Phantoms gives!

See! see! a second *Venus* lives.

ODE LH.

By DR. BROOME.

GRAPES, OR THE VINTAGE.

IO! the Vintage now is done!

And purpled with th' autumnal Sun;

The Grapes gay Youths and Virgins bear,

The sweetest Produce of the Year!

In

ODE LH.

VER. 3. *The Grapes gay Youths and Virgins bear.*

Horner, in his beautiful Description of the Vintage,

In Vats the heavenly Load they lay, 5
 And swift the Damsels trip away :
 The Youths alone the Wine-press tread,
 For Wine's by skilful Drunkards made.
 Mean-time the mirthful Song they raise,
 Io ! *Bacchus*, to thy Praise ! 10

And viewing the blest Juice, in Thought
 Quaff an imaginary Draught.

Gaily through Wine the old advance,
 And doubly tremble in the Dance ;
 In fancy'd Youth they chant and play, 15
 Forgetful that their Locks are grey.

Through Wine the Youth compleats his Loves ;
 He haunts the Silence of the Groves :
 Where stretch'd beneath th' embowering Shade
 He sees some love-inspiring Maid ; 20

On
 Book 18, introduces young Men and Maids employ-
 ed in the same Office.

To this one Path-way gently winding leads,
 Where march a Train with Baskets on their Heads,
 (Fair Maids and blooming Youths) that smiling bear
 The purple Product of th' autumnal Year.

ANACREON. 123

On Beds of rosy Sweets she lies,
 Inviting Sleep to close her Eyes:
 Fast by her Side his Limbs he throws,
 Her Hand he presses—breathes his Vows;
 And cries, “ My Love, my Soul, comply 25
 “ This Instant, or, alas ! I die.”

In vain the Youth Persuasion tries !
 In vain !—her Tongue at least denies :
 Then, scorning Death through dull Despair,
 He storms th’ unwilling willing Fair ; 30
 Blessing the Grapes that could dispense
 The happy, happy Impudence.

O D E LIII.

By DR. BROOME.

T H E R O S E.

COME, Lyrist, tune thy Harp, and play
 Responsive to my vocal Lay ;
Gently

O D E LIII.

This Ode will be understood by supposing that
Anacreon celebrates a Rose, and requests a Lyrist to
 play to his Voice.

Gently touch it, while I sing
The Rose, the Glory of the Spring.

To Heaven the Rose in Fragrance flies, 5
The sweetest Incense of the Skies.
Thee, Joy of Earth, when vernal Hours
Pour forth a blooming Waste of Flowers,
The gaily-smiling Graces wear
A Trophy in their flowing Hair: 10
Thee *Venus*, Queen of Beauty, loves,
And, crown'd with thee, more graceful moves.

In fabled Song, and tuneful Lays,
Their favourite Rose the Muses praise:
To pluck the Rose the Virgin-train 15
With Blood their pretty Fingers stain;
Nor dread the pointed Terrors round,
That threaten, and inflict a Wound:

See!

VER. 13 & 14. *In fabled Song, and tuneful Lays,
Their favourite Rose the Muses praise.*]

The Rose was consecrated to the Muses. See *Sappho*.
For thy rude Hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely Rose
That on the Mountain of *Pieria* blows.

VER.

See ! how they wave the charming Toy,
Now kifs, now snuff the fragrant Joy. 20

The Rose the Poets strive to praise,
And for it would exchange their Bays;
O ! ever to the sprightly Feast
Admitted, welcome, pleasing Guest !
But chiefly when the Goblet flows, 25
And rosy Wreaths adorn our Brows !

Lovely, smiling Rose, how sweet
All Objects where thy Beauties meet !

Aurora,

VER. 21. *The Rose the Poets strive to praise.*] The
Rose is celebrated in the Fifth Ode of *Anacreon* ; in a
Fragment of *Sappho* ; and in the Fourteenth *Idyllium*
of *Ausonius*, in which are the following beautiful
Lines :

Quàm longa una dies, ætas tam longa rosarum,

Quas pubescentes longa senectæ premit :

Quam modo nascentem rutilus conspexit Eous,

Hanc veniens sero vespere vidit anum.

See ! in the Morning blooms the Rose ;

But soon her transient Glories close :

She opens with the rising Day,

And with the setting fades away.

Duncombe.

Aurora, with a blushing Ray,
And rosy Fingers, spreads the Day : 39

The *Graces* more enchanting show,
When rosy Blushes paint their Snow ;

And every pleas'd Beholder seeks

The Rose in *Cytherea's* Cheeks.

When Pain afflicts, or Sickness grieves, 35
Its Juice the drooping Heart relieves ;

And, after Death, its Odours shed

A pleasing Fragrance o'er the dead :

And

VER. 30. *And rosy Fingers, spreads the Day.*] *Pododaktylos*, *rosy finger'd*, is an Epithet frequently used by *Homer*, and applied to the Morning, *Dryden* also uses it :

The rosy-finger'd Morn appears,
And from her Mantle shakes her Tears.

Milton's Description of the Morning is also very beautiful :

—The Morn,
Wak'd by the circling Hours, with rosy Hand
Unbarr'd the Gates of Light—— B. 6. V. 2.

VER. 35. *When Pain afflicts, or Sickness grieves.*] It is well known, that the Rose is used as an Ingredient in the Composition of several Medicines.

VER. 37. *And, after Death, its Odours shed
A pleasing Fragrance o'er the dead.*]

The Antients used Roses in embalming their dead

Venus

And when its withering Charms decay,
And sinking, fading, die away, 40
Triumphant o'er the Rage of Time,
It keeps the Fragrance of its Prime.

Come, Lyrist, join to sing the Birth
Of this sweet Offspring of the Earth!

When *Venus* from the Ocean's Bed 45
Rais'd o'er the Waves her lovely Head;
When warlike *Pallas* sprung from *Jove*,
Tremendous to the Powers above,

To
Venus anoints the Body of *Hector* with Unguent of
Roses, to preserve it from Corruption, *Iliad*, Book 23.

Celestial *Venus* hover'd o'er his Head,
And roseate Unguents, heavenly Fragrance! shed.
Pope.
They also crowned the Tombs of their Friends with
Roses and other Flowers.

VER. 41. *Triumphant o'er the Rage of Time, &c.*
Nothing preserves its Fragrance, when dried, longer
than the Rose.

— και ἐ ῥόδον αὖτον οἰεται. *Theocr. Id. 27.*

Blown Roses hold their Sweetness to the last. *Dryden.*

128 *A N A C R E O N.*

To grace the World the teeming Earth
 Gave the fragrant Infant Birth; 50
 And, " This, she cry'd, I this ordain
 " My Favourite, Queen of Flowers to reign."
 But, first, th' assembled Gods debate
 The future Wonder to create :
 Agreed at length, from Heaven they threw 55
 A Drop of rich nectareous Dew ;
 A Bramble-stem the Drop receives,
 And strait the Rose adorns the Leaves.

The Gods to *Bacchus* gave the Flower,
 To grace him in the genial Hour. 60

O D E

VER. 56. *A Drop of rich nectareous Dew, &c.*
Eion tells us, that the Blood of *Adonis* gave Birth to
 the Rose. *Αἷμα ῥόδου τέκται.*

Both Tears and Drops of Blood were turn'd to Flowers;
 From these in Crimson Beauty sprung the Rose,
 Cærulean-bright Anemonies from those.

O D E

ANACREON. 129

ODE LIV.

By DR. BROOME.

GROWN YOUNG.

WHEN sprightly Youths my Eyes survey,
I too am young, and I am gay;

In Dance my active Body swims,
And sudden Pinions lift my Limbs.

Haste, crown, *Cybeba*, crown my Brows 5
With Garlands of the fragrant Rose!

Hence, hoary Age!—I now am young,
And dance the mirthful Youths among.

Come then, my Friends, the Goblet drain!

Blest Juice!—I feel thee in each Vein! 10

See! how with active Bounds I spring!

How strong, and yet how sweet I sing!

How blest am I, who thus excell
In pleasing Arts of trifling well!

ODE

ODE LIV.

VER. 5. *Cybeba*.] *Cybeba*, or *Cybele*, seems to be
the Name of a female Attendant, taken from *Cybele*
the Mother of the Gods.

G 5

ODE

ODE LV.

By DR. BROOME.

THE MARK.

THE stately Steed expressive bears
A Mark imprinted on his Hairs :

The Turban, that adorns the Brows
Of *Asia's* Sons, the *Parthian* shows :

And Marks betray the Lover's Heart,
Deeply engrav'd by *Cupid's* Dart :

I plainly read them in his Eyes,

That look too foolish, or too wise.

ODE

ODE LV.

VER. 3 & 4. *The Turban that adorns the Brows
Of Asia's Sons, the Parthian shows.*]

The Greek is *naca*, *tiara*, an Ornament for the Head like the modern Turban. Addison quotes a Passage from *Dionysius*, containing a Description of the Situation and Manners of the *Parthians*; which he has thus translated :

Beyond the *Caspian* Streights those Realms extend,
Where circling Bows the martial *Parthians* bend.

Vers'd only in the rougher Arts of War,

No Fields they wound, nor urge the shining Share.

No

ANACREON. 131

ODE LVI.

By DR. BROOME.

OLD-AGE.

ALAS! the Powers of Life decay!
My Hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to grey;

The
No Ships they boast to stem the rolling Tide,
Nor lowing Herds o'er flowery Meadows guide:
But Infants wing the feather'd Shaft for Flight,
And rein the fiery Steed with fond Delight.
On every Plain the whistling Spear alarms,
The neighing Courser, and the Clang of Arms;
For there no Food the little Heroes taste,
Till warlike Sweat has earn'd the short Repaste.

ODE LVI.

We are indebted for this Ode to *Henry Stephens*. It is also extant in *Stobæus*, who acknowledges it to be *Anacreon's*.

VER. 1 & 2. *Alas! the Powers of Life decay!*

My Hairs are fall'n, or turn'd to grey.]

Theocritus finely touches upon the Progress which Old-age makes on the human Body.

απο κροταφῶν πελομισθα
Παῖς γηραλέος, καὶ ἐπισχέω ἐς γένν' ἐρπν
Λευκαίων ὁ χρόνος. ————— *Idyll. 14.*

First from our Temples Age begins her Race,
Thence whitening Time creeps softly o'er the Face.

Creech.

132 ANACREON.

The smiling Bloom, and youthful Grace,
Is banish'd from my faded Face :
Thus Man beholds, with weeping Eyes,
Himself half-dead before he dies,

5

For this, and for the Grave, I fear,
And pour the never-ceasing Tear :
A dreadful Prospect strikes my Eye,
I soon must sicken, soon must die.

10

For this, the mournful Groan I shed,
I dread—alas ! the Hour I dread !

What

VER. 3. *The smiling Bloom and youthful Grace.*]

———*fugit retro*
Lewis juvenas, & decor, arida
Pellente lascivos amores
Canitie, facilemque somnum. Hor. B. 2. Od. 14.

Behold our Years ! how fast they fly ;
Youth vanishes, and Beauty fades ;
Age drops her Snow upon our Heads,
And drives sweet Slumbers from our Eye !

Duncombe.

VER.

What Eye can stedfastly survey
 Death, and its dark tremendous Way?
 For soon as Fate has clos'd our Eyes, 15
 Man dies—for ever, ever dies!
 All pale, all senseless in the Urn!
 Never, ah! never to return.

O D E LVII.

THAT WE SHOULD DRINK WITH
 MODERATION.

BRing hither, Boy, a mighty Bowl,
 And let me quench my thirsty Soul ;
 Fill

VER. 14. *Death, and its dark tremendous Way.*]
Catullus, speaking of Lesbia's Sparrow, says,

*Qui nunc it per iter tenebricosum,
 Illuc unde negant redire quenquam.*

Death has summon'd it to go,
 Pensive, to the Shades below ;
 Dismal Regions! from whose Bourne,
 Alas! no Travellers return.

See also *Mosbus* on the Death of *Bion* :

But we, the Great, the Brave, the Learn'd, the Wise,
 Soon as the Hand of Death has clos'd our Eyes,
 In Tombs forgotten lie, no Suns restore,
 We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.

O D E

134 ANACREON.

Fill two Parts Water, fill it high,
 Add one of Wine, for I am dry :
 Thus let the limpid Stream allay 5
 The jolly God's too potent Sway.

Quick, Boy, dispatch—My Friends, no more,
 Thus let us drinking rant and roar;
 Such clamorous Riot better suits
 Unpolish'd *Scythia's* barbarous Brutes : 10
 Let us, while Music tunes the Soul,
 Mix Temperance in the friendly Bowl.

ODE

ODE LVII.

VER. 3: *Fill two Parts Water.*] The Antients usually drank their Wine mixed with Water. Madam *Dacier* observes, that *Hesiod* prescribes three Measures of Water to one of Wine in Summer.

VER. 10. *Unpolish'd Scythia's barbarous Brutes.*] The *Scythians* were remarkable for their Intemperance in drinking, and quarrelling over their Cups.

ODE

ODE LVIII.

THE LOVE-DRAUGHT.

AS late of Flow'rets fresh and fair
 I wove a Chaplet for my Hair,
 Beneath a Rose, gay Summer's Pride,
 The wanton God of Love I spy'd,
 I seiz'd him, resolute of Soul, 5
 And plung'd him in my flowing Bowl,
 Resolv'd to have a Draught divine,
 And fairly swallow'd him in Wine :
 E'er since his fluttering Wings impart
 Strange Titillations to my Heart. 10

ODE

ODE LVIII.

This little Ode is extant in the Seventh Book of the *Anthologia*, and ascribed to *Julian*, ἀπὸ τοῦ ὑπαρχοῦ Αἰγυπτῶ, a King of *Egypt*, who wrote several other Things with Elegance. As its Beauty has hitherto procured it a Place in most of the Editions of *Anacreon*, it was thought worthy to be retained in this Translation.

ODE

ODE LIX.

TO A SCORNFUL BEAUTY.

WHY thus with scornful Look you fly,
 Wild *Thracian* Filly, tell me why?
 Think'st thou that I no Skill possess,
 And want both Courage and Address?
 Know, that whenever I think fit 5
 To tame thee with the galling Bit,
 Just where I please, with tighten'd Rein,
 I'll urge thee round the dusty Plain.
 Now on the flowery Turf you feed,
 Or lightly bound along the Mead, 10

So

ODE LIX.

VER. 9 & 10. *Now on the flowery Turf you feed,
 Or lightly bound along the Mead.*]

Horace has imitated this Ode at the Beginning of the 23d Ode of the First Book, the 5th of the Second; but particularly in the 11th of the Third.

*Quæ, velut latis equa trima campis,
 Ludit exultim, metuitque tangi,
 Nuptiarum experi, & adhuc protervo
 Cruda marito.*

She.

So wild, so wanton, and untry'd,
You want some Youth to mount and ride.

O D E LX.

EPITHALAMIUM ON THE MARRIAGE OF
STRATOCLES AND MYRILLA.

Venus, fair Queen of Gods above,
Cupid, thou mighty Power of Love,
And Hymen bland, by Heaven design'd
The fruitful Source of Human-kind :

To

She sports along the verdant Plain,
Like a fleet Filly, shuns the Rein,
Fears to be touch'd ; nor yet will prove,
Wild and untry'd, the pleasing Pains of Love.
Duncombe.

O D E LX.

Theodorus Prodromus, who wrote the Amours of *Doficles* and *Rhodanthe*, has preserved this Epithalamium ; which, as *Madam Dacier* observes, is a Sort of Poem that used to be sung to a new-married Couple on the Morning after the Ceremony.

VER. 4. *The fruitful Source of Human-kind.*] *Dionysius* of *Halicarnassus* calls Marriage, *Σωτηριον τῆς γυναικός*, *The Preserver of Mankind.*

VER.

138 ANACREON.

To you, as to the Lyre I sing, 5
 Flows Honour from the sounding String;
 Propitious to the Numbers prove,
 O *Venus*, *Hymen*, God of Love:
 View, gentle Youth, with Rapture view
 This blooming Bride, ordain'd for you; 10
 Rise quick, and feast on all her Charms,
 Lest, like a Bird, she fly your Arms.
 O happy Youth! by *Venus* blest,
 But happier on *Myrilla's* Breast:
 ' See how the Fair-one, sweetly coy, 15
 ' All soft Confusion, meets the Joy,
 ' Blooming as Health, fresh as *May*-flowers,
 ' And bright as radiant Noon-tide Hours.'
 Of all the Flowers upon the Plains,
 The Rose unmatched in Beauty reigns; 20

Myrilla

VER. 12. *Lest, like a Bird, &c.*] The Greek is, *Μη σε Φυγή παρθένος αφεύ,* *Lest the Partridge should escape you*; alluding to the Coyness of a young Bride.

VER. 15. *See how, &c.*] These four Lines are taken from a Translation of this Poem, which appeared in *The Student*.

VER.

Myrilla thus in Charms excells,
 She shines the Rose among the Belles.
 O may, blest Youth, the God of Day
 The pleasing Toils of Love survey;
 And may a beauteous blooming Boy 25
 Crown your soft Vows with lasting Joy!

ODE LXI.

ON GOLD.

WHEN Gold, that Fugitive unkind,
 With Pinions swifter than the Wind,
 Flies from my willing Arms away,
 (For Gold with me will never stay)
 With careless Eyes his Flight I view, 5
 Who would perfidious Foes pursue?
 When

VER. 25. *May a beauteous blooming Boy, &c.*] The Greek is, *Κυπαριστος μεθυστοι στυ ενι κηρω*, *May a Cypress grow in your Garden!* that is, 'May a Child, as beautiful and as long-lived as a Cypress, crown your Happiness!' Madam Dacier observes, this was a proverbial Way of speaking.

ODE LXI.

The *Vatican Manuscript* acknowledges this Ode to be *Anacreon's*.

VER.

When from the glittering Mischief free,
 What Mortal can compare with me?
 All my Inquietudes of Mind
 I give to murmur with the Wind : 10
 Love sweetly tunes my melting Lyre
 To tender Notes of soft Desire.

But when the Vagrant finds I burn
 With Rage, and slight him in his Turn,
 He comes, my Quiet to destroy, 15
 With the mad Family of Joy :
 Adieu to Love, and soft Desire !
 He steals me from my soothing Lyre.

O faithless Gold ! Thou dear Deceit !
 Say, wilt thou still my Fancy cheat ? 20

This

VER. 9 & 10. *All my Inquietudes of Mind
 I give to murmur with the Wind.*]

Horace has imitated this Passage, Book 1. Ode 26.
 which is an Argument for the Authenticity of this
 Ode. See Ode 39th :

Let the Winds that murmur, sweep
 All my Sorrows to the Deep.

VER.

This Lute far sweeter Transport brings,
 More pleasing these love-warbled Strings:
 For thou with Envy and with Wiles
 Me of my dearest Love beguiles,
 Dashing the Cup of sweet Desire, 25
 And robb'st me of my golden Lyre.
 Then, for with me thou wilt not stay,
 To faithless *Phrygians* speed'st away,
 Proud and assiduous to please
 Those Sons of Perfidy and Ease. 30

Me from the Muse thou would'st detain,
 But all thy tempting Arts are vain;
 Ne'er shall my Voice forget to sing,
 Nor this right Hand to touch the String:
 Away to other Climes! Farewell! — 35
 Leave me to tune the vocal Shell.

O D E

VER. 28. *To faithless Phrygians, &c.* The Poet
 calls the *Phrygians*, faithless, from their King *Laomedon*'s
 deceiving *Apolló*, and *Neptune* of the Reward he
 had promised them for building the Walls of *Troy*;
 and from his defrauding *Hercules* of his Recompence,
 who had delivered his Daughter *Hesione* from being
 devoured by a Sea-monster. Madam Dacier.

O D E

ODE LXII.

ON THE SPRING.

WHAT bright Joy can this exceed,
This of roving o'er the Mead?

Where the Hand of *Flora* pours,
Sweetest, voluntary Flowers:

Where the *Zephyr's* balmy Gale
Wantons in the lovely Vale.

O! how pleasing to recline
Underneath the spreading Vine,
In the close Concealment laid

With a love-inspiring Maid!

Fair, and sweet, and young, and gay,
Chatting all the live-long Day.

ODE

ODE LXII.

This Ode has also the Authority of the *Vatican* Manuscript to claim *Anacreon* for its Author.

VER. 7 & 8. O! how pleasing to recline

Underneath the spreading Vine.]

Madam *Dacier* remarks, that the Vines in *Greece* were so high as to form a commodious Shade.

ODE

O D E LXIII.

T O C U P I D.

Mighty God of Flames and Darts,
 Great Controuler of all Hearts ;
 With thee *Venus*, lovely Fair,
Venus with the golden Hair,
 And the bright-ey'd *Dryads* play,
 Nymphs that on the Mountains stray :
 Come, propitious to my Vow,
 Leave the Mountain's rugged Brow ;
 Quick descend into the Plain,
 Where the Object of my Pain,
 Sweet *Eurypyle* imparts
 Anxious Hopes to youthful Hearts ;
 Melt to Love the yielding Fair,
 Teach her not to give Despair ;
 Thou

O D E LXIII.

We owe the Preservation of this Fragment to *Dion Chrysostom*.

O D E

Thou my Passion must approve, 15
Melt the yielding Fair to Love.

O D E LXIV.

T O C U P I D.

I Dalian God, with golden Hair,

O Cupid, ever young and fair,

Fly to my Aid, and safely shroud

Me in a purple-beaming Cloud,

And on thy painted Wings convey 5

A faithful Lover on his Way.

Thy Blandishments disturb my Rest,

And kindle Tumults in my Breast;

The

O D E LXIV.

This Fragment is cited by *Athenæus*. *Barnes* supposes it to have been written on the Poetess *Sappho*; and, to confirm his Opinion, produces the Testimonies of *Chamæleon* and *Hermesianax* the *Colophonian*; the last of which in his Third Elegy says,

Καὶ γὰρ τὸν ὁ μελιχρὸς, κ. τ. λ.

For sweet *Anacreon* lov'd the *Lesbian* Dame;
The Muse-rapt Maid inspir'd the brightest Flame:
And oft his native Isle he would resign
For Wit more brilliant, and for better Wine.

VER.

The pleasing Poison was convey'd
 Late from the lovely Lesbian Maid ; 10
 Her sun-bright Eye discharg'd a Dart,
 That rankling preys upon my Heart :
 In sparkling Wit beyond Compare,
 She slights, alas ! my silver Hair,
 Regardless of my heart-felt Pain, 15
 And fondly loves some happier Swain.

ODE

VER. 10. *The lovely Lesbian Maid.*] The following Lines are supposed to be Part of the Answer which Sappho returned to Anacreon :

Κείνον, ὡ χρυσοθρόνῳ Μῦσ', ἐπισπες
 ὕμνον, ἐκ τῆς καλλιγυναικὸς ἐσθλῆς
 Τῆς ὡς χωρὶς οὐκ αἶδε τέρπης
 Πρῶτος ἀγανός.

Ye Muses, ever fair and young,
 High-seated on the golden Throne,
 Anacreon sent to me a Song
 In sweetest Numbers, not his own ;
 For, by your sacred Raptures fir'd,
 The Poet warbled what the Muse inspir'd.

ODE LXV.

ON HIMSELF.

I Lately thought, delightful Theme!

Anacreon saw me in a Dream,

The *Teian* Sage, the honey'd Bard,

Who call'd me with a sweet Regard;

I, pleas'd to meet him, ran in Haste,

And with a friendly Kiss embrac'd.

'Tis true, he seem'd a little old,

But gay and comely to behold;

Still bow'd to *Cytherea's* Shrine.

His Lip was redolent of Wine:

19

He

ODE LXV.

This and the five following Odes are not translated by *Addison*.

Some have imagined that this Ode was not written by *Anacreon*, because he himself is the Subject of it: But *Barnes* endeavours to prove it genuine from the Ninth Ode and the Sixty-sixth, in both which *Anacreon* makes mention of himself; and from the frequent Liberties which the best Poets have taken of mentioning themselves in their own Compositions.

ODE

ANACREON. 147

He reel'd as if he scarce could stand,

But *Cupid* led him by the Hand.

The Poet, with a gentle Look,

A Chaplet from his Temples took,

That did of sweet *Anacreon* breathe, 15

And smiling gave to me the Wreath.

I from his Brow the flowery Crown

Receiv'd, and plac'd it on my own :

Thence all my Woes unnumber'd flow,

E'er since with raging Love I glow. 20

ODE LXVI.

By DR. BROOME.

ON APOLLO.

ONCE more, not uninspir'd, the String

I waken, and spontaneous sing :

No *Pythic* Laurel-wreath I claim,

That lifts Ambition into Fame :

ODE LXVI.

It is certain, that *Anacreon* wrote *Hymns* in Honour of the Gods : This is undoubtedly one of them, and perhaps the most entire of any that remain. See the Note on the 16th Verse of the Ninth Ode.

My Voice unbidden tunes the Lay ; 5
 Some God impells, and I obey.

Attend, ye Groves ! the Muse prepares
 A sacred Song in *Phrygian* Airs ;
 Such as the Swan expiring sings,
 Melodious, by *Cayster's* Springs, 10
 Where listening Winds in Silence hear,
 And to the Gods the Music bear.

Celestial Muse ! attend and bring
 Thy Aid, while I thy *Phæbus* sing ;
 To *Phæbus* and the Muse belong 15
 The Laurel, Lyre, and *Delphic* Song.

Begin, begin the lofty Strain !
 How *Phæbus* lov'd, but lov'd in vain !
 How *Daphne* fled his guilty Flame,
 And scorn'd a God that offer'd Shame. 20
 With glorious Pride his Vows she hears,
 And Heaven, indulgent to her Prayers,
 To Laurel chang'd the Nymph, and gave
 Her Foliage to reward the Brave.

Ah !

Ah ! how, on Wings of Love convey'd, 25

He flew to clasp the panting Maid !

Now, now o'ertakes !—but Heaven deceives

His Hope—he seizes only Leaves.

Why burns my raptur'd Breast ? ah ! why ?

Ah ! whither strives my Soul to fly ? 30

I feel the pleasing Frenzy strong,

Impulsive to some nobler Song :

Let, let the wanton Fancy play,

But guide it, lest it devious stray.

But O ! in vain—my Muse denies 35

Her Aid, a Slave to lovely Eyes ;

Suffice it to rehearse the Pains

Of bleeding Nymphs and dying Swains ;

Nor dare to wield the Shafis of Love

That wound the Gods, and conquer *Jove*. 40

I yield ! Adieu the lofty Strain !

Anacreon is himself again :

150 *A N A C R E O N.*

Again the melting Song I play,

Attemper'd to the vocal Lay.

See ! see ! how, with attentive Ears, 45

The Youths imbibe the nectar'd Airs !

And quaff, in bowery Shades reclin'd,

My Precepts, to regale the Mind.

O D E LXVII.

O N L O V E.

TO *Love* I wake the silver String,

And of his soft Dominion sing :

A Wreath of Flowers adorns his Brow,

The sweetest, fairest Flowers that blow :

All Mortals own his mighty Sway, 5

And him the Gods above obey.

O D E

ODE LXVII.

THE SUPPLICATION.

QUeen of the woodland Chace, whose Darts
 Unerring pierce the Mountain-barts,
Diana chaste, *Jove's* Daughter fair,
 Suppliant to thee I breathe my Prayer.
 Descend, propitious to my Vow,
 To where the Streams of *Lethe* flow:
 In Pity aid a hapless Race,
 Bright Goddess of the woodland Chace;
 With holy Awe they own thy Sway,
 And meek in Reverence obey.

10

ODE

ODE LXVIII.

This is, as *Madam Dacier* remarks, an entire Hymn, or Part of one, composed in Honour of *Diana*, in Favour of some Town situated on the River *Lethe*, which she supposes to be *Magnesia*, near *E. hesus*.

It was probably made on Occasion of some Battle in which the *Magnesians* had been defeated. The Poet intreats *Diana* to assist a People in Distress, who depended only upon her Protection.

H 4

ODE

ODE LXIX.

ARTEMON.

A FRAGMENT.

NOW *Artemon*, a favourite Name,
Inspires *Eurypyle* with Flame :

An Upstart of ignoble Blood,

Who plodded late in Shoes of Wood ;

And round his Waist, instead of Vest,

Wore a Cow's stinking Hide undrest,

Which might, on fit Occasion, yield

Rank Covering for a rotten Shield.

ODE LXIX.

The Fourth Epode of *Horace* has a great Similitude to this Ode :

Licet superbus ambules pecuniâ, &c.

Though Store of Wealth you now possess,

Condition changes not with Dress.

“ Shall he who tir'd the Lictor's Hand,

“ Scourg'd by the Magistrate's Command,

“ With Corn a thousand Acres load,

“ With Chariots wear the *Appian* Road,

“ And, in Contempt of *Ordo*, sit

“ With the Knights' Order in the Pit ? ”

Duncombe.

This

ANACREON. 153

This Wretch, with other Wretches vile,
 Liv'd hard by Drudgery and Toil; 10
 Oft sentenc'd cruel Pains to feel
 At Whipping-post, or Racking-wheel:
 But now, conspicuous from afar,
 He rides triumphant in his Car;
 With golden Pendants in his Ears, 15
 Aloft the filken Reins he bears,
 Proud, and effeminately gay:
 His Slaves an ivory Skreen display,
 To guard him from the solar Ray. }

O D E LXX.

T O H I S B O Y.

BOY, while here I sit supine,
 Bring me Water, bring me Wine;
 Bring me, to adorn my Brow,
 Wreaths of Flowers that sweetly blow:
 Love invites——O! let me prove
 The Joys of Wine, the Sweets of Love.

This Wretch, with some Vengeance vile,

In'd hand by Dragby and Toll;

On Jettison'd cruel Prins to feel

At Whipping-post, or Racking-wheel;

Not now, conspicuous from afar,

Harshes triumphant in his car;

With golden Pendants in his Hair,

After the African Rites he bears,

And, and ostentatiously gay;

He slaves in ivory Shoon display,

To guard him from the Solar Ray.

O D E I X X

155 While here I sit supine,

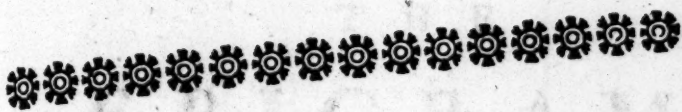
Bring me Wine, bring me Wine;

Bring me, to adorn my Brow,

Garlands of Roses and Scented flow'rs;

Love invites — O let me prove

The joys of Wine, the sweets of Love.



THE
EPIGRAMS
OF
ANACREON.



H 6

THE

CHIT

W. A. C. R. E. M. S. I. G. R. A. M. S.

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T H E
E P I G R A M S
O F
A N A C R E O N.

EPIGRAM I.
ON TIMOCRITUS.

THE Tomb of great *Timocritus* behold !
Mars spares the base, but slays the brave
and bold.

E P I-

EPIGRAM I.

VER. 2. *Mars spares the base, but slays the brave
and bold.*]

Priam, speaking of the most valiant of his Sons, says,

Τὸς μὲν ἀπώλει' Ἀρης ——— *Iliad*. B. 2. Ver. 260.

All those relentless *Mars* untimely slew,

And left me these, a soft and servile Crew. *Pope*.

E P I-

EPIGRAM II.

ON AGATHON.

FOR *Agathon*, in fighting Fields renown'd,
Abdera mourns his funeral Pile around;
 For him she mingles Tears with bright Applause,
 Who nobly suffer'd in his Country's Cause:
 No Youth so brave, unknowing how to yield,
 E'er perish'd in the Thunder of the Field.

EPI-

EPIGRAM II.

VER. 2. *Abdera mourns, &c.*] The *Teians*, after their Expulsion from *Ionia* by *Harpagus* the General of *Cyrus*, sailed into *Thrace*, and settled in the City of *Abdera*; where they had not been long, before the *Thracians*, jealous of their new Neighbours, endeavoured to give them Disturbance. It seems to be in these Conflicts that *Anacreon* lost those Friends whom he celebrates in his Epigrams. See the First, Second, and Thirteenth.

EPI-

ANACREON. 159

EPIGRAM III.

ON THE SON OF CLEËNOR.

THEE, *Cleënorides*, the bold, the brave,
Stern *Neptune* sunk beneath the whelmin
Wave :

Thy Country's Love so nobly fill'd thy Mind,
Thou dar'dst to trust, too credulous, the Wind :
The fair, though faithless, Season urg'd thy Doom,
And wrapp'd thy Beauties in a watery Tomb.

EPIGRAM IV.

ON A PICTURE REPRESENTING
THREE BACCHÆ.

FIRST, *Heliconias* with a *Thyrus* past,
Kamhippe next, and *Glauca* is the last ;
Lo ! dancing down the Mountains they repair,
And grateful Gifts to jolly *Bacchus* bear ;
Wreaths

EPIGRAM III.

This *Cleënorides*, as *Barnes* observes, seems to have
been cast away in attempting a Voyage from *Abdera*
to his native Country *Teios*, in the Winter.

Wreaths of the rustling Ivy for his Head,
With Grapes delicious, and a Kid well fed.

EPIGRAM V.

ON MYRON'S COW.

FEED, gentle Swain, thy Cattle far away,
Lest they too near the Cow of *Myron* stray,
And thou, if chance fallacious Judgment err'd,
Drive home the breathing Statue with the Herd.

EPI-

EPIGRAM V.

Myron was the most celebrated Artist of his Time for casting Statues in Brass. *Petronius*, speaking of him, says, *Pene hominum animas ferarumque ære comprehenderat*: "He had almost found the Art to in-
"close the Souls of Men and Beasts in Brass."

Among the many Epigrams, which have been composed on *Myron's Cow*, the following from *Ause-
nius* deserves Commendation:

Bucula sum, cælo genitoris falla Myronis

Ærea; nec factam me puto, sed genitam.

Sic me taurus init; sic proxima bucula mugit;

Sic vitulus sitiens ubera nostra petit.

Miraris quod falla gregem? gregis ipse magister

Inter pascentes me numerare solet.

By *Myron's* Chissel I was form'd of Brass;
Not Art, but Nature, my great Mother was.

Bulls.

EPIGRAM VI.

ON THE SAME.

THIS Heifer is not cast, but rolling Years
 Harden'd the Life to what it now appears :
Myron unjustly would the Honour claim,
 But Nature has prevented him in Fame.

The

Bulls court my Love ; the Heifers lowing stand ;
 And thirsty Calves my swelling Teat demand.
 Nor deem this strange—the Herdsman oft has err'd,
 And number'd me among the grazing Herd.

EPIGRAM VI.

I found this Epigram, thus excellently translated,
 in a paltry Edition of *Anacreon* in *English*, printed by
Curl.

The following Epigram on an excellent modern
 Work has expressed the same Thought with the same
 Simplicity.

ON CLARISSA.

THIS Work is Nature's, every Tittle in't
 She wrote, and gave it *Richardson* to print.

EPI-

The following Epigrams were collected by *Barnes*, and first added to his Edition of our Poet: The first five on the Authority of a Manuscript *Anthologia* at *Paris*; the rest on the Credit of a *Heidelberg* Manuscript.

EPIGRAM VII.

ON COMPANY.

I Ne'er can think his Conversation good,
Who o'er the Bottle talks of Wars and Blood;
But his whose Wit the pleasing Talk refines,
And lovely *Venus* with the Graces joins.

EPIGRAM VIII.

A DEDICATION TO JUPITER, IN
THE NAME OF PHIDOLA.

Phidola, as a Monument of Speed,
This Mare, at *Corinth* bred, to *Jove* decreed.

EPI-

EPIGRAM VIII.

VER. 2. *This Mare, &c.*] *Pausanias*, *El'iac. L. 2. C. 13.* mentions this Mare of *Phidola's*, and tells us she was named *Aura*, or *Air*; and that she won the Race herself, after her Rider was thrown.

EPI-

EPIGRAM IX.

TO APOLLO, IN THE NAME OF
NAUCRATES.

GOD of the silver Bow, and golden Hair;
Hear *Naucrates's* Vows, and grant his Prayer!

EPIGRAM X.

ANOTHER DEDICATION.

Lycaus's Son, *Praxagoras*, bestow'd
This marble Statue to his guardian God:
View well the whole — What Artist can surpass
The finish'd Work of *Anaxagoras*?

EPI-

EPIGRAM X.

VER. 4.] *Anaxagoras*, a Native of *Ægina*, was a
celebrated Statuary: He flourished both before and
after the Expedition of *Xerxes*. *Barnes*.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XI.

ANOTHER.

M Inerva's Grove contains the favour'd Shield,
That guarded *Python* in the bloody Field.

EPIGRAM XII.

ANOTHER, BY LEOCRATES.

*W*HEN *Hermes*' Bust, *Leocrates*, you rais'd,
The Graces bland the beauteous Image
prais'd ;

The joyful *Academe* extoll'd your Name ;
The speaking Bust shall eternize your Fame.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XI.

When the Antients escaped any imminent Danger,
it was usual for them to consecrate some Memorial of
it in the Temples of their Gods. Thus *Horace*, L. 1.
Ode 5.

Me tabula sacer, &c.

For me, the sacred Tablet shows
That I have hung my dripping Cloaths
At *Neptune's* Shrine— *Duncombe.*

EPIGRAM XII.

VER. 3. *The Academe.*] The *Athenian* Academy
was not far distant from the *Areopagus*, in a Grove
without the City.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XIII.

ON THE SON OF ARISTOCLES.

TO *Aristocles*, the best of Friends,
 This honorary Verse the Muse commends:
 Bold and adventurous in the martial Strife,
 He sav'd his Country, but he lost his Life.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XIII.

Nothing among the antient *Greeks* and *Romans* was esteemed a greater Act of Piety, than to fight for the Good of the Community; and they, who have greatly fallen in so righteous a Cause, are embalmed with immortal Honours. *Tyrtæus* wrote some noble Poems on Martial Virtue. The following Lines are translated from a Fragment of his: Speaking of the Hero that dares to die for his Country, he says;

His fair Renown shall never fade away,
 Nor shall the Mention of his Name decay.
 Who glorious falls beneath the Conqueror's Hand,
 For his dear Children, and his native Land,
 Though to the Dust his mortal Part we give,
 His Fame in Triumph o'er the Grave shall live.

Anon.

EPI.

EPIGRAM XIV.

*P**Raxidice* this flowery Mantle made,
Which fair *Dyseris* first design'd ;
Mark how the lovely Damsels have display'd
A pleasing Unity of Mind.

EPIGRAM XV.

UNDER A STATUE.

*C**Alliteles* first fix'd me on this Base
Fair rising to the View :
His Sons gave Ornament and Grace ;
To them your Thanks are due.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XIV.

Addison quotes a Passage from *Shakespeare* similar to this Epigram :

We, *Hermia*, like two artificial Gods,
Created with our Needles both one Flower,
Both on one Sampler, sitting on one Cushion ;
Both warbling of one Song, both in one Key ;
As if our Hands, our Sides, Voices, and Minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double Cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an Union in Partition,
Two lovely Berries molded on one Stem ;
Or with two seeming Bodies, but one Heart.

Midsummer Night's Dream.

EPI-

EPIGRAM XVI.

A N O T H E R.

THIS Trophy *Areophilus's* Son
To *Bacchus* consecrates, for Battles won.

EPIGRAM XVII.

A N O T H E R.

THEssalia's Monarch, *Echecratides*,
Has fix'd me on this Base,
Bacchus, the jolly God of Wine, to please,
And give the City Grace.

EPIGRAM XVIII.

TO Mercury your Oraisons address,
That *Timonætes* meet with wish'd Success,
Who

EPIGRAM XVIII.

VER. I. To Mercury, &c.] The Antients esteemed
Mercury the general Protector of Learning; and
therefore usually placed his Statue in their Libraries,
and in the Porticoes before their public Schools and
Academies. *Addison.*

EPI-

Who fix'd these Porticoes, my sweet Abode,
 And plac'd me sacred to the Herald-God.
 All who the bright-eyed Sciences revere,
 Strangers and Citizens, are welcome here.

EPIGRAM XIX.

Great *Sophocles*, for Tragic Story prais'd,
 These Altars to the Gods immortal rais'd.

EPIGRAM XX.

O *Mercury* ! for Honours paid to thee
 May *Tlæas* live in calm Security ;
 Years of sereneſt Pleaſure may he gain,
 And o'er th' *Athenian* Race a long and happy Reign!

EPIGRAM XIX.

This Epigram, notwithstanding what *Barnes* ſays to the contrary, is thought not to be *Anacreon's* ; the Mention of *Sophocles* being too repugnant to Chronology, to admit it for genuine.



THE
L I F E
O F
S A P P H O.



I THE

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THE
LIFE
OF
SAPPHO.



I

THE

THE LIFE OF SAPPHO

SAPPHO was a Native of Mitylene in the Island of Lesbos. Who was her Father is uncertain, there being no less than eight Persons who have contended for that Honour, but it is universally acknowledged, that Call was her Mother. She flourished, according to some, in the 4th Olympiad; according to others, in the 4th Olympiad, about 600 Years before our Saviour Christ. She was contemporary with Pindar, the last of 9 years of which, and the two celebrated Poets, Sappho and Alcaeus. Borne has endeavoured to prove, from the Testimonies of Chamaeleon and Theophrastus, that Anacreon was one of her Contemporaries; but this Argument has been generally esteemed too repugnant to Chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical Fiction. She married one Cercidas, a Man of great Wealth and Power in the Island of Lesbos, by whom she had a Daughter named Cleo. The

THE LIFE OF SAPPHO.

SAPPHO was a Native of *Mitylene* in the Island of *Lesbos*. Who was her Father is uncertain, there being no less than eight Persons who have contended for that Honour; but it is universally acknowledged, that *Cleis* was her Mother. She flourished, according to *Suidas*, in the 42d *Olympiad*; according to *Eusebius*, in the 44th *Olympiad*, about 600 Years before our SAVIOUR CHRIST. She was Contemporary with *Pittacus*, the famous Tyrant of *Mitylene*, and the two celebrated Poets, *Stesichorus* and *Alcæus*. *Barnes* has endeavoured to prove, from the Testimonies of *Chamæleon* and *Hermesianax*, that *Anacreon* was one of her Lovers; but this Amour has been generally esteemed too repugnant to Chronology, to be admitted for any thing but a poetical Fiction.

She married one *Cercolas*, a Man of great Wealth and Power in the Island of *Andros*, by whom she had a Daughter named *Cleis*. He

leaving her a Widow very young; she renounced all Thoughts of a second Marriage, but not the Pleasures of Love; not enduring to confine that Passion to one Person, which, as the Antients tell us, was too violent for her to be restrained even to one Sex.

But no one seems to have been the Object of her Admiration so much as the accomplished *Phaon*, a young Man of *Lesbos*; who is said to have been a Kind of Ferry-man, and thence fabled to have carried *Venus* over the Stream in his Boat, and to have received from her, as a Reward, the Favour of becoming the most beautiful Man in the World. She fell desperately in Love with him, and took a Voyage into *Sicily* in Pursuit of him, he having withdrawn himself thither on purpose to avoid her. It was in that Island, and on this Occasion, that she composed her Hymn to *Venus*.

Her Poem was ineffectual for the procuring that Happiness which she prayed for in it. *Phaon* was still obdurate, and *Sappho* was so transported with the Violence of her Passion, that she resolved to get rid of it at any Rate.

There was a Promontory in *Acarnania* called *Leucate*, on the Top of which was a little Temple dedicated to *Apollo*. In this Temple it was usual for despairing Lovers to make their Vows

in secret, and afterwards to fling themselves from the Top of the Precipice into the Sea: For it was an established Opinion, that all those who were taken up alive, would immediately be cured of their former Passion. *Sappho* tried the Remedy; but perished in the Experiment. The Original of this unaccountable Humour is not known. *Ovid* represents *Sappho* as advised to undertake this strange Project by the Vision of a Sea-nymph, of which she sent the following Account to the cruel *Phaon*:

Hic ergo cum lassas, &c.

Here as I lay, and swell'd with Tears the Flood;
Before my Sight a watry Virgin stood;
She stood and cry'd, "O you that love in vain!
" Fly hence, and seek the fair *Leucadian* Main:
" There stands a Rock, from whose impending Steep
" *Apolo's* Fane surveys the rolling Deep;
" There injur'd Lovers, leaping from above,
" Their Flames extinguish, and forget to love.
" Haste, *Sappho*, haste, from high *Leucadia* throw
" Thy wretched Weight, nor dread the Deeps
" below!"

She spoke, and vanish'd with the Voice—I rise,
And silent Tears fall trickling from my Eyes.
I go, ye Nymphs, those Rocks and Seas to prove:
How much I fear, but, ah, how much I love!
I go, ye Nymphs, where furious Love inspires;
Let female Fears submit to female Fires.

To Rocks and Seas I fly from Phaon's Hate,
 And hope from Seas and Rocks a milder Fate.
 Ye gentle Gales, beneath my Body blow,
 And softly lay me on the Waves below.
 And thou, kind *Lavi*, my sinking Limbs sustain,
 Spread thy soft Wings, and waft me o'er the Main,
 Nor let a Lover's Death the guiltless Flood profane!

Pope.

The Romans erected a most noble Statue of *Porphyry* to her Memory: And the *Mitylenians*, to express their Sense of her Worth, and the Glory they received from her being born amongst them, paid her sovereign Honours after her Death, and coined Money with her Head for the Impress.

The best Idea we can have of her Person, is from her own Description of it in *Ovid*:

Si mihi difficilis formam, &c.

To me what Nature has in Charms deny'd,
 Is well by Wit's more lasting Charms supply'd.
 Though short my Stature, yet my Name extends
 To Heaven itself, and Earth's remotest Ends.

Brown as I am, an *Ethiopian* Dame
 Inspir'd young *Perseus* with a generous Flame;
 Turtles and Doves of differing Hues unite,
 And glossy Jet is pair'd with shining White.
 If to no Charms thou wilt thy Heart resign,
 But such as merit, such as equal thine,

By

By none, alas! by none thou canst be mov'd,

Phaon alone by Phaon must be lov'd.

Pope.

To give the English Reader a true Notion
what Opinion the Antients entertained of her
Works, would be to collect a Volume in her
Praise. She was honoured with the glorious
Title of the Tenth Muse. Horace says,

Spirat adhuc amor,

P. antiquæ commissæ caloræ

Æolia sibi puella

l. 4. Od. 9.

Enchanting Sappho's Lyric Muse

In every Breast must Love infuse;

Love breathes on every tender String,

And still in melting Notes we hear her sing.

Duncombe.

On the Revival of Learning, Men of the most
refined Taste accounted the Loss of her Writ-
tings inestimable, and collected the sacred Re-
licks with the utmost Affiduity: Though Mr.
Addison (in the Spectator, No. 223.) judiciously
observes: "I do not know, by the Character
" that is given of her Works, whether it is not
" for the Benefit of Mankind that they are lost.
" They were filled with such bewitching Ten-
" derness and Rapture, that it might have been
" dangerous to have given them a Reading."

Vossius, in the Third Book of his *Institutiones
Poeticæ*, says, that none of the Greek Poets ex-

celled *Sappho* in Sweetness of Verse; and that she made *Archilochus* the Model of her Style, but at the same Time took great Care to soften and temper the Severity of his Expression.

Hoffman, in his *Lexicon*, says, "Some Authors are of Opinion, that the Elegy which *Ovid* made under the Name of *Sappho*, and which is infinitely superior to his other Elegies, was all, or at least the most beautiful Part of it, stolen from the Poems of the elegant *Sappho*."

She was the Inventress of that Kind of Verse, which (from her Name) is called the *Sapphic*. She wrote nine Books of *Odes*, besides *Epigrams*, *Iambics*, *Monodies*, and other Pieces; of which we have nothing remaining entire, but an Hymn to *Venus*, an Ode preserved by *Longinus* (which, however, the learned acknowledge to be imperfect) two Epigrams, and some other little Fragments. I shall conclude my Account of this celebrated Lady in the Words of Mr. *Addison*, taken from the above-mentioned *Spectator*.

"Among the mutilated Poets of Antiquity, there is none whose Fragments are so beautiful as those of *Sappho*. They give us a Taste of her Way of Writing, which is perfectly conformable with that extraordinary

Character

“ Character we find of her in the Remarks of
“ those great Critics who were conversant with
“ her Works when they were entire. One
“ may see, by what is left of them, that she
“ followed Nature in all her Thoughts, without
“ descending to those little Points, Conceits,
“ and Turns of Wit, with which many of our
“ modern Lyrics are so miserably infected. Her
“ Soul seems to have been made up of Love
“ and Poetry: She felt the Passion in all its
“ Warmth, and described it in all its Symp-
“ toms: She is called by antient Authors the
“ Tenth Muse; and by *Plutarch* is compared
“ to *Cacus* the Son of *Vulcan*, who breathed out
“ nothing but Flame.”

OF THE



those great Critics who were conversant with
her Works and Hy. Fine copies. One
may see by what is left of them that the
followed her in a lot of the same

WORKS

and Terms of Life with which many of our
modern Poets are so miserably infected. Her
Poet seems to have made up of Love
and Poetry: she let the Passion in all its

strength and blighted in its
state. The Poet is indeed a Poet, and the Poet is a Poet.

to Great the Son of Nature, who treated her
with the same

Translated from the GREEK

the same

!

Mark, Mark! the conscious Shade and vocal Groves

Where Sappho sang her melting Voice to Love

While Echo each harmonious strain return'd

And with the soft complaining Voice mourn'd

Prophets of Poets



12



T H E
W O R K S
O F
S A P P H O.

Translated from the GREEK.

Mark, Muse ! the conscious Shade, and vocal Grove,
Where *Sappho* tun'd her melting Voice to Love,
While *Echo* each harmonious Strain return'd,
And with the soft complaining *Lesbian* mourn'd.

Progress of Poetry.



THE

W O R K S
O F
D E S

S A R A H O

S A P P H I R E

AN HYMN TO VENUS

Translated from the Greek.

By the Author of the

To whom unnumber'd Temples rise.

Love's Daughter, and whose wily Arts
Maiden! the conscious Goddess knew.

I should fond Lovers of their little Love

Of their serious as my Love

And with the soft complaining Lesbian mourn'd.

And see my mind from anxious Cares
Propped of Love.

II

We are indebted for this Hymn to Dionysius

Halimantus, who quotes it as a Poem of Pindar.

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II.

THE
ODES
OF
SAPPHO.

III.

ODE I.
AN HYMN TO VENUS.

VENUS, bright Goddess of the Skies,
To whom unnumber'd Temples rise,
Jove's Daughter fair, whose wily Arts
Delude fond Lovers of their Hearts;
O! listen gracious to my Prayer,
And free my Mind from anxious Care.

II. If

ODE I.

We are indebted for this Hymn to *Dionysus* of *Halicarnassus*, who quotes it as a Pattern of Perfection.
Madam

II.

If e'er you heard my ardent Vow,
 Propitious Goddess, hear me now!
 And oft my ardent Vow you've heard,
 By *Cupid's* friendly Aid preferr'd,
 Oft left the golden Courts of *Jove*,
 To listen to my Tales of Love.

III.

The radiant Car your Sparrows drew;
 You gave the Word, and swift they flew,
 Through liquid Air they wing'd their Way, 15
 I saw their quivering Pinions play;
 To my plain Roof they bore their Queen,
 Of Aspect mild, and Look serene.

IV. Soon

Madam *Dacier* supposes it to be entirely historical; and that it was written after *Phaon*, her inconstant Lover, had withdrawn himself from the Island of *Lesbos* to *Sicily*, in order to avoid the Importunities of an amorous Mistress. It was in *Sicily*, therefore, and on the above-mentioned Occasion, that she is supposed to have made this Hymn.

VER. 13. *The radiant Car your Sparrows drew.* *Sappho* says, the Chariot of *Venus* was drawn by Sparrows, because they are of all Birds the most amorous.

VER.

IV.

Soon as you came, by your Command,
 Back flew the wanton feather'd Band, 20
 Then, with a sweet enchanting Look,
 Divinely smiling, thus you spoke:
 ' Why didst thou call me to thy Cell?
 ' Tell me, my gentle *Sappho*, tell.

V.

' What healing Medicine shall I find, 25
 ' To cure thy love-distemper'd Mind?
 ' Say, shall I lend thee all my Charms,
 ' To win young *Phaon* to thy Arms?
 ' Or does some other Swain subdue
 ' Thy Heart? my *Sappho*, tell me Who? 30

VI. ' Though

VER. 20. *Back flew the feather'd Band.*] There is something very pretty in this Circumstance, wherein *Venus* is described as sending away her Chariot, upon her Arrival at *Sappho's* Lodgings, to denote that it was not a short transient Visit which she intended to make her. *Madam Dacier.*

VII.

- ' Though now, averse, thy Charms he flings;
 ' He soon shall view thee with Delight;
 ' Though now he scorns thy Gifts to take,
 ' He soon to thee shall Offerings make;
 ' Though now thy Beauties fail to move,
 ' He soon shall melt with equal Love.

VII.

Once more, O Venus, hear my Prayer,
 And ease my Mind of anxious Care;
 Again vouchsafe to be my Guest,
 And calm this Tempest in my Breast!
 To thee, bright Queen, my Vows aspire;
 Grant me all my Heart's Desire!

ODE

ODE II.

Whatever might have been the Occasion of this Ode, the *English* Reader will enter into the Beauties of it, if he supposes it to have been written in the Person of a Lover sitting by his Mistress. *Addison, Spectator, No. 229.*

MORE happy than the Gods is he
Who, soft-reclining, sits by thee;
His Ears thy pleasing Talk beguiles,
His Eyes thy sweetly-dimpled Smiles.

II. This,

ODE II.

This beautiful Ode is preserved by *Longinus*, in his *Treatise Of the Sublime*.

VER. 1. *More happy than the Gods, &c.*] There is an Epigram in the *Anthologia*, which seems to be an Imitation of this Stanza.

Ευδαίμων ὁ βλέπων σε, τρισεβλῆος ὅτας ἀκούει,

Ἡμιθεὺς δ' ὁ φίλων, ἀθάνατος δ' ὁ συνών.

The Youth who sees thee may rejoice,

But blest is he who hears thy Voice,

A Demi-god who shall thee kiss,

Who gains thee is a God in Bliss.

Longinus

II.

This, this, alas ! alarm'd my Breast,
 And robb'd me of my golden Rest :
 While gazing on thy Charms I hung,
 My Voice died fluttering on my Tongue.

III.

With subtle Flames my Bosom glows,
 Quick through each Vein the Poison flows ;
 Dark, dimming Mists my Eyes surround ;
 My Ears with hollow Murmurs sound.

IV. My

Longinus has observed, that " this Description of
 " Love in *Sappho* is an exact Copy of Nature ; and
 " that all the Circumstances, which follow one ano-
 " ther in such a Hurry of Sentiments, notwithstand-
 " ing they appear repugnant to each other, are
 " really such as happen in the Frenzies of Love." He farther says : " *Sappho*, having observed the
 " Anxieties and Tortures inseparable to jealous
 " Love, has collected and displayed them all with
 " the most lively Exactness." And Dr. *Pearce* judi-
 " ciously observes, that " in this Ode she endeavours
 " to express that Wrath, Jealousy, and Anguish,
 " which distracted her with such a Variety of Tor-
 " ture. And therefore, in the following Verses of
 " *Boileau's* Translation the true Sense is mistaken:

— dans les doux transports, on s'égare son ame.
 " And, — je tombe en des douces langueurs.

" As

IV.

My Limbs with dewy Chillness freeze,
 On my whole Frame pale Tremblings seize,
 And losing Colour, Sense and Breath,
 I seem quite languishing in Death.

F R A G.

"As the Word *dox* will by no means express the Rage
 "and Distraction of Sappho's Mind; it being always
 "used in a contrary Sense." There are two Lines in
Philips's Translation of this Ode which are liable to
 the same Objection:

For while I gaz'd, in Transport, rest.
 And,—My Blood with gentle Horrors thrill'd.

Mr. Addison, in his *Spectator* on this Ode, relates
 the following remarkable Circumstance from *Plutarch*:

"That Author, in the famous Story of *Antiochus*,
 "who fell in Love with *Stratonice*, his Mother-in-law,
 "and (not daring to discover his Passion) pretended
 "to be confined to his Bed by Sickness, tells us, that
 "*Erasistratus*, the Physician, found out the Nature of
 "his Distemper by those Symptoms of Love which
 "he had learned from Sappho's Writings. *Strato-*
 "*nice* was in the Room of the love-sick Prince, when
 "these Symptoms discovered themselves to his Phy-
 "sician; and it is probable, that they were not very
 "different from those which Sappho here describes in
 "a Lover sitting by his Mistress."

Madam Dacier says, that this Ode of Sappho is pre-
 served entire in *Longinus*, whereas, whoever looks in-
 to that Author's Quotation of it will find, that there
 must at least have been another Stanza, which is not
 transmitted to us.

F R A G.

FRAGMENTS

SAPPHO.

FRAGMENT I.

THE Pleiads now no more are seen,
Nor shines the silver Moon serene,
In dark and dismal Clouds o'ercast;
The love-appointed Hour is past:
Midnight usurps her sable Throne,
And yet, alas! I lie alone.

FRAG.

FRAGMENT II.

VER. 6. *And yet, alas! I lie alone.* A Shepherd, in the *Idyllium* entitled Ο ΑΡΙΣΤΡΕ (which is generally ascribed to Theocritus, but by Daniel Heinsius is attributed to Moschus) wishes a City-girl, who had slighted him, the Punishment of living and dying an old Maid.

— may you ne'er find one
Worthy your Love in Country or in Town,
But, to a Virgin-bed condemn'd, for ever lie alone!

Bowles.

FRAG.

FRAGMENT II.

This seems to have been addressed to an arrogant unlettered Lady, vain of her Beauty and Riches.

W Hene'er the Fates resume thy Breath,
No bright Reversion shalt thou gain,
Unnotic'd thou shalt sink in Death,
Nor ev'n thy Memory remain :

For thy rude Hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely Rose,
Which on the Mountain of Pieria blows.

II. To

FRAGMENT II.

Sappho is not the only good Writer, who, from a due Sense of the Excellence of their Works, have promised themselves Immortality. *Virgil* has expressed himself in the same Manner at the Beginning of the Third *Georgic*:—*Horace* in several Places, particularly in the Ode, *Exegi monumentum*:—But *Ovid*, in the strongest Terms :

Tamque opus exegi, &c.

I've now compil'd a Work, which nor the Rage
Of Jove, nor Fire, nor Sword, nor eating Age,
Is able to destroy

VER. 5. For thy rude Hand ne'er pluck'd the lovely Rose
[Which on the Mountain of Pieria blows]

Pieria was a Mountain in Macedonia, dedicated to the
Muses :

II.

To *Pluto's* Mansions shalt thou go,

The stern inexorable Kings

Among th' ignoble Shades below

A vain, ignoble Thing ;

While honour'd *Sappho's* muse-embellish'd Name
Shall flourish in Eternity of Fame.

FRAGMENT III.

TO VENUS.

Venus, Queen of Smiles and Love,

Quit, O ! quit the Skies above ;

To my lowly Roof descend,

At the mirthful Feast attend ;

Muses : By this Expression *Sappho* seems to hint, that the Lady who furnished the Occasion of this Satire, was not conversant in the politer Studies, nor acquainted with the *Muses*.

FRAGMENT III.

This Fragment should be joined with the Fourth Ode of *Anacreon* ; for as *Sappho* desires *Venus* to be her Cup-bearer, so *Anacreon* appoints *Cupid* the same Office :

In decent Robe, behind him bound,

Cupid shall serve the Goblet round.

FRAG-

Hand the golden Goblet round,
 With delicious Nectar crown'd:
 None but joyous Friends you'll see,
 Friends of *Venus*, and of *Me*.

FRAGMENT IV.

Cease, gentle Mother, cease your sharp Reproof,
 My Hands no more can ply the curious Woof,
 While on my Mind the Flames of *Cupid* prey,
 And lovely *Phaon* steals my Soul away.

FRAG-

FRAGMENT IV.

Hephæstion produces this Fragment from the Seventh Book of *Sappho's* Odes. *Horace* seems to have had it in View, Book 3. Ode 12.

Tibi qualum Cythereæ puer ales

Tibi telas operosæque Minervæ

Studium aufert, Neobule, Liparæi nitor Hebræi.

The winged Boy, in wanton Play,

Thy Work and Basket steals away:

Thy Web and *Pallas's* curious Toils

Are now become fair *Hebræi's* Spoils. *Duncombe.*

FRAG-

FRAGMENT V.

O N T H E R O S E .

Would Jove appoint some Flower to reign
 In matchless Beauty on the Plain,
 The Rose (Mankind will Madly choose)

The Rose the Queen of Flowers should be;
 The Pride of Plants, the Grace of Bowers,
 The Blush of Meads, the Eye of Flowers:
 Its Beauties charm the Gods above;

Its Fragrance is the Breath of Love;

Its Foliage wantons in the Air

Luxuriant, like the flowing Hair;

It shines in blooming Splendor gay,

While Zephyrs on its Bosom play.

The

FRAGMENT V.

We are indebted to *Achilles Tatius* for this Fragment, which is generally ascribed to *Sappho*. In the Beginning of the Second Book of that Romancer, *Cli-topbon* tells us, his Mistress sung this Edlogy on the Rose at an Entertainment. If the Reader turns back to the Fifth and Fifty-third Odes of *Anacreon*, he will find other Encomiums on this beautiful Flower.

The

The following is Part of an Ode which *Sappho* is supposed to have written to *Anacreon*.—See the Notes on the 64th Ode of *Anacreon*.

YE Muses, ever fair and young,
 High-seated on the golden Throne,
Anacreon sent to me a Song
 In sweetest Numbers, not his own;
 For, by your sacred Raptures fir'd,
 The Poet warbled what the Muse inspir'd.

TWO EPIGRAMS of SAPPHO.

EPIGRAM I.

M*eniscus*, mourning for his hapless Son,
 The toil-experienc'd Fisher, *Pelagon*,

Has

EPIGRAM I.

Longepierre observes, that it was usual among the Antients to place on the Tombs of their Friends the Instruments peculiar to the Art or Mystery which they exercised when alive. Of this we have Examples in *Homer* and *Virgil*. In the Eleventh Book

K

of

Has plac'd upon his Tomb a Net and Oar,
The Badges of a painful Life and poor.

By Death illustrious ravish'd in her Bloom
of the *Odyssey*, Ver. 75, *Elpenor* makes this Request to
Ulysses in Hell:

To dreary Coasts, and Pebbly Shoals,

A Tomb along the watry Margin raise,
The Tomb with manly Arms and Trophies grace,
To show Posterity *Elpenor* was:
There high in Air, Memorial of my Name,
Fix the smooth Oar, and bid me live to Fame.

Broome.

In the Beginning of the Twelfth Book we find the
Suit was granted:

A rising Tomb, the silent dead to grace,
Fast by the Roarings of the Main we place;
The rising Tomb a lofty Column bore,
And high above it rose the tapering Oar. *Pope.*

In the Sixth Book of the *Aeneid*, Ver. 232, *Aeneas*
places on the Tomb of *Misenus*

—funus arma viro, tumulusq; tubamque.

This done; to solemnize the Warrior's Doom,
The pious Hero rais'd a lofty Tomb;
The towering Top his well-known Ensigns bore,
His Arms, his once-lov'd Trump, and tapering Oar.

Pitt.

These Sort of Epitaphs were more general, con-
cise, and instructive, than those which afterwards pre-
vailed. *Longepierre.*

Madam

EPIGRAM II.

THE much-lov'd *Times* lodges in this Tomb,
By Death insatiate ravish'd in her Bloom;
Ere yet a Bride, the beauteous Maid was led
To dreary Coasts, and *Pluto's* mournful Bed.

Madam *Dacier* also observes, that Emblems of the
Humours of the deceased were sometimes placed on
their Monuments, as in this Epigram on a Woman
named *Myro*:

Μη Σαμει, μαργα Μυρο; επι σθηται λεοντων,
Γλαυκα, βιον, χκροσαν χανα, δοαν σκυλακα.

O'er *Myro* see the Emblems of her Soul,
A Whip, a Bow, a Goose, a Dog, an Owl.

The Whip denoted, that she used to chastise her Ser-
vants; the Bow, that her Mind was always bent on
the Care of her Family; the Goose, that she loved to
stay at Home; the Dog, that she was fond of her
Children; and the Owl, that she was assiduous in
Spinning and Tapestry, which were the Works of *Pal-
las*, to whom the Owl was consecrated. *Dacier*.

At the Earl of *Holderness's*, at *Aske* in *Yorkshire*, is
an old Picture, with a Device which seems to be bor-
rowed from this. It is supposed to be drawn by
Hans Ho'bein, and represents a Woman (said to be
Queen *Elizabeth's* House-keeper) standing on a *For-
toise*, with a Bunch of Keys by her Side, her Finger

Her lov'd Companions pay the Rites of Woe,
 All, all, alas ! the living can bestow ;
 From their fair Heads the graceful Curls they shear,
 Place on her Tomb, and drop the tender Tear.

on her Lips, and a Dove on her Head: Under it is
 this Inscription :

*Uxor amet, fileat, servet, nec ubique vagetur :
 Hoc testudo docet, claves, labra, junctaque turtur.*

Which has been thus translated ;

Be frugal, ye Wives, live in Silence and Love,
 Nor abroad ever gossip and roam !
 This learn from the Keys, the Lips, and the Dove,
 And Tortoise, still dwelling at Home !

EPIGRAM II.

VER. 7. *From their fair Heads the graceful Curls, &c.]*
 The Ceremony of cutting off the Hair, among the
 Antients, in Honour of the Dead, was a Token of a
 violent Affection. Thus *Achilles*, in the Twenty-
 third Book of the *Iliad*, offers his to *Patroclus*. And
 the little *Cypriotes* tear their Hair for Grief at the Death
 of *Adonis* : See *Bion*. *Herodotus* tells us that *Mardonius*
 cut off his, after his Defeat. Many more Instances of
 this extraordinary Custom might be produced ; but
 these will, probably, be thought sufficient. I shall
 finish my Observations on this excellent Poetess with
 an ingenious Surmize in regard to the above-mention-
 ed Ceremony : It was practised perhaps not only in
 Token of Sorrow, but might also have a concealed
 Meaning, that as the Hair was cut from the Head, and
 was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead
 for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

T H E

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Her lov'd Companions pay the Rites of Woe,
All, alas! the living can bestow;
From their fair Heads the graceful Curls they steal,
Place on her Tomb, and drop the tender Tear.

this Inscription:

Uxor amant, fides, fervor, nec minus vigor
Hoc testudo docet, clavis labra, juncturae virtus
Wives have been thus faithful
Be frugal, ye Wives, live in Silence and Love
Not abroad ever gossip and roam
This learn from the Keys, the Lips, and the Dove
And Toronto, still living at Home

EPICRAM II.

BION and MOSCHUS.

this extract from the above-mentioned Poets, which will probably be thought sufficient. I shall now my Observations on this excellent Poet, with an ingenious Summary in regard to the above-mentioned Ceremony: It was practised perhaps not only as a Token of Sorrow, but might also have a concealed meaning, that as the Hair cut from the Head, and was never more to be joined to it, so was the dead for ever cut off from the living, never more to return.

THE

THE LIVES OF BION and MOSCHUS.

WE know little relating to these two celebrated Pastoral Poets: And therefore their History may be comprised in few Words.

Bion was born at Smyrna, a famous City of Asia Minor, which also has the fairest Title to the Birth of Homer: For this Father of Poets is said to have been the Son of the River Meander, which flows not far from us: Whence, and therefore he is called Meleager. To this River Meleager, in his Lyllium on the Death of Bion, addresses himself; and makes that fine Comparison between these two Poets.

Thus to a constant Spring, &c. to A.
Melos of Streams in Melody the chief
Now heaves thy Bosom with another Grief
Thy Homer died, great Master of the Song
Thy Homer died, the Muses sweetest Tongue:
Then

T H E
L I V E S
O F
BION and MOSCHUS.

WE know little relating to these two celebrated Pastoral Poets : And therefore their History may be comprized in few Words.

Bion was born at *Smyrna*, a famous City of *Asia Minor*, which also has the fairest Title to the Birth of *Homer* : For this Father of Poets is said to have been the Son of the River *Meles*, which flows not far from its Walls ; and therefore he is called *Melesigenes*. To this River *Moschus*, in his *Idyllium* on the Death of *Bion*, addresses himself ; and makes that fine Comparison between these two Poets :

Τέτο τοι, ὦ ποταμὸν λυγρῶτατε, κ. τ. λ.

Meles ! of Streams in Melody the chief,
Now heaves thy Bosom with another Grief ;
Thy *Homer* died, great Master of the Song,
Thy *Homer* died, the Muses sweetest Tongue :

Then did thy Waves in plaintive Murmurs weep,
 And roll'd thy swelling Sorrows to the Deep,
 Another Son demands the Meed of Woe,
 Again thy Waters weep in long-drawn Murmurs
 flow.
 Dear to the Fountains was each tuneful Son,
 This drank of *Arethuse*, that *Helicon*,
 He sung *Atrides'* and *Acailies'* Ire,
 And the fair Dame that set the World on Fire:
 This form'd his Numbers on a softer Plan,
 And chanted *Shepherds Loves*, and peaceful *Pan*.

We are not informed in what Part of the World he lived, though it is evident that he spent much of his Time in *Sicily*; and there it was, probably, that the wonderful Sweetness of his Compositions drew together great Numbers of Admirers and Disciples; among whom was *Moschus*, as may be deduced from the above-mentioned Poem:

I too, with Tears, from *Italy* have brought
 Such plain *Bucolics* as my Master taught;
 Which, if at all with tuneful Ease they flow,
 To thy learn'd Precepts, and thy Art I owe,
 To other Heirs thy Riches may belong;
 I claim thy pastoral Pipe and *Doric Song*.
 These two last Verses prove, that he was not in
 necessitous Circumstances. From the same *Idyl-*

lium

him it appears, that he died by Poison, not accidentally, but by the Appointment of some great Man :

O hapless Bion ! Poison was thy Fate ;

The baneful Potion circumscrib'd thy Date.

How could fell Poison cause Effect so strange,

Touch thy sweet Lips, and not to Honey change ?

Which probably was not unpunished :

But soon just Vengeance will the Wretch pursue.

It is likewise evident, from the above-mentioned Authority, that he was contemporary with Theocritus : And this famous Syracusan flourished under Ptolemy Philadelphus, who began his Reign in the Fourth Year of the 123d Olympiad, that is, about 285 Years before CHRIST.

Moschus was born at Syracuse, and was the Disciple of Bion, as was before observed. Suidas will have him to have been a Professor of Grammar at Syracuse : But it is certain, that when he wrote his beautiful Elegy on the Death of his Master, his Residence was among the Italians, (though perhaps in those Parts that lie over against Sicily, called Great Greece) ; and probably he succeeded him in go-

verning the Poetic School. Some Critics have formerly asserted, that *Moschus* and *Theocritus* are the same Person; but they are sufficiently confuted by a Passage in the Elegy, where *Moschus* introduces *Theocritus* bewailing the same Misfortune in another Country which he was lamenting in *Italy*.

"The few Remains of these two Poets," says *Kennet*, "are reckoned among the sweetest Pieces of the antient Delicacy. They seem, in a great Measure, to have neglected that blunt Rusticity and Plainness, which was so admired as an Art of their great Rival *Theocritus* : For they always aim at something more polite and genteel, though equally natural, in their Compositions." Mr. *Longepierre* observes, that "the Beauty of these *Idylliums* can never be sufficiently admired. If I dare not, says he, affirm, that these two Poets are superior to *Theocritus* himself; yet, I may safely aver, that in general they are more correspondent to the Taste of the present Age; which can never be brought to relish that extreme Simplicity, which abounds in *Theocritus*. *Bion* and *Moschus* are not less natural than he is; but though their Simplicity is

"pure

BION and MOSCHUS. 2

"pure Nature, it is less rustic, and more elegant; and their Poems, having a more pleasing and agreeable Air, one may with Justice affirm, that *Bion* has more Grace, Sweetness, and Delicacy, and less Rusticity (if I may be allowed the Expression) than *Theocritus*; and that *Moschus* keeps the middle Track between them both. However, if their Works are not admitted among some for such true Pastorals, they will certainly pass, among the best Judges, for better Poems."

There is a remarkable Paper in the *Guardian*, No. 40. containing a Parallel between the Pastorals of Mr. *Pope* and Mr. *Philips* (by the way written by *Pope* himself, though the former Papers on Pastoral Poetry were composed by Mr. *Tickell*.)

It abounds with the finest sarcastic Irony, which *Philips* not having Penetration enough to see through, made an Apology to *Pope* on the Occasion, declaring that he had no hand in it, nor knew the Author. It concludes thus:

"After all that has been said, I hope none can think it any Injustice to Mr. *Pope* that I forbore to mention him as a Pastoral-writer; since, upon the whole, he is of the same Class with *Moschus* and *Bion*, whom we have excluded

that *Rubens* is not of whose *Elegance*, as well as some of *Virgil's*, it may be said, that they are by no means *Pastorals*, but something better.

IDYLLIUM

B I O N

Translated from the Greek

Begin O Muses! the immortal Lay—
 Alas! the Muses will no longer stay,
 No longer on their lovely *Ceanth* abide;
 With him they warbled, and with him they died.
 With *Bien* perished all the Grace of Song,
 And all the Kisses of the fair and young;
 I be true Love, lamenting at his Door,
 Fear their fair Breasts, and weep around his Tor-

Moschus on the Death of *Bien*

THE

THE LIVER
as some of Virgil's it may be said, that they
are by no means Pastors, but something
better.
IDYLLIUMS

O F

B I O N.

Translated from the GREEK.

Begin, *Scilian* Muse, the mournful Lay——
Alas ! the Muses will no longer stay,
No longer on these lovely Coasts abide ;
With him they warbled, and with him they died :
With *Bion* perish'd all the Grace of Song,
And all the Kisses of the fair and young :
The little Loves, lamenting at his Doom,
Beat their fair Breasts, and weep around his Tomb.

Moschus on the Death of *Bion*.



of Andronicus
 esteemed it one of the finest and most perfect Remains
 and the best Critics of every Age, have deservedly
 call'd it a Poem of this Nature, and united in this de-
 scription. And therefore the most polite Scholars
 All the Beauties and Graces, that can possibly em-
 bellish a Poem of this Nature, are united in this de-
 scription. I

For mountain Sable change thy flowery Vest;
 Thy

As Waves, never more in Purple rest,
 And all the Loves lament Adonis dead.

The cruel Fates have cut his vital Thread,

The lovely Youth Adonis is no more;
 THE Death of fair Adonis I deplore;

ON THE DEATH OF ADONIS.
 IDYLLIUM I.
 B. I. O. N.

OF
 IDYLLIUMS
 IDYLLIUMS

THE

T H E
I D Y L L I U M S
O F
B I O N.

I D Y L L I U M I.
O N T H E D E A T H O F A D O N I S.

T H E Death of fair *Adonis* I deplore ;
The lovely Youth *Adonis* is no more :
The cruel Fates have cut his vital Thread,
And all the *Loves* lament *Adonis* dead,
Ah *Venus* ! never more in Purple rest, 5
For mournful Sable change thy flowery Vest ;
Thy

I D Y L L I U M I.

All the Beauties and Graces, that can possibly embellish a Poem of this Nature, are united in this delicate *Idyllium* : And therefore the most polite Scholars, and the best Critics of every Age, have deservedly esteemed it one of the finest and most perfect Remains of Antiquity.

VER.

Thy beauteous Bosom beat, thy Loss deplore

Aloud with Sighs, *Adonis* is no more!

For the lov'd Youth these copious Tears I shed,

And all the *Cupids* mourn *Adonis* dead. 10

Methinks I see him on the Mountain lie,

The Boar's keen Tusk has pierc'd his tender Thigh;

Weltering he lies, expiring on the Ground,

And near him *Venus* all in Sorrow drown'd;

I see the crimson Flood fast trickling flow 15

Down his white Skin that vyes with winter Snow;

I see the Lustre of his Eyes decay,

And on his Lips the Roses fade away:

Yet who can *Venus* from those Lips divide,

Though their sweet Kisses with *Adonis* died? 20

To *Venus* sweet, ev'n now his Breath is fled,

Yet all her Kisses cannot warm the dead.

VER. 20. *Though their sweet Kisses with Adonis died.*]
See *Mojbus*, Ver. 97, &c.

See *Venus* too her beauteous Bosom beat!

She lov'd her Shepherd more than Kisses sweet,

More than those last dear Kisses which in Death

She gave *Adonis*, and imbib'd his Breath.

The

The Fate of fair *Adonis* I deplore,

The Loves lament, *Adonis* is no more!

A deep wide Wound is in his Thigh impress'd, 25

But *Venus* bears a deeper in her Breast.

His Beagles round a mournful Howling keep;

And all the *Dryads* of the Mountains weep:

But *Venus*, quite abandon'd to Despair,

Her Locks dishevell'd, and her Feet all bare, 30

Flies through the thorny Brake, the bryary Wood,

And stains the Thickets with her sacred Blood:

With piercing Cries *Adonis* she bewails,

Her darling Youth, along the winding Vales;

While the Blood, starting from his wounded Thigh,

Streams on his Breast, and leaves a crimson Dye. 36

Ah me! what Tears fair *Cytherea* shed,

And how the Loves deplor'd *Adonis* dead!

The Queen of Love, no longer now a Bride,

Has lost her Beauty since *Adonis* died; 40

Though bright the Radiance of her Charms before,

Her Lover and her Beauty are no more!

The

The Mountains mourn, the waving Woods bewail,
 And Rivers roll lamenting through the Vale;
 The silver Springs descend in Streams of Woe 45
 Down the high Hills, and murmur as they flow:
 And every Flower in drooping Grief appears
 Depress'd, and languishingly drown'd in Tears;
 While

VER. 43. *The Mountains mourn, the waving Woods
 bewail.*

Virgil, Eclogue 5.
Daphni, tuum interitum montes silvaeque loquuntur.
 The Death of Daphnis Woods and Hills deplore.
 Dryden.

And, Eclogue 10.
*Illum etiam lauri, illum etiam flosere myrica,
 Pinifer illum etiam solâ sub rupe jacentem
 Menalus, & gelidi flosverunt saxa Lycæi.*
 For him the lofty Laurel stands in Tears,
 And hung with humid Pearls the lowly Shrub appears.
Menalian Pines the god-like Swain bemoan,
When spread beneath a Rock he sigh'd alone;
And cold Lycæus wept from every dropping Stone.
 Dryden.

VER. 44. *And Rivers roll lamenting.* See the Beginning of Moschus's *Idyllium* on the Death of Bion.

VER. 47. *And every Flower in drooping Grief appears.*

Ye drooping Flowers, diffuse a languid Breath,
 And die with Sorrow at sweet Bion's Death.

Moschus.

VER.

While *Venus* o'er the Hills and Valley flies,
 And, "Ah! *Adonis* is no more," she cries.
 Along the Hills, and Vales, and vocal Shore,
Isida repeats, "Adonis is no more!"
 Who could unmov'd these piteous Wallings hear,
 Or view the love-torn Queen without a Tear?
 Soon as she saw him wounded on the Plain, 55
 His Thigh discolour'd with the crimson Stain,
 Sighing she said, and clasp'd him as he lay,
 "O stay, dear hapless Youth! for *Venus* stay!
 "Our

VER. 55. *Soon as she saw him wounded on the Plain.*]
 There is a similar beautiful Description in *Ovid's*
Metamorphose, Book 4.

But when her View her bleeding Love confess'd,
 She shriek'd, she tore her Hair, she beat her Brest!
 She rais'd the Body, and embrac'd it round,
 And bath'd with Tears unfeign'd the gaping Wound:
 Then her warm Lips to the cold Face apply'd,
 "And is it thus, ah! thus we meet?" she cry'd!
 "My *Pyramus*! whence sprung thy cruel Fate?
 "My *Pyramus*! ah! speak, ere 'tis too late:
 "Thy own *Thybe*, but one Word implore,
 "One Word thy *Thybe* never ask'd before."
 At *Thybe's* Name awak'd, he open'd wide
 His dying Eyes; with dying Eyes he try'd
 On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow, and died.

Addison.

VER.

" Our Breasts once more let close Embraces join,
 " And let me press my glowing Lips to thine. 66
 " Raise, lov'd *Adonis*, raise thy drooping Head,
 " And kiss me ere thy parting Breath be fled,
 " The last fond Token of Affection give,
 " O! kiss thy *Viola*, while the Kisses live;
 " Till in my Breast I draw thy lingering Breath, 65
 " And with my Lips imbibe thy Love in Death.
 " This farewell Kiss, which sorrowing thus I take,
 " I'll keep for ever for *Adonis*' sake.
 " Thee to the Shades the Fates untimely bring
 " Before the dread, inexorable King; 70

" Yet

VER. 69. *Thee to the Shades the Fates untimely bring, &c.*]

Virgil says of *Orpheus*, *Georg.* B. 4.

*Manesque adit, regemque tremendum,
 Nesciaque humanis precibus mansuescere corda.*

Ev'n to the dark Dominions of the Night
 He took his Way, through Forests void of Light;
 And dar'd amidst the trembling Ghosts to sing,
 And stood before th' inexorable King. *Dryden.*

VER.

" Yet still I live unhappy and forlorn; "

" How hard my Lot to be a Goddess born "

" Take, cruel Proserpine, my lovely Boy, "

" Since all that's form'd for Beauty, nor for Joy, "

" Descends to thee, while I indulge my Grief, 75 "

" By fruitless Tears, soliciting Relief. 80 "

" Thou dy'st, Adonis, and thy Fate I weep. 85 "

" Thy Love now leaves me like a Dream in Sleep, "

" Leaves me bereav'd, no more a blooming Bride, "

" With unavailing Cupids at my Side. 88 "

" With 89 "

VER. 72. *[Hand hath dec.]* Thus Spenser, *Fairy Queen*, B. 3. C. 4. St. 38.

O! what avails it of immortal Seed

To been ybred, and never born to die?

For better I it deem to die with speed,

Than waste in Woe, and wailful Miseries.

VER. 74. *Since all that's form'd for Beauty, or for Joy,*
Descends to thee.]

Thus Catullus,

At robor mali fit, male senescere.

Ordoque omnia bella de Virgilio.

Ah! Death, relentless to destroy

All that's form'd for Love or Joy.

VER.

"With thee my Zone, which coldest Hearts
could warm,

"Lost every Grace, and all its Power to charm.

"Why didst thou urge the Chace, and rashly dare

"To encounter Beasts, thyself so wond'rous fair!"

Thus *Venus* mourn'd, and Tears incessant shed,

And all the Loves bewail'd *Adonis* dead; 86

Sighing they cry'd, "Ah! wretched Queen,
deplete

"Thy Joys all fled, *Adonis* is no more."

As many Drops of Blood, as from the Wound

Of fair *Adonis* trickled on the Ground, 90

So

VER. 81. With thee my Zone, &c.] The *Cestus* of
Venus is thus described by *Homer*:

Η, καὶ ἀπὸ γαστρὸς ἀδυσσάτο καὶ οὐκ ἔτι, *Iliad* 14. V. 214.

She from her fragrant Breast the Zone unbrae'd,

With various Skill and high Embroidery grac'd:

In this was every Art, and every Charm,

To win the wisest, and the coldest warm:

Fond Love, the gentle Vow, the gay Desire,

The kind Deceit, the still surviving Fire,

Persuasive Speech, and more persuasive Sighs,

Silence that spoke, and Eloquence of Eyes. *Pope.*

VER.

So many Tears she shed in copious Showers;
Both Tears and Drops of Blood were turn'd to
Flowers.

From these in crimson Beauty sprung the Rose,
Cerulean-bright Anemonies from those.

The Death of fair *Adonis* I deplore, 95

The lovely Youth *Adonis* is no more.

No longer in lone Woods lament the dead,
O Queen of Love! behold the stately Bed,

On which *Adonis*, now depriv'd of Breath,
Seems sunk in Slumbers, beauteous ev'n in Death.

Dress

VER. 93. *From these in crimson Beauty sprung the Rose.*]

Some Authors say, that Anemonies, and not Rosès,
sprung from the Blood of *Adonis*. See *Ovid's Metamorph.* Book 10. at the End.

—Where the Blood was shed,

A Flower began to rear its purple Head:

Such as on *Punic Apples* is reveal'd,

Or in the filmy Rind but half conceal'd.

Still here the Pate of lovely Forms we see,

So sudden fades the sweet Anemomy.

The feeble Stems, to stormy Blasts a Prey,

Their sickly Beauties droop, and pine away

The Winds forbid the Flowers to flourish long,

Which owe to Winds their Name in *Grecian Song*.

Eusden.

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Which owe to Winds their Name in *Grecian Song*.

Eufden.

VER.

Dress him, fair Goddess, in the softest Vest, 101
 In which he oft with thee dissolv'd to Rest;
 On golden Pillow be his Head inclin'd,
 And let past Joys be imag'd in thy Mind. 104
 Though Death the Beauty of his Bloom devours,
 Crown him with Chaplets of the fairest Flowers;
 Alas! the Flowers have lost their gaudy Pride,
 With him they flourish'd, and with him they died.
 With odorous Myrtle deck his drooping Head,
 And o'er his Limbs the sweetest Essence shed: 110
 Ah! rather perish every rich Perfume,
 The sweet *Adonis* perish'd in his Bloom.
 Clad in a purple Robe *Adonis* lies;
 Surrounding *Cupids* heave their Breasts with Sighs,
 Their

VER. 114. *Surrounding Cupids heave their Breasts
 with Sighs.*]

Moschus imitates this in his Poem on the Death of
Bion:

The little *Loves*, lamenting at his Doom,
 Beat their fair Breasts, and weep around his Tomb.

Thus

Their Locks they shear, Excess of Grief to show,
 They spurn the Quiver, and they break the Bow. 116
 Some loose his Sandals with officious Care,
 Some in capacious golden Vessels bear

The

Thus Ovid,

*Ecce puer Veneris fore evocatus pharetram,
 Et fractos arcus, & sine luce facem.
 Aspicit demissus ut eat miserabilis ulli,
 Pectoraque infestâ tundit aperta manu.
 Excipiunt lacrymas sparsi per colla capilli,
 Oraque singulta convulsa sonant. Amor. B. 3. El. 9.*

See Venus' Son his Torch extinguish'd brings,
 His Quiver all revers'd, and broke his Bow;
 See, pensive how he droops with flagging Wings,
 And strikes his bared Bosom many a Blow.
 Loose and neglected, scatter'd o'er his Neck,
 His golden Locks drink many a falling Tear:
 What piteous Sobs, as if his Heart would break,
 Shake his swoln Cheek? Ah Sorrow too severe!

Anon.

VER. 115. *Their Locks they shear, &c.*] For the Ceremony of cutting off the Hair in Honour of the dead, see the Notes on the Second Epigram of Sappho.

VER. 118. *Some in capacious golden Vessels bear
 The cleansing Water, &c.*]

The Custom of washing the dead is very antient. At the latter End of the Fourth Book of the *Aeneid*, Anna says of the Body of her Sister Dido,

—date vulnera lymphis
*Abluam, & extremus si quis super halitus errat,
 Ore legam.*—

L

Bring.

The cleansing Water from the crystal Springs,
 This bathes his Wound, that fans him with his
 Wings.

For *Venus*' sake the pitying *Cupids* shed
 A Shower of Tears, and mourn *Adonis* dead.
 Already has the Nuptial God, dismay'd,
 Quench'd his bright Torch, for all his Garlands
 fade.

No more are joyful Hymenæals sung,
 But Notes of Sorrow dwell on every Tongue;
 While

Bring, bring me Water; let me bathe in Death
 Her bleeding Wounds, and catch her parting Breath.

Pitt.

The Custom of catching the parting Breath may be
 compared with the 65th and 66th Verses above, *Till*
in my Breast, &c. See a beautiful Complaint made
 by the Mother of *Euryalus*, in the *Æneid*, Book 9.
 Ver. 485.

— *nec te tua funera mater*

Produxit, pressive oculos, aut vulnera laxi, &c.

Nor did thy Mother close thy Eyes in Death,
 Compose thy Limbs, nor catch thy parting Breath;
 Nor bathe thy gaping Wounds, nor cleanse the Gore,
 Nor throw the rich embroider'd Mantle o'er. *Pitt.*

VER. 120, — *that fans him with his Wings.*]

— *Cupid* caught my trembling Hand,
 And with his Wings my Face he fann'd.

Anacreon, Ode 7.

VER.

While all around the general Grief partake
For lov'd *Adonis*, and for *Hymen's* sake.

With loud Laments the *Graces* all deplore,
And cry, 'The fair *Adonis* is no more.' 130

The *Muses*, wailing the wild Woods among,
Strive to recall him with harmonious Song:
Alas! no Sounds of Harmony he hears,
For cruel *Proserpine* has clos'd his Ears.

Cease, *Venus*, cease, thy soft Complaints forbear,
Reserve thy Sorrows for the mournful Year. 136

I D Y L.

VER. 136. *Reserve thy Sorrows for the mournful Year.*]
The Time appointed for mourning for the dead,
among the Antients, was ten Months; which was ori-
ginally the Year both of the *Greeks* and *Romans*.

The Anniversary of the Death of *Adonis* was cele-
brated through the whole *Pagan* World. The An-
tients differ greatly in their Accounts of this Divinity.
Plutarch maintains, that he and *Bacchus* are the same;
and that the *Jews* abstained from Swine's Flesh, be-
cause *Adonis* was killed by a Boar. *Ausonius*, in Epi-
gram 30, affirms, that *Bacchus*, *Osiris*, and *Adonis*, are
one and the same. *Langborne*.

Ovid makes *Venus* institute this Festival, *Metamorph.*
Book 10. at the End.

—*luctus monumenta manebunt*
Semper, Adoni, mei, repetitaque mortis imago
Annua plangoris peraget simulamina nostri.

IDYLLIUM II.
CUPID AND THE FOWLER.

A Youth, once fowling in a shady Grove,
On a tall Box-tree spy'd the God of Love,
Perch'd like a beauteous Bird; with sudden Joy
At Sight so noble leap'd the simple Boy.
With eager Expedition he prepares
His choicest Twigs; his Bird-lime, and his Snares,
And in a neighb'ring Covert smil'd to see
How here and there he skipt, and hopt from Tree
to Tree.

When long in vain he waited to betray
The God, enrag'd he flung his Twigs away, 10
For thee, lost Youth, my Tears, and restless Pain,
Shall in immortal Monuments remain:
With solemn Pomp, in annual Rites return'd,
Be thou for ever, my *Adonis*, mourn'd. *Eusden.*

IDYLLIUM II.

Spenser has imitated this *Idyllium* in his *Shepherd's Calendar* for the Month of *March*, but in a Language too harsh for modern Ears.

VER. 8. *How here and there he skipt, and hopt from Tree to Tree.*]

The original *Greek*, Τα καὶ τὰ τοῦ Εἰῶτα μεταλμυνοί, admirably describes a Bird hopping about from Bough to Bough, which the Translator has endeavoured to imitate.

And

And to a Plough-man near, an antient Man,
 Of whom he learn'd his Art, the Youngster ran,
 Told the strange Story, while he held his Plough,
 And shew'd the Bird then perch'd upon a Bough.
 The grave old Plough-man archly shook his Head,
 Smil'd at the simple Boy, and thus he said : 16
 " Cease, cease, my Son, this dangerous Sport give
 o'er,

" Fly far away, and chase that Bird no more :

" Blest should you fail to catch him!—Hence,
 away !

" That Bird, believe me, is a Bird of Prey : 20

" Though now he seems to thun you all he can,

" Yet, soon as Time shall lead you up to Man,

" He'll spread his fluttering Pinions o'er your
 Breast,

" Perch on your Brow, and in your Bosom nest."

IDYLLIUM III.

THE TEACHER TAUGHT.

AS late I slumbering lay, before my Sight
 Bright *Venus* rose in Visions of the Night:
 She led young *Cupid*; as in Thought profound
 His modest Eyes were fix'd upon the Ground;
 And thus she spoke: "To thee, dear Swain, I
 bring.

"My little Son; instruct the Boy to sing."

No more she said; but vanish'd into Air,

And left the wily Pupil to my Care:

I, sure I was an Idiot for my Pains,

Began to teach him old bucolic Strains; 10

How *Pan* the Pipe, how *Pallas* form'd the Flute,

Phæbus the Lyre, and *Mercury* the Lute:

Love, to my Lessons quite regardless grown,

Sung lighter Lays, and Sonnets of his own,

IDYLLIUM III.

This beautiful *Idyllium*, which in a pleasing Fiction describes the Power of Love, is preserved by *Stobæus*.

Th' Amours

Th' Amours of Men below, and Gods above, 15
 And all the Triumphs of the Queen of Love.
 I, sure the simplest of all Shepherd-swains,
 Full soon forgot my old bucolic Strains;
 The lighter Lays of Love my Fancy caught,
 And I remember'd all that *Cupid* taught. 20

IDYLLIUM IV.

THE POWER OF LOVE.

THE sacred Nine delight in cruel *Love*,
 Tread in his Steps, and all his Ways approve:
 Should some rude Swain, whom *Love* could ne'er
 refine;

Woo the fair Muses, they his Suit decline;
 But if the love-sick Shepherd sweetly sing, 5
 The tuneful Choir, attending in a Ring,
 Catch the soft Sounds, and tune the vocal Shell;
 This Truth by frequent Precedent I tell:
 For when I praise some Hero on my Lyre,
 Or, nobly daring, to a God aspire, 10

In Strains more languid flows the nerveless Song,
 Or dies in faltering Accents on my Tongue :
 But when with *Love* or *Lycidas* I glow,
 Smooth are my Lays, the Numbers sweetly flow.

IDYLLIUM V.

LIFE TO BE ENJOYED.

IF Merit only stamps my former Lays,
 And those alone shall give me deathless Praise:
 But if ev'n those have lost their bright Applause,
 Why should I labour thus without a Cause?
 For if great *Jove* or Fate would stretch our Span, 5
 And give of Life a double Share to Man,
 One Part to Pleasures and to Joy ordain,
 And vex the other with hard Toil and Pain;
 With

IDYLLIUM IV.

VER. 12. *Or dies in faltering Accents on my Tongue.*] *Sappho's* Situation is much the same, though on a different Occasion. See Stanza 2d:

While gazing on thy Charms I hung,
 My Voice died faltering on my Tongue.

Anacreon's First Ode bears a great Similitude to this *Idyllium*.

IDYLLIUM V.

This Fragment is preserved by *Stobæus*.

VER.

With sweet Complacence we might then employ
Our Hours, for Labour still enhances Joy.
But since of Life we have but one small Share,
A Pittance scant which daily Toils impair,
Why should we waste it in Pursuit of Care?

VER. 11. *But since of Life we have but one small Share.*

Vita summa brevis spem nos vetat inchoare longam.

Hor. L. 1. Od. 4.

— Life's short, fleeting Span
Allows no long protracted Plan. *Duncombe.*

Non semper idem floribus est homos, &c.

— *quid veteris*
Confiliis animum fatigas? L. 2. Od. 11.

Not always vernal Flowers their Pride retain,
And full orb'd Moons are sure to wane:
Why tire we then the narrow Mind,
For Cares eternal too confin'd? *Duncombe.*

Thus *Manilius,*

*Quid tam solliciti vitam consumimus annis,
Torquemurque metu, cæcæque cupidine rerum,
Æternisque senes curis, dum quærimus, ævum
Perdimus; & nullo votorum sine beati,
Victuros agimus semper, nec vivimus unquam?*

Why do we thus consume our Years

In blind Desires, and anxious Fears?

For in the Search, grown grey with Pain,

We lose the Bliss we strive to gain:

And thus, absorb'd by distant Views,

In Thoughts of living, Life we lose.

D.

L 5

Why

Why do we labour to augment our Store,
 The more we gain, still coveting the more? 15
 Alas! alas! we quite forget that Man
 Is a mere Mortal, and his Life a Span.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CLEODAMUS AND MYRSON.

CLEODAMUS.

SAY, in their Courses circling as they tend,
 What *Season* is most grateful to my Friend?
Summer, whose Suns mature the teeming Ground,
 Or golden *Autumn*, with full Harvests crown'd?
 Or *Winter* hoar, when soft reclin'd at Ease, 5
 The Fire fair-blazing, and sweet Leisure please?
 Or genial *Spring*, in blooming Beauty gay?
 Speak, *Myrson*, while around the Lambkins play.

MYRSON.

It ill becomes frail Mortals to define
 What's best and fittest of the Works divine; 10
 The Works of Nature all are grateful found,
 And all the Seasons in their various Round.

But

But since my Friend demands my private Voice,
 Then learn the Season that is *Myrson's* Choice.
 Me the hot *Summer's* sultry Heats displease; 15
 Fell *Autumn* teems with pestilent Disease;
 Tempestuous *Winter's* chilling Frosts I fear;
 But wish for purple *Spring* through all the Year.
 Then neither Cold nor Heat molests the Morn;
 But rosy Plenty fills her copious Horn: 20
 Then bursting Buds their odorous Blooms display,
 And *Spring* makes equal Night, and equal Day.

IDYL-

IDYLLIUM VI.

VER. 18. *But wish for purple Spring through all the Year.*]

*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,
 Nunc frondent sylva, nunc formosissimus annus.*

Virg. Ecl. 3.

The Trees are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields with
 Grass;

The Blossoms blow; the Birds on Bushes sing;
 And Nature has accomplish'd all the Spring. *Dryden.*

L. 6.

IDYL-

IDYLLIUM VII.

THE EPITHALAMIUM OF ACHILLES AND DEIDAMIA.

MYRSON AND LYCIDAS.

MYRSON.

SAY, wilt thou, *Lycidas*, sweet Shepherd-swain,
 Begin some soothing, soft *Sicilian* Strain,
 Such as the *Cyclops*, on a Rock reclin'd,
 Sung to the Sea-nymph, to compose his Mind,
 And sent it in the Whispers of the Wind?

LYCIDAS.

What can I sing that *Myrson* will commend?
 With Pleasure I would gratify my Friend.

MYRSON.

IDYLLIUM VII.

VER. 3. *Such as the Cyclops, &c.*] The Fable of *Polyphemus* and *Galatea* has furnished Matter for several Poets, particularly *Theocritus* in his 6th and 11th *Idylliums*, and *Ovid* in the 13th Book of the *Metamorphoses*, Fable the 8th; who has borrowed freely from *Theocritus*. See also *Bion's* Sixth Fragment.

VER.

MYRSON.

Repeat the Song which most my Taste approves,
Achilles' stol'n Embrace, and hidden Loves;
 How the bold Hero laid his Arms aside,
 A Woman's Robe the manly Sex belied,
 And *Deidamia* soon became his Bride.

LYCIDAS.

When with fair *Helen Paris* cross'd the Deep,
 Brought her to *Troy*, and made *Oenone* weep; 14
 The injur'd States of *Greece* were all alarm'd,
Spartans, Mycenians, and Laconians arm'd;
 The Treachery stung their Souls, and bloody
 Vengeance warm'd:

In close Disguise his Life *Achilles* led,
 Among the Daughters of King *Lycomed*:
 Instead of Arms the Hero learn'd to cull 20
 The snowy Fleece, and weave the twisted Wool.
 Like theirs, his Cheeks a rosy Bloom display'd,
 Like them he seem'd a fair and lovely Maid;

VER. 9. *Achilles' stol'n Embrace, &c.*] The Story of *Achilles* and *Deidamia* is told at large by *Statius* in the *Achilleid*.

As soft his Air, as delicate his Tread,
Like them he cover'd with a Veil his Head: 25
But in his Veins the Tides of Courage flow'd,
And Love's soft Passion in his Bosom glow'd;
By *Deidamia's* Side from Morn to Night
He sat, and with ineffable Delight
Oft kiss'd her snow-white Hand, or gently press'd
The blooming Virgin to his glowing Breast. 31
His Soul was all enraptur'd with her Charms,
Ardent he long'd to clasp her in his Arms;
Oft in her Ear these Words enamour'd said,
" By Pairs your Sisters press the downy Bed ; 35
" But we, two Maids of equal Age and Bloom,
" Still sleep divided in a separate Room.
" Why should the Night, more cruel than the Day,
" Steal the sweet Virgin, whom I love, away ?

* * * * *

IDYL

IDYLLIUM VIII.

LOVE RESISTLESS.

SWEET *Venus*, Daughter of the Main,
 Why are you pleas'd with Mortals Pain?
 What mighty Trespas have they done,
 That thus you scourge them with your Son?
 A guileful Boy, a cruel Foe, 5
 Whose chief Delight is human Woe.
 You gave him Wings, alas! and Darts,
 To range the World, and shoot at Hearts:
 For Man no Safety thus is found——
 His Flight o'ertakes, his Arrows wound. 10

IDYL-

IDYLLIUM VII.

VER. 7. *You gave him Wings, &c.*] There is a similar Thought in a Greek Epigram:

Φιγγειν δὲ τὸν ἔρωτα κενὸς ποινὸς· ὃ γὰρ ἀλυξίαι

Πέζος ἀπὸ πτηνῶν πυχρὰ διωκομένος.

Of shunning Love 'tis vain to talk,
 When he can fly, and I but walk.

VER.

IDYLLIUM IX.

F R I E N D S H I P.

THrice happy they! whose friendly Hearts
can burn

With purest Flame, and meet a kind Return.

With dear *Pirithœus*, as Poets tell,

Theseus was happy in the Shades of Hell:

Orestes' Soul no Fears, no Woes deprest; 5

'Midst *Scythians* he with *Pylades* was blest.

Blest was *Achilles* while his Friend surviv'd,

Blest was *Patroclus* every Hour he liv'd;

Blest when in Battle he resign'd his Breath,

For his unconquer'd Friend reveng'd his Death. 10

F R A G-

IDYLLIUM IX.

VER. 9. *Blest when in Battle, &c.*] *Longepierre* and *Laurentius Gambara* have given the same Interpretation of this Passage; and it seems to be confirmed by what *Patroclus* says to *Hector*, in the Sixteenth Book of the *Iliad*, when he is just expiring:

Insulting Man! thou shalt be soon as I;

Black Fate hangs o'er thee, and thy Hour draws nigh;

Ev'n now on Life's last Verge I see thee stand,

I see thee fall, and by *Achilles*' Hand.

Pope,
This

FRAGMENTS

O F
B I O N.

FRAGMENT I.

ON HYACINTHUS.

DEsponding Sorrow seiz'd *Apollo's* Heart ;
All Cures he try'd, and practis'd every Art ;
With Nectar and Ambrosia dress'd the Wound :
Useless, alas ! all Remedies are found,
When Fate with cruel Shears encompasses a-
round.

FRAG-

This is a small Fragment of an *Idyllium* on the Death of *Hyacinthus*, whom *Apollo* unfortunately slew as he was playing with him at Quoits.

VER. 2. *All Cures he try'd, and practis'd every Art.*]
Apollo is said to have invented Physic: He tells *Daphne*, *Ovid. Metamorph. Book I.*

*Inventum medicina meum est, opiferque per orbem
Dicor, & herbarum subjecta potentia nobis.*

Medicine is mine ; what Herbs and Simples grow
In Fields and Forests, all their Powers I know ;
And am the great Physician call'd, below.

Dryden.

FRAG-

FRAGMENT II.

THUS to the Smith it is not fair,
 My Friend, for ever to repair,
 And still another's Aid to ask :
 Make your own Pipe ; 'tis no such arduous Task.

FRAGMENT III.

INvite the Muses, Love, and in your Train,
 Ye sacred Muses, bring me Love again !
 And ever grant, my Wishes to complete,
 The Gift of Song—No Remedy so sweet !

FRAG-

FRAGMENT II.

I have always thought, that this Fragment should be understood, allegorically, of those who, though they have Riches (or Talents) in Abundance, yet make no Use of them. *Longepierre.*

FRAGMENT III.

Thus *Apollo*, in *Ovid*, *Metamorph.* B. i.
Hei mihi, quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis !
 To cure the Pains of Love, no Plant avails. *Dryden.*

FRAG-

FRAGMENT IV.

I Ncessant Drops, as Proverbs say,
Will wear the hardest Stones away.

FRAGMENT V.

O N a steep Cliff, beside the sandy Beach,
Sudden I stop, and, whispering soft, beseech
Relentless *Galatea*; ev'n in Age
Love still shall bloom, and still my Hopes engage.

FRAG-

FRAGMENT IV.

This Proverb is common almost to every Nation.
Thus *Ovid*,

Quid magis est durum saxo, quid mollius undâ?
Dura tamen molli saxa cavantur aquâ,
And,—*Gutta cavat lapidem non vi, sed sæpe cadendo.*

FRAGMENT V.

This seems to have been Part of a Speech of *Polyphemus*, in an *Idyllium* on the Subject of *Acis* and *Galatea*; which *Ovid* probably imitated in his *Metamorph. B. 13.* For similar to this Fragment are the following Lines:

—*gradiens ingenti littora passu*
Degravat——

—— with stalking Pace he strode,
And stamp'd the Margin of the briny Flood.

And,

FRAGMENT VI.

LET me not pass without Reward !
 For *Phæbus* on each tuneful Bard
 Some Gift bestows : The noblest Lays
 Are owing to the Thirst of Praise.

FRAGMENT VII.

IN Beauty boasts fair Woman-kind ;
 Man, in a firm, undaunted Mind.

And,—*Prominet in pontum, &c.*

A Promontory, sharpening by Degrees,
 Ends in a Wedge, and overlooks the Seas :
 On either Side, below, the Water flows ;
 This airy Walk the Giant Lover chose: *Dryden.*

FRAGMENT VII.

Similar to this is the Second Ode of *Anacreon* ; for which and the Notes see Page 6.

THE



T H E
IDYLLIUMS
O F
M O S C H U S.

Translated from the GREEK.

O Solitude, on me bestow
The heart-felt Harmony of Woe,
Such, such as on th' *Ausonian* Shore
Sweet *Dorian Moschus* trill'd of yore !

Grainger's Ode on SOLITUDE.



THE

BYLLIUMS

OF

MOSCHUS

Translated from the Greek.

By

O. J. ...

...

...

...

...

...

...

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...

...

THE
IDYLLIUMS
OF
MOSCHUS.

IDYLLIUM I.

IN Search of her Son, to the listening Crowd,
T'other Day lovely *Venus* thus cry'd him aloud:

' Whoever may chance a stray *Cupid* to meet,
' My vagabond Boy, as he strolls in the Street,
' And

IDYLLIUM I.

This beautiful *Idyllium* is imitated by *Spenser*, in
his *Fairy Queen*, B. 3. C. 6. St. 11.

It fortun'd, fair *Venus* having lost
Her little Son, the winged God of Love,
Who for some light Displeasure, which him cross'd,
Was from her fled, as flit as airy Dove,
And left her blissful Bower of Joy above ;
(So from her often he had fled away,
When she for aught him sharply did reprove,

And

' And will bring me the News, his Reward shall
be this.

' He may freely demand of fair *Venus* a Kiss;

' But if to my Arms he the Boy can restore,

' He's welcome to Kisses, and something still more.

' His

And wander'd in the World in strange Array,
Disguis'd in thousand Shapes, that none might him
bewray.)

Him for to seek, she left her heavenly House,
And search'd every Way through which his Wings
Had borne him, or his Tract she mote detect:

She promis'd Kisses sweet, and sweeter Things,
Unto the Man, that of him Tidings to her brings.

Meleager also has copied this fine Original of *Moschus*, and given us a Picture of *Cupid* much in the
same Manner. See *Anthologia*, B. 7. Epig. 16.

Κηρύσσω τον Ερωτα, κ. τ. λ.

I'm in Search of a *Cupid* that late went astray,
And stole from my Bed with the Dawn of the Day.
His Aspect is bold, his Tongue never lies still,
And yet he can whine, and has Tears at his Will.
At human Misfortunes he laughs and he sneers;
On his Shoulders a Quiver and Pions he wears:
His unknown from what Site he deduces his Birth;
Tis not from the Air, nor the Sea, nor the Earth;
For he's hated by all—but, good People, beware;
Perhaps for a while he's now laying a snare—
He, the cunning *Cupid*, I see where you lie,
With your Bow ready bent:—In *Zenophila's* Eye.

VER.

' His Marks are so plain, and so many, you'll own
 ' That among twenty others he's easily known. 10
 ' His Skin is not white, but the Colour of Flame;
 ' His Eyes are most cruel, his Heart is the same:
 ' His delicate Lips with Persuasion are hung;
 ' But, ah! how they differ, his Mind and his Tongue!
 ' His Voice sweet as Honey; but nought can
 control, 15
 ' When'er he's provok'd, his implacable Soul.
 ' He never speaks Truth, full of Fraud is the Boy;
 ' And Woe is his Pastime, and Sorrow his Joy.
 ' His Head is embellish'd with bright curling Hair;
 ' He has confident Looks, and an insolent Air. 20

VER. 13 & 14 *His delicate Lips with Persuasion are hung;*

*But, ah! how they differ, his Mind and his
Tongue!*

His Voice sweet as Honey.]

Thus the royal Psalmist, *Palm 55. Ver. 22.* ' The
 ' Words of his Mouth are softer than Butter, having
 ' War in his Heart; his Words were smoothen than
 ' Oyl, and yet be they very Swords.' And Solomon,
Proverbs, Chap. 5. Ver. 3. ' For the Lips of a
 ' strange Woman drop as an Honey-comb, and her
 ' Mouth is smoothen than Oyl.'

M

' Though

- ' Though his Hands are but little, yet Darts they
 can fling;
 ' To the Regions below, and their terrible King;
 ' His Body quite naked to View is reveal'd;
 ' But he covers his Mind, and his Thoughts are
 conceal'd;
 ' Like a Bird light of Feather, the Branches among,
 ' He skips here and there, to the old, to the young,
 ' From the Men to the Maids on a sudden he strays,
 ' And hid in their Hearts on their Vitals he preys:
 ' The Bow which he carries is little and light,
 ' On the Nerve is an Arrow wing'd ready for Flight,
 ' A little short Arrow, yet swiftly it flies
 ' Through Regions of Æther, and pierces the Skies.
 ' A Quiver of Gold on his Shoulders is bound,
 ' Stor'd with Darts, that alike Friends and Ene-
 mies wound:
 ' Ev'n I, his own Mother, in vain strive to shun
 ' His Arrows—so fell and so cruel my Son. 36
 ' His Torch is but small, yet so ardent its Ray,
 ' It scorches the Sun, and extinguishes Day.
 ' O you,

O you, who perchance may the Fugitive find,
Secure first his Hands, and with Manacles bind;
Show the Rogue no Compassion, though oft he
appears

To weep — his are all hypocritical Tears,
With Caution conduct him, nor let him beguile
Your vigilant Care with a treacherous Smile.
Perhaps

VER. 41. *Show the Rogue no Compassion, though oft
he appears*

For never.

There is an Epigram of *Crinagoras, Anthol. B. 4.*
Chap. 12: which may illustrate this Passage: It is on
an Image of *Cupid bound*.

Και κλαίει καὶ στεναίει, κ. τ. λ.

Perfidious Wretch, you now may cry,
And wring your Hands, and sob, and sigh
Who now your Advocate will be?
Who now from Chains will set you free?
You oft, by causeless Doubts and Fears,
From other Eyes have forc'd the Tears,
And, by your bitter biting Darts,
Infill'd Love's Poison into Hearts.
O Love, who laugh'd at human Bales,
No, all your Arts elusive fall,
And Justice will at last prevail.

M 2

VER.

Perhaps with a Laugh Kisses sweet he will proffer;
His Kisses are Poison, ah! shun the vile Offer;
Perhaps he'll say, sobbing: "No, Mischief, I
know;

"Here take all my Arrows, my Darts and my Bow!"

Ah! beware, touch them not—deceitful his Aim;

His Darts and his Arrows are all tipped with Flame;

THE QUEEN of Love, on amorous Wiles intent,
A pleasing Dream to fair Europa sent.
What time still Night had roll'd the Hours away,
And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

A pleasing Dream to fair Europa sent.

What time still Night had roll'd the Hours away,

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

And the fresh Dawn began to promise Day;

When balmy Slumbers, and composing Rest,
Close every Eye, and looth the penfive Breat,
When Dreams and Visions fill the busy Brain,
Prophetic Dreams, that never rise in vain :

IDYLLIUM II.

This Poem has been printed in some of the most ancient Editions of *Theocritus* : and therefore some Critics have taken it for granted that he was the Author, without recollecting, that, in the Time of the later *Grecians*, all the ancient *Idylliums* were collected together in one Volume, and the Name of *Theocritus* prefixed to the whole : On which Occasion there is an Epigram in the *Anthologia* ascribed to *Artemidorus* :

Ερμης μιν μαντικας, οτι μιν αγγελος.
The Past'ral Muses, scatter'd o'er the Plains,
A single Flock, a single Fold contains.

This is one of those *Idylliums* which has been adjudged to *Moschus* : Besides, *Ufusus* tells us (as we are informed by Mr. *Heskin*) ' that in two very ancient Manuscripts which he had seen, one belonging to the *Vatican*, the other to the *Medicean Library*, he observed, that the *Idyllium*, entitled *Europe*, was ascribed to *Moschus*.

VER. 8. *Prophetic Dreams, that never rise in vain.*
Post mediam noctem, cum somnia vera.

Sat. 10.

— at Dead of Night.

When Dreams are real ———

Duncombe.

M 3

'Twas

'Twas then *Europa*, as she sleeping lay,
 Chaste as *Diana*, Sister of the Day, 19
 Saw in her Cause the adverse Shore engag'd
 In War with *Africa*; terribly they rag'd;
 Each seem'd a Woman; that in foreign Guise,
 A Native this, and claim'd the lovely Prize
 With louder Zeal: The beautiful Nymph, she said,
 "Her Daughter was, and in her Bosom bred." 16
 But she, who as a Stranger was array'd,
 Forc'd to her Arms the unrelenting Maid;
 Call'd her her Right, by all the Powers above,
 Giv'n her by Fate, and *Egis*-bearing *Jove*. 20

The fair *Europa*, struck with sudden Dread,
 All pale and trembling started from her Bed;
 Silent she sat, and thought the Vision true,
 Still seem'd their Forms to live before her
 View:

At length she utter'd thus the Voice of Fear: 25
 "Ye Gods, what Spectres to my Sight appear?
 "What Dreams are these, in Fancy's Livery dress'd,
 "That haunt my Sleep, and break my golden Rest?
 "And

"And who that Form that seem'd so wondrous
kind, as Diana's Sister of the Day, did

"The dear Idea still delights my Mind.

"She, like a Mother, press'd me in her Arms.

"But, O ye Gods! that send such strange Alarms,

"Preserve these visionary Scenes from Harms.

She said, and lightly from her Couch she sprung,

Then sought her Comrades, beautiful and

young. O'erpassing wood and wave 35

Her social Matrons, with them she lov'd to lave;

Her Limbs with blith'd in the chrysal Wave;

With them on Lawns the sprightly Dance to lead,

Or pluck sweet Lillies in the flowery Mead.

The Nymphs assembled soon, a beauteous Band!

With each a curious Basket in her Hand; 41

Then reach'd those Fields, where oft they play'd

before,

The fragrant Fields along the sea-beat Shore,

To gather Flowers, and hear the Billows roar.

Europa's Basket, radiant to behold, 45

The Work of Vulcan, was compos'd of Gold;

He gave it *Living* mighty *Waxen* Bride,
 She *Telephassa*, next in *Blood* all's due
 From her bequeath'd to fair *Eurus* came
 This splendid Basket of celestial *Frankincense*
 Fair in the *Work* the milk-white *Is* stood
 In roughen'd *Gold*, and *lowing* with the *Flood*,
 (For *Vulcan* there had pour'd the *azur'd* *Maid*)
 A *Heifer* still, nor yet transform'd again
 Two Men stood figur'd on the *Ocean's* *Brim*,
 Who watch'd the *Cow*, that seem'd inclin'd to swim.
Jove too appear'd enamour'd on the *Strand*,
 And strok'd the lovely *Heifer* with his *Hand*:
 Till, on the *Banks of Nile* again array'd,
 In native *Beauty* shone the blooming *Maid*:
 The sev'n-mouth'd *Nile* in silver *Currents* roll'd,
 And *Jove* was sculptur'd in refulgent *Gold*.

VER. 51. The milk-white lo. The Fable of *Io* is told
 at large by *Ovid* in the First Book of the *Metamorphoses*,
 and finely translated by Mr. *Dryden*; to whom
 I refer the curious Reader, the Story being too long
 to insert here.

Near piping *Hermis* helpless *Argos* lies,
 Watching the *Heifer* with his hundred Eyes?
 From *Agar* slain a painted *Peacock* grew, 65
 Fluttering his Feathers, bound with various Hue,
 And, as a Ship expands her swelling Sail,
 He round the *Basket* spreads his hasty *Tail*.
 Such were the Scenes the *Lambian* God dis-
 plays,
 And such the *Basket* of the *Tyrian* Maid. 70
 The lovely *Damfels* gather'd Flow'ers bright,
 Sweet to the Smell, and deauteous to the Sight;
 The fragrant *Hyacinth* of purple Hue,
Narcissus, wild *Thyme*, and the *Violet* blue;
 Some the gift *Crocus* or pale *Lilly* chose, 75
 But fair *Europa* cropp'd the blooming *Rose*;
 And all her *Mates* excell'd in radiant Mien,
 As 'midst the *Graces* shines the *Cyprian* Queen.
 Not long, alas! in these fair *Fields* she staid,
 Nor long unloos'd preserv'd her virgin *Bond*. 80

Saturnian *Jove* beheld the matchless Maid,

And sudden Transports the rapt God invade:

He

Var. Op. *Saturnian Jove beheld, &c.* Ovid has told the Story of the Rape of *Europa* in the Second Book of the *Metamorphoses*; which, to prevent the Trouble of referring to the particular similar Passages, I shall give altogether under this Note, in the Language of Mr. Addison. The English Reader will see at one View, even through the Medium of Translation, how closely the *Roman* has copied the *Sicilian* Bard.

The Dignity of Empire laid aside,

The Ruler of the Skies, the thundering God,

Who shakes the World's Foundations with a Nod,

Among a Herd of lowing Heifers ran,

Fri'd in a Bull, and bellow'd o'er the Plain,

Large Rolls of Fat about his Shoulders clung,

And from his Neck the double Dewlap hung.

His Skin was whiter than the Snow that lies

Unfally'd by the Breath of Southern Skies;

Small shining Horns on his cur'd Forehead stand,

As turn'd and polish'd by the Workman's Hand;

His Eye-balls roll'd not formidably bright,

But gaz'd, and languish'd with a gentle Light.

His every Look was peaceful, and express'd

The Softness of the Lover in the Beast.

Agave's royal Daughter, as she play'd

Among the Fields, the milk-white Bull survey'd,

And view'd his spotless Body with Delight,

And at a Distance kept him in her Sight.

At length she pluck'd the rising Flowers, and fed

The gentle Beast, and fondly strok'd his Head.

He stood well-pleas'd to touch the charming Fair,

But hardly could confine his Pleasure there.

He glows with all the fervid Flame of Love;
For Cupid's Arrows pierce the Breast of Youth;
But, lest his amorous Intent to screen, 85

And shun the jealous Anger of his Queen,

And now he wantons on the neighboring Strand,
Now rolls his Body on the yellow Sand;
And now, perceiving all her Fears decay'd,

Comes tossing forward to the royal Maid;
Gives her his Breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grizly Brow, and gently stoops his Horns,
In flowery Wreaths the royal Virgin drest

His bending Horns, and kindly clasp'd his Breast.
Till now grown wanton, and devoid of Fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his Back, and rode

O'er Fields and Meadows, leas'd on the God.
He gently march'd along, and by Degrees
Left the dry Meadow, and approach'd the Seas;
Where now he dips his Hoofs, and wets his Thighs,

Now plunges in, and carries off the Prize.
The frighted Nymph looks backward on the Shore,
And hears the tumbling Billows round her roar;
But still she holds him fast: One Hand is borne

Upon his Back, the other grasps a Horn;
Her Train of rustling Garments flies behind,
Swells in the Air, and hovers in the Wind.

Through Storms and Tempests he the Virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the *Platan* Shore;
Where now, in his divinest Form array'd,

In his true Shape he captivates the Maid.
M 6 VER.

He laid his Immortality aside,
 And a Bull's Form th' intriguing God belov'd;
 But not of earthly Shape, or mortal Breed,
 Such as at large in flowery Pastures feed;
 But such as in the Yoke we bow,
 Break to the Wain, or harness to the Plough.
 His golden Hue distinguish'd him afar;
 Full in his Forehead beam'd a silver Star;
 His large blue Eyes, that shone serenely bright,
 Languish'd with Love, and sparkled with Delight;
 On his broad Temples rose two equal Horns,
 Like that fair Crescent which the Skies adorn.
 Vss. 93. His golden Hue, &c. [Hence imitates this
 Poetical and fabulous young Bullock in the same
 Manner:
 Fronte curvator imitatus ignes
 Quæ notam duxit, niveus uideri
 Catena, fulvus.
 B. 4. Od. 2.
 Full in the Front a Star in Luteous Hue,
 His Skin the Colour of his Horns,
 So marly turn'd, salutes the Sight,
 Like Cynthia's Horns, and shines in Night.
 Gently

Gently he moves with peaceful Look and Hand,
And spreads no Terror in the Virgin Hand;
Nearer they draw, with eager Longing led
To stroke his Sides, and pat his comely Head:
His Breath divine ambrosial Odours yields,
Sweeter than Fragrance of the flowery Fields.
At fair Europe's Feet with Joy he stands;
And prints sweet Kisses on her lily Hands:
His foamy Lips she wipes, unaw'd by Dread,
And strokes his Sides, and pats his comely Head.
Gently he low'd, as musical and clear
As Notes lost warbled on the raptur'd Ear;
And, as on Earth his plying Knees he bent,
Show'd his broad Back, that hinted what he meant;
Then turn'd his suppliant Eyes, and view'd the
Maid;
Who thus, astonish'd, to her Comrades said: "I 114
" Say, dearest Maids, what can this Beast intend?
" Let us (for lo! the People) his Back ascend,
" And ride in sportive Gamboll round the Mead;
" This lovely Bull is, sure, of gentlest Breed;

" So

“ So much his Master, so benign his Mind; ”

“ He wants but Voice to save Human-kind. ”

So took the Fair, and up she rose to ride; ”

And call’d her lingering Partner to her Side: ”

Soon at the Bull his pleasing Burden bore; ”

Vigorous he sprung, and hasten’d to the Shore. ”

The Nymphs did invoke the Virgin Band 125

For Help, and wave their unavailing Hand. ”

On the soft Bosom of the azure Flood ”

With his fair Prize the Bull triumphant rode: ”

Up rose the Nereids to attend his Train, ”

And all the mighty Monsters of the Main. 130

Carulean

VER. 129. *Up rose the Nereids, &c.*] See a similar Description in *Pagan’s Epics*, 5. near the End.

A thousand Forms attend the glorious God,

Enormous Whales, and Monsters of the Flood: ”

Here the long Train of hoary Glaucus rides; ”

Here the swift Tritons shoot along the Tides; ”

There rode Palemon o’er the watry Plain, ”

With aged Phorcus, and his ample Train: ”

And beauteous Theis led the Daughters of the Main.]

See also the latter End of the Fifty-first Ode of

Anacron.

Carulian Neptune was the Thimander's Guide,
 And for the passing Pomp he smooch'd the Tide:
 The Tritons hail'd him as he steer'd along,
 And sounded on their Conchs the nuptial Song.
 On Jew's broad Back she lovely Danfisel born,
 Grasp'd with her fair right Hand his polish'd Horn,
 Her left essay'd her purple Robe to save,
 That lightly brush'd the Surface of the Wave:
 Around her Head soft breath'd the gentle Gale,
 And fill'd her Garment like a swelling Sail.
 Europa's Heart throbb'd quick with chilling Fear,
 Far from her much-lov'd Home, and Comrades
 dear;

No sea-beat Shore she saw, nor Mountain's Brow,
 Nor aught but Sky above, and Waves below.

Then

VER. 143. No sea-beat Shore she saw, &c.] Thus
 Virgil, *Æneid*, Book 3. Ver. 192.

*Postquam altum tenuere rates, nec jam amplius ullæ
 Apparent terræ, cælum undique, & undique pontus.*

Now

Then with a mournful Look the Daughter said: 145

"Ah! whither wilt thou bear a wretched Maid?

How canst thou leave the way?

Not vainly I turn my Eyes the pleasing Ground;

And all the wide Horizon stretching round;

Above was Sky, beneath was Sea profound.

Which he has borrowed from *H. mer.* Odyss. Book 12.

Ver. 403.

Past Sight of Shore, along the Surge we bound.

And all above is Sky, and Ocean all around. Pope.

How he has imitated this whole *Idyllium*, but particularly this Passage, Book 3.

Od. 27.

Sic ut Eurystheus, cum deus

Credidit tauro latus, & scatenem

Palmarum, mediusq; frondes

Palluit undas.

Nuper in pratis studiosa florum, &

Debitæ nymphis epifex coronæ,

Nunc fulget, & nuda supra præter

Vidit & undas.

Europa thus the Bull carels'd,

And his broad Back adventures press'd;

But when the Monsters of the Main

She saw, her Heart was fill'd with throbbing Pain:

She, who, along the flowery Meads,

Wove Wreaths for her Companions Heads,

Now in the Gloom sees nought around

But twinkling Stars, and Ocean's Waves profound.

W. Duncon. br.

"Who,

"Who, and where are thou, would'st thou
 say? "Ad! whither wilt thou bear?"

"How canst thou fearless tread the watry Way?

"On the broad Ocean safely sail the Ship.

"But Bulls avoid, and dread the Horned Deep."

"Say, can a Bull on sea-born Viands feed?

"Or, if descended from celestial Breed,

"Thy Aids are medicinal with a Bull."

"Bulls roam the Meads, and Dolphins swim the
 Flood;

"But Earth and Ocean are alike to thee,"

"Thy Hoofs are Oars that row thee through the
 Sea."

"Perhaps, like airy Birds, thou soon wilt fly,

"And soar amidst the Regions of the Sky."

"Ah! wretched Maid, to leave my native Home,

"And simply dare with Bulls in Meads to roam!

"And now on Seas I ride, and wretched Maid!"

"But O! I must great Neptune in thy Aid,

"Soon

"Soon let my Eyes my great Conductor hail,

"For not without a Deity I sail."

Thus spake the Nymph, and thus the Bull re-
ply'd: 165

"Courage, fair Maid, not fear the foaming Tide;

"Though down a Bull I seem to mortal Eyes,

"Thou soon shalt see me Ruler of the Skies."

"What Shape I please, at Will I take and keep,

"And now a Bull I snuff the boundless Deep: 170

"For thy bright Charms inspire my Breast with

Love:

"But soon shall *Crete's* fair Isle, the Nurse of *Jove*,

"Receive *Europa* on its friendly Strand,

"To join with me in *Hymen's* blissful Bands:

"From thee shall Kings arise in long Array, 175

"To rule the World with delegated Sway."

Thus spake the God; and what he spoke prov'd

true:

For soon *Crete's* lofty Shore appear'd in View:

Jove

Jove first assum'd another Form and Air, 179
 And loos'd her Zone; the *Flares* the Couch prepare.
 The Nymph *Eunopa* shun'd through powerful Love,
 Became the Bride of cloud-compelling *Jove*;
 From her sprung mighty Kings in long Array,
 Who rul'd the World with delegated Sway.

IDYLLIUM III.

ON THE DEATH OF BION.

YE Woods, with Grief your waving Summits
 bow,
 Ye *Dorian* Fountains, murmur as ye flow,
 From weeping Urns your copious Sorrows shed,
 And bid the Rivers mourn for *Bion* dead:

IDYLLIUM III.

Some have been so absurd as to ascribe this beautiful *Idyllium* to *Theocritus*, because it was originally inserted in the Collection that went under his Name: But that he is not the Author of it, is plain from a Passage in this very *Idyllium*, which mentions *Theocritus* as bewailing the Death of *Bion*.

Moschus in this *Idyllium* so frequently alludes to *Bion's* on the Death of *Adonis*, that it will be unnecessary to point out all the resembling Places.

Ye stony Grovel, in Robe of sable Hue
 Bewail those Plants, in pearly Drops of Dew
 Yeldropping Flowers; diffuse Mournful Breath,
 And bid with Sorrow at sweet *Bion's* Death!
 Ye *Rosy* change from red to sickly pale,
 And, all ye bright Anemones, bewail?
 Now, Hyacinth, thy doleful Letters show
 Inscrub'd in larger Characters of *Woe*
 For *Bion* dead, the sweetest Shepherd Swain.
 Begin, *Sylvan* Muse, begin the mournful Strain!
 Ye Nighingales, that perch among the Sprays, 15
 Tune to melodious Elegy your Lays,
 And bid the Streams of *Arctus* deplore
Bion's sad Fate; lov'd *Bion* is no more:
 Nor

VER. IV. Now Hyacinth, thy doleful Letters show
 The Story of the Transformation of *Hyacinthus* is
 told by *Ovid* in the Tenth Book of the *Metamorphoses*:
Ipse suos geminas folia describit, &c.
Flas habet inscriptum, funestaque laurea dactyl.
 The *Swain* upon his Leaves
 The sad Expression of his Sorrow weaves
 And to this Hour the mournful Purple wears
 As, as inscrib'd in funeral Characters *Orell.*

Nor Verse nor Music could his Life prolong;
 He died, and with him died the Doric Song;
 Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, the mournful Strain!
 Ye Swans of *Styx*, in loud Notes complain,
 Pensive, yet sweet, and deep the sickly Wing,
 As when your own sad Elegy ye sing;
 All the fair Damsels of *Cytheris* call,
 And all the Nymphs that in *Biston* dwell,
 That *Doris Orpheus* charms no more the Plains;
 Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, begin the mournful Strains!
 No more he soothes his Oxen at the Yoke;
 No more he chants beneath the lonely Oak;
 Compell'd, alas! a doleful Dirge to sing
 To the grim God, the deaf *Tartaron King*.
 And now each straggling Heifer strays alone,
 And to the silent Mountains makes her Moan;

VER. 33. And now each straggling Heifer strays alone.]
 See a similar Passage in *Virgil's Fifth Eclogue*, as
 translated by *Dryden*.

The Swains forgot their Sheep, nor near the Brink
 Of running Waters brought their Herds to drink;
 The thirsty Cattle, of themselves, abstain'd
 From Water, and their graily Fare undrain'd;
 The Death of *Dorian Woods* and *Plains* deplore.

The Bulls loud bellowing o'er the Forests rove, 35
 Forake their Pasture, and forget their Love.

Begin, *Orion* Mute, the mournful Lay
 Thy Fate; O *Bliss*, wept the God of Day;
 Pangs griev'd, the dancing *Daemons* and the *Fauns*
 March'd slow and sad, and sigh'd along the Lawns:
 Then wail'd the *Nymphs* that o'er the Streams
 preside, 41

Fast flow'd their Tears, and swell'd the chrysal
 Tide.

Mute *Echo* now laments the Rocks among,
 Griev'd she no more can imitate thy Song.
 The Flow'ets fade, and wither'd are the Trees, 45

Those lose their Beauty, and their Verdure these.

The
 VER. 41. Then wail'd the *Nymphs* that o'er the Streams
 preside,
 Fast flow'd their Tears, and swell'd the
 chrysal Tide.]

Thus *Ovid* on the Death of *Orpheus*, *Metamorph. B. 11.*

— *lacrymis uoque flumina dicunt
 Increvisse suis; obscuraque carbasa pullo
 Naiades & Dryades, iussuque baduare capillos.*

Naiads and *Dryads* with dishevell'd Hair
 Promiscuous weep, and Scarfs of Sable wear;
 Nor could the River Gods conceal their Moan,
 But with new Floods of Tears augment their own.

VER.

The River no more with milk and honey flows,
 No more Honey-Bee, nor the young of the Hive,
 The Bees, alas! have lost their little Store,
 And what is left is now to work for me,
 When from thy Lips the Honey's stol'n away,
 Begins, *Stellenmafe*, begins the mournful Cry!
 Ne'er did the Dolphin on the azure Main,
 In such pathetic Energy complain,
 Nor Philomel with such melodious Woe,
 E'er wail'd, nor Swallow on the Mountain's Brow,
 Nor did *Alyone* transform'd deplore,
 So loud her Lover dash'd upon the Shore,
 Not

VER. 53. *Ne'er did the Dolphin, &c.*] Dolphins are said to utter a mournful Cry, like a Man in Distress, and to be wonderfully kind of Harmony; witness the Fable of *Arion*. *Longepierre* thinks this Passage alludes to the Story of *Hefiod*; who (as *Plutarch* relates) being assassinated, his Body was thrown into the Sea, and received by a Shoal of Dolphins, and, on the very Day when the Feast of *Neptune* was celebrated, brought by them ashore near the City of *Molieria*; by which Means the Murderers were discovered, and suffered the Punishment due to their Crime.

VER. 57. *Nor did Alyone transform'd deplore, &c.*] *Alyone* is fabled to have been the Wife of *Cyxar*, a King of *Thrace*. They were remarkable for their conjugal

Not Maimed Birds such Signs of Sorrow give,
 When, screaming round, they hover'd o'er his
 Grave: 66

As now in melancholy Mood they shed
 Their plaintive Tears, lamenting *Bianca's*
 Begin, *Silvian* Muse, the mournful Lay,
 The Nightingales, that perch upon the Spray,
 The Swallows Thrill, and all the feather'd Throng,
 Whom *Bianca* taught, and ravish'd with his Song, 66
 Now sunk in Grief their pensive Music ply,
 And strive to sing their Master's Elegy;
 And all the Birds in all the Groves around
 Strain their sweet Throats to emulate the Sound; 70
 Ye Turtles too, the gentle Bard deplores,
 And with deep Murmurs fill the sounding Shore,

conjugal Affection. On his being drowned, she endeavoured to cast herself into the Sea; but was immediately transformed into a King's-fisher, as was likewise the Body of her Husband. The Story is told by *Ovid* in the Eleventh Book of the *Metamorphoses*, and admirably translated by *Dryden*.

[VER. 59. Not Memnon's Birds, &c.] For Memnon's Birds see *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book 13.

Begin,

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, the mournful Lay!

Who now, lov'd Shepherd, on thy Pipe shall play?

Still, still, methinks, the melting Notes I hear, 75

But, ah! more faint they die upon my Ear.

Echo, still listening, roves the Meads along,

Or near the Rocks still meditates thy Song.

To Pan I'll give thy tuneful Pipe, though he

Will fear, perchance, to be surpass'd by thee. 80

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, the mournful Strain!

Thee *Galatea* weeps, sweet Shepherd-Swain;

For oft thy graceful Form her Bosom warm'd,

Thy Song delighted, and thy Music charm'd:

She thunn'd the *Cyclops*, and his Numbers rude,

But thee with ardent Love the Nymph pursu'd; 86

She left the Sea, her Element, and feeds,

Forlorn, thy Cattle on the flowery Meads.

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, the mournful Lay!

Alas! the Muses will no longer stay, 90

No longer on these lonely Coasts abide;

With thee they warbled, and with thee they died:

N

With

With *Bion* perish'd all the Grace of Song,
 And all the Kisses of the Fair and Young;
 The little Loves, lamenting at his Doom, 95
 Strike their fair Breasts, and weep around his Tomb.
 See *Venus* too her beauteous Bosom beat!
 She told her Shepherd more than Kisses sweet,
 More than those last dear Kisses, which in Death
 She gave *Adonis*, and imbib'd his Breath. 100
Meles! of Streams in Melody the chief,
 Now heaves thy Bosom with another Grief;
 Thy *Homer* died, great Master of the Song,
 Thy *Homer* died, the Muses sweetest Tongue:
 Then did thy Waves in plaintive Murmurs weep,
 And roll'd thy swelling Sorrows to the Deep: 105
 Another Son demands the Meed of Woe,
 Again thy Waters weep in long-drawn Murmurs
 slow.

Dear

VER. 101. *Meles*, &c.] The River *Meles* washes
 the Walls of *Smyrna*, a City of *Asia Minor*, where *Bion*
 was born. It is also supposed to have been the Birth-
 place of *Homer*, and therefore that River is said
 to have been his Father; whence he is called *Melesi-*
genes.

VER.

Dear to the Fountains was each tuneful Son;
 This drank of *Arethuse*, that *Helicon*;
 He sung *Atrides*' and *Achilles*' Ire,
 And the fair Dame that set the World on Fire:
 This form'd his Numbers on a softer Plan,
 And chaunted Shepherds Loves, and peaceful *Pan*;
 His Flock he tended on the flowery Meads,
 And milk'd his Kine, or join'd with Wax the Reeds;
 Oft in his Bosom he would *Cupid* take,
 And *Venus* lov'd him for her *Cupid*'s Sake.

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, the mournful Strains!

Thee all the Cities of the Hills and Plains, 120
 Illustrious Bard, in silent Grief deplore;

Astra for *Hesiod* ne'er lamented more;

Not thus *Bæotia* mourn'd her *Theban* Swan,

Nor thus the Tears for bold *Alcæus* ran;

Not *Cæos* for *Simonides*, nor thus 125

Griev'd *Paros* for her Bard *Archilochus*:

The

VER. 123. *Theban Swan.*] *Pindar.*

The Shepherds of the *Lesbian Isle* have long
Neglected *Sappho's* for thy sweeter Song:

*And all that breathe the past'ral Reed rehearse
Thy Fate, O Bion, in harmonious Verse.* 130

*Sicelidas, the Samian Shepherd sweet,
And Lycidas, the blytheft Bard of Crete,*

*Whose sprightly Looks erst spoke their Hearts elate,
Now sorrowing mourn thy sad untimely Fate;
Mourns too Philetas' elegiac Muse,* 135

And sweet Theocritus of Syracuse:

I too, with Tears, from *Italy* have brought
Such plain Bucolics as my Master taught;

Which, if at all with tuneful Ease they flow,
To thy learn'd Precepts and thy Art I owe. 140
To other Heirs thy Riches may belong,
I claim thy past'ral Pipe and *Doric Song*;

In
[VER. 129, &c.] These seven Lines, that are printed in *Italics*, are a Translation of six Greek Verses which were wanting in the ancient Editions of our Poet. They are supposed to be supplied by *Marcus Musurus* of *Crete*; though *Scaliger* affirms, that they were wrote by *Moschus*.

VER. 131. *Sicelidas*, *Lycidas*, and *Philetas* are mentioned by *Theocritus* in his *Seventh Idyllium*.

VER.

In *Doric* Song my pensive Boon I pay :

Begin, *Sicilian* Muse, begin the mournful Lay !

Alas ! the meanest Flowers which Gardens yield,
The vilest Weeds that flourish in the Field, 146

VER. 145. *Alas ! the meanest Flowers which Gardens yield, &c.]*

This fine Sentiment has been embellished by several Authors. Thus *Spenser* :

Whence is it, that the Flowret of the Field doth fade,
And lieth buried long in Winter's Bale ?
Yet, soon as Spring his Mantle hath display'd,
It flow'reth fresh, as it should never fail.
But Thing on Earth that is of most Avail,
As Virtue's Branch, and Beauty's Bud,
Reliven not for any Good.

And *Catullus* :

Soles occidere & redire possunt :

Nobis, cum semel occidit brevis lux,

Nox est perpetua una dormienda.

The Sun, that sinks into the Main,

Sets, with fresh Light to rise again :

But we, when once our Breath is fled,

Die, and are number'd with the dead,

With endless Night we close our Day,

And sleep Eternity away.

Admirable is that of *Job*, Chap. 14. ' Man cometh forth as a Flower, and is cut down.—There is Hope of a Tree, if it be cut down, that it will sprout again, and that the tender Branch thereof will not cease :—But Man dieth, and wasteth away ; yea, Man giveth up the Ghost, and where is he ? He lieth down, and riseth not, till the Heavens be no more.'

Which dead in wintry Sepulchres appear,
 Revive in Spring, and bloom another Year :
 But We, the Great, the Brave, the Learn'd, the
 Wife,

Soon as the Hand of Death has clos'd our Eyes, 150
 In Tombs forgotten lie, no Suns restore,
 We sleep, for ever sleep, to wake no more.
 Thou too liest buried with the silent dead :
 Fate spares the Witlings, but thy vital Thread
 Snapp'd, cruel Chance ! and now 'tis my hard Lot
 To hear the dull Bards (but I envy not) 156
 Grate their harsh Sonnets, flashy, rude, and vain :

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, begin the mournful Strain!
 O hapless *Bion* ! Poison was thy Fate ;
 The baneful Potion circumscrib'd thy Date : 160
 How could fell Poison cause Effect so strange,
 Touch thy sweet Lips, and not to Honey change ?
 How could the savage Wretch, that mix'd the
 Draught,

Hear heavenly Music with a murderous Thought ?
 Could

Could not thy Songs his hellish Purpose sway? 165

Begin, *Sicilian Muse*, begin the mournful Lay!

But soon just Vengeance will his Crime pursue,

While I with pious Tears thy Tomb bedew.

Could I like *Orpheus*, as old Poets tell,

Or mighty *Hercules*, descend to Hell; 170

To *Pluto's* dreary Mansion I would go,

To hear what Music *Bion* plays below.

Lift to my Counsel, gentle Shepherd-swain,

And softly warble some *Sicilian* Strain,

(Such as, when living, gave divine Delight) 175

To sooth the Empress of the Realms of Night;

For she, ere *Pluto* seiz'd the trembling Maid,

Sung *Dorian* Lays, and in these Meadows play'd.

Nor unrewarded shall thy Numbers prove,

The Dame will pity, though she cannot love; 180

VER. 178. —and in these Meadows play'd.] *Pluto*
carried away *Proserpine* from the Fields of *Enna* in
Sicily. Thus *Milton*, *Paradise Lost*, Book 4. Ver. 269.

—not that fair Field

Of *Enna*, where *Proserpine* gathering Flowers,

Herself a fairer Flower, by gloomy *Dis*

Was gather'd, which cost *Ceres* all that Pain

To seek her through the World——

See also *Ovid's Metamorphoses*, Book 5.

As once she heard the *Thracian's* tuneful Prayer,
 And gave him back *Eurydice* the fair,
 She'll pity now thy more melodious Strain,
 And send thee to thy Hills and Woods again.
 Could I in powerful Harmony excell, 185
 For thee my Pipe should charm the rigid King
 of Hell.

IDYLLIUM IV.

MEGARA.

MEGARA.

“WHY these Complaints, and whence that
 dreadful Sigh?

“Why on thy Cheek do thus the Roses die?

“Is it to see thy glorious Son sustain,

“From worthless Hands, Pre-eminence of Pain?

“A Lion

IDYLLIUM IV.

This Poem contains a Dialogue between *Megara*,
 the Wife of *Heracles*, and *Alcmena* his Mother,
 wherein they recapitulate their mutual Misfortunes.
 This famous Hero gave great Umbrage to *Eurystheus*,
 King

" A Lion tortur'd by a Fawn !—Great *Jove* ! 5

" Why such injurious Treatment must I prove ?

" Why with such adverse Omens was I born ?

" Wretch that I am ! E'er since the nuptial Morn

" When to my Arms my matchless Lord was given,

" Dear have I priz'd him as the Light of Heaven ;

" And prize him still—Sure none has suffer'd

more,

II

" Or drank such Draughts of Sorrow's Cup before.

" With *Phœbus*' Gift, his Bow, he pierc'd the

Hearts

" Of his own Sons ; or rather, arm'd with Darts

" Which

King of *Mycenæ* ; who, fearing he would in Time dispossess him of his Crown, tried all Methods to destroy him. *Hercules*, sensible of his dangerous Situation, consulted the Oracle ; and being answered, that it was the Will of the Gods that he should serve *Eurystheus* twelve Years, was thrown into so deep a Melancholy, that it turned at length into a furious Frenzy ; during which he put away his Wife *Megara*, and murdered all the Children he had by her, which are supposed to have been twelve, because the King imposed on him the same Number of Labours, as an Expiation for their Murder, after he had recovered his Senses. *Hercules* is supposed to have been absent on one of these Expeditions, when this Dialogue commences.

- " Which Fates or Furies furnish'd, every Child 15
 " In his own House he slew, with Frenzy wild.
 " Than Dreams more dreadful, with these
 streaming Eyes,
 (" While to their Mother, with incessant Cries,
 " Their helpless Mother, they exclaim'd in vain)
 " By their own Sire I saw the Children slain. 20
 " But as a Bird bewails her callow Brood,
 " While in the Brake a Serpent drains their Blood,
 " And,

VER. 21. *But as a Bird bewails, &c.*] Virgil has happily imitated this beautiful Simile in his *Georgics*, Book 4. Ver. 511.

*Qualis populeâ mærens Philomela sub umbrâ
 Anissos queritur fœtus; quos durus arator
 Observans nido implumes detraxit: at illa
 Flet noctem, ramoque sedens miserabile carmen
 Integrat, & mæstis læte loca questibus implet.*

Which is as happily translated by Dryden.

So, close in poplar Shades, her Children gone,
 The Mother-nightingale laments alone:
 Whose Nest some prying Churl had found, and
 thence,
 By Stealth, convey'd th' unfeather'd Innocence.
 But she supplies the Night with mournful Strains,
 And melancholy Music fills the Plains.

VER.

" And, all too weak the wish'd Relief to bring,
 " Twittering her shrill Complaints, on feeble
 Wing
 " At Distance hovers, nor will venture near 25
 " The fell Destroyer, chill'd with conscious Fear;
 " So I, all frantic, the wide Mansion o'er,
 " Unhappy Mother! my lost Sons deplore.
 " O blest *Diana*, Goddess of the Chace,
 " Tyrant confess'd o'er Woman's helpless Race,
 " With my dear Sons had thy envenom'd Dart 31
 " Kindly transfix'd their Mother's bleeding Heart,
 " Then my sad Parents might, with friendly Care,
 " Have seen one Pile our breathless Bodies bear,
 " At

VER. 33. *Then my sad Parents, &c.*] *Megara* was
 the Daughter of *Creon*, King of *Thebes*, a City of
Bæotia. It may not be improper to remark, that
Moschus, contrary to the common Opinion, supposes
 the Parents of *Megara* to have been living when
Hercules slew his Children; whereas *Euripides* and
Seneca assure us, that *Lycus*, a *Theban* Exile, murdered
Creon and his Sons, to obtain the Crown; and that
Hercules did not kill his Children, till he had punished
Lycus. *Longepierre*.

" At once, with many a Tear, to every Shade 35

" The decent Rites of Sepulture have paid,

" And in one golden Urn that sacred Earth

" Our Ashes have receiv'd, which gave us Birth.

" But *Thebes* they now inhabit, fam'd for Steeds,

" Or toilfome till *Aonia's* fruitful Meads: 40

" While to my Sorrows no Relief is given,

" At *Tiryns*, sacred to the Queen of Heaven,

" In Tears unnumber'd wasting Life away,

" To Joy a Stranger, to Despair a Prey.

" But soon my Lord will bless my Eyes again, 45

" For various Labours he must yet sustain.

" By Land and Sea, like Iron or a Rock

" Unmov'd, and still superior to the Shock:

" While like a Stream thy Sorrows ever flow,

" By Day, by Night, alike dissolv'd in Woe. 50

" Of all to me by Tyes of Kindred join'd,

" Thou only now canst cheer my anxious Mind:

" Far

VER. 42. *Tiryns*.] A City of *Peloponnesus* near *Argos*, where *Hercules* dwelt; and from thence was styled 'the *Tirynthian Hero*.'

VER.

“Far from this Mansion, though in Blood ally’d,

“Beyond the pine-elad *Isthmus* they reside.

“Not one remains who can console my Grief, 55

“Or to a wretched Woman give Relief,

“Except my Sister *Pyrrha*; all the Day

“She too bewails her Husband snatch’d away,

“Thy Son *Iphiclus*: Wretched all thy Line,

“Whether their Sire be mortal or divine!” 60

Fast, while she spoke, th’ o’erflowing Tears
distill’d

Adown her Cheeks, and her fair Bosom fill’d;

Her Sons, her Parents rising to her View:

In sad Society, *Alcmena* too

Roll’d the big Tear; and from her heaving Breast,

In Accents sage, her Daughter thus address: 66

“Why,

VER. 59. *Thy Son Iphiclus.*] *Iphiclus* was the Son
of *Amphitryon* and *Alcmena*, and the Twin-brother of
Hercules.

VER.

“ Why, hapless Parent, should thine Eyes
o’erflow ?

“ Why should Remembrance thus renew thy
Woe ?

“ Why thus afflict us both ? or why once more

“ Repeat the Loss we oft have wept before ? 70

“ Sure each sad Day sufficient Sorrow bears ;

“ And none but Wretches would recount our
Cares !

“ Be cheer’d, my Daughter, and, these Ills forgot,

“ Think that the Gods a happier Doom allot.

“ And though on Grief thy Thoughts are all em-
ploy’d, 75

“ I no Excuse require, with Pleasure cloy’d.

“ Much I lament, that thou so vast a Weight

“ Of Woe should’st share in our disastrous Fate.

“ For, O blest *Proserpine* and *Ceres*, know,

(“ Powers justly dreaded by the perjurd Foe) 80

“ That

VER. 71. *Sure each sad Day sufficient Sorrow bears.*]
Thus St. Matthew, Chap. 6. Ver. 34. *Sufficient unto
the Day is the Evil thereof.*

VER.

" That I not more could love thee, if my Womb
 " With thee had teem'd, or had thy Virgin-bloom
 " Alone remain'd a Parent's Hopes to crown:
 " A Truth, *Megara*, not to thee unknown!
 " Then think I view thee with no careless Eye;
 " No, though in Grief with *Niobe* I lye: 86
 " Grief for a Son Indulgence sure may gain,
 " To me endear'd by ten long Months of Pain;
 " And, ere I brought him to the Realms of Day,
 " My Life by Pangs was nearly snatch'd away. 90
 " Sent on new Toils he to a distant Shore
 " Now roams, and I may ne'er behold him more.
 " Besides,

VER. 86. *Though in Grief with Niobe I lye.*] For the Story of *Niobe*, see *Ovid's Metamorph.* Book 6. See also the Notes on the Twentieth Ode of *Anacreon*.

VER. 88. *Ten Months.*] That is, ten lunar Months. St. *Augustine* explains it thus: *Quod dicuntur decem menses pregnantis, novem sunt pleni; sed initium decimi pro toto accipitur.*

VER. 90. *My Life by Pangs, &c.*] The Birth of *Hercules* was attended with the most excruciating Pains to *Alcmena*, owing to the Jealousy and Hatred of *Juno*; from which she was delivered by the Address of *Galanthis*. See *Ovid's Metamorph.* Book 9.

VER.

" Besides, I lately saw, with wild Affright,
 " A direful Vision in the Dead of Night :
 " Some great impending Ill, if right I deem, 95
 " Awaits my Sons, from this mysterious Dream.
 " In Sleep, methought, my *Hercules* I spy'd,
 " His Garments, like a Labourer, thrown aside,
 " And, Spade in Hand, employ'd, with arduous
 Toil,
 " To delve a Ditch in some well-cultur'd Soil, 100
 " But when his Task the wish'd Success had
 crown'd,
 " And his wide Fence had girt the Vineyard round,
 " He left his Spade fix'd deeply in the Plain,
 " And strait prepar'd to cloath his Limbs again ;
 " When, quick as Thought, above the Trench,
 behold 105
 " Destructive Flames, which round the Hero roll'd !
 " From

VER. 105.

Destructive Flames—

behold

These were probably intended to be Emblems of
 those Elames in which this Hero was afterwards con-
 sumed on Mount *Oeta*. See *Ovid's Metamorph.* B. 9.

VER.

" From these relentless Foes alarm'd he flew,
 " With Foot-steps swift; as swiftly they pursue:
 " While, like a Shield, the Spade now serves to
 guard
 " His half-scorch'd Body, and the Fire to ward. 110
 " At length *Iphiclus*, running to his Aid,
 (" Such was my Vision) by his Feet betray'd,
 " Before he reach'd him, fell, with headlong Force,
 " And there, unable to resume his Course,
 " Lay stiff and prostrate; like a feeble Sage, 115
 " Who, falling to the Ground through helpless Age,
 " There fix'd remains, till by some Stranger rear'd,
 " Pitying his hoary Hairs, and silver Beard:

" So

VER. 108.

— as swiftly they pursue.]

This Circumstance of the Flames pursuing *Hercules* is very similar to a Passage in the *Iliad*, Book 21. where the Rivers *Simois* and *Scamander* unite, pursue, and attack *Achilles* with all their Waves:

Now here, now there, he turns on every Side,
 And winds his Course before the following Tide;
 The Waves flow after, where'soe'er he wheels,
 And gather fast, and murmur at his Heels. *Pope.*

I D Y L

" So on the Plain was brave *Iphiclus* thrown.

" To see my Sons unaided and alone, 120

" Fast flow'd my Tears, till Morn with roseate Ray

" Dispell'd my Slumbers, and restor'd the Day.

" Such were the Visions of this Night of Dread!

" Far from our House, on curs'd *Eurystheus*' Head

" These Omens turn! Be my Prefages true, 125

" And him, O Fate, with Vengeance just pursue!"

D.

IDYLLIUM V.

THE CHOICE.

When Zephyrs gently curl the azure Main,

On Land, impatient, I can scarce sustain

At Ease to dwell; a Calm yields more Delight:

But when old Ocean to a Mountain's Height

Rolls,

IDYLLIUM V.

VER. 4. *But when, &c.*] *Moschus* perhaps in this Passage had *Homer* in his View, *Iliad*, Book 2.

As when the Winds, ascending by Degrees,

First move the whitening Surface of the Seas,

The Billows float in Order to the Shore,

The Wave behind rolls on the Wave before;

Till, with the growing Storm, the Deep's arise,

Foam o'er the Rocks, and thunder to the Skies. *Pope.*

VER.

Rolls, with tremendous Roar, his foaming Floods, 5
 I loath the Sea, and sigh for Fields and Woods.
 Safe is the Land ; then piny Forests please,
 Though hoarse Winds whistle through the bend-
 ing Trees:
 Hapless the Fisher's Life ! the Sea his Toil,
 His House a Bark, and faithless Fish his Spoil. 10
 But O ! to me how sweet are Slumbers, laid
 Beneath a lofty Plane's embowering Shade ;
 And thence the Tinkling of a Rill to hear,
 Whose Sound gives Pleasure unallay'd by Fear !
 D.

IDYLLIUM VI.

CAPRICIOUS LOVE.

PAN sighs for *Echo* o'er the Lawn ;

Sweet *Echo* loves the dancing *Faun* ;

The

VER. 8. — whistle through the bending Trees, &c.]
 In the Original it is, *αἰωνος ἀδῆ, the Pine-tree sings.*
 Thus *Theocritus*, *Idyll.* 1. Ver. 1. — *αἰωνος ἡμιόδετα.*
 — that Pine-tree's Boughs, by yonder Spring,
 In pleasing Murmurs mix, and sweetly sing. Creech.

IDYL-

The dancing *Faun* fair *Lyda* charms;
As *Echo Pan*'s soft Bosom warms,

So

IDYLLIUM VI.

The following modern Ballad is closely copied from
this *Idyllium*.

C R O S S P U R P O S E S.

TO M loves *Mary* passing well,
But *Mary* she loves *Harry* :
While *Harry* sighs for bonny *Bell*,
And finds his Love miscarry.
For bonny *Bell* for *Thomas* burns,
While *Thomas* flirts her Passion :
So very freakish are the Turns
Of human Inclination !

As much as *Mary Thomas* grieves,
Proud *Hal* despises *Mary*,
And all the Flouts that *Bell* receives
From *Tom*, she vents on *Harry*.
Thus all by Turns are woo'd and woo,
No Turtles can be truer ;
Each loves the Object they pursue,
But hates the kind Pursuer.

Mol gave *Hal* a Wreath of Flowers,
Which he, in amorous Folly,
Consign'd to *Bell*, and in few Hours
It came again to *Molly*.
If one of all the Four has frown'd,
You ne'er saw People glummer,
But if one smiles, it catches round,
And all are in good Humour.

Then,

So for the *Faun* sweet *Echo* burns ;
 Thus all, inconstant in their Turns,
 Both fondly woo, are fondly woo'd,
 Pursue, and are themselves pursued.
 As much as all slight those that woo,
 So those that slight are slighted too.

Thus
 Then, Lovers, hence this Lesson learn,
 Throughout the *British* Nation,
 How much 'tis every one's Concern
 To smile a Reformation :
 And still through Life this Rule pursue,
 Whatever Objects strike you,
Be kind to them that fancy you,
That those you love may like you.

VER. 10. *So those that slight are slighted too.*] Thus
Theocritus, Idyllium 6.

—φευγει τον φιλεοντα, και ε φιλεοντα διωκει.

She, driven still by an unlucky Fate,
 Flies those that love, and follows those that hate.
Creech.

And *Horace, Book 1. Ode 33.*

Insignem tenui fronte Lycorida
Cyri torret amor : Cyrus in asperam
Declinat Pholœm—

For *Cyrus*, see † *Lycaris*, grac'd
 With slender Forehead, burns ;
 For *Pholœ*, he—*Duncombe.*

VER.

Thus rages, by capricious Fate,
Alternate Love, alternate Hate.

Ye scornful Nymphs and Swains, I tell

This Truth to you; pray, mark it well:

If to your Lovers kind you prove,

You'll gain the Hearts of those you love.

IDYLLIUM VII.

TO THE EVENING-STAR.

HAIL, golden Star! of Ray serene,
Thou Fav'rite of the Cyprian Queen,

O Hesper!

VER. 15. *If to your Lovers, &c.*] Thus Theocritus,
Idyl'. 23.

Lovers, farewell; Revenge has reach'd my Scorn;
Thus warn'd, be wise, and Love for Love return.

Dryden.

IDYLLIUM VII.

This *Idyllium* has given Occasion to the following
Ode to *Cynthia*, by a Lady of *Huntingdon*; which
must be allowed to have surpassed the Original:

Sister of *Phœbus*, gentle Queen,
Of Aspect mild, and Ray serene,
Whose friendly Beams by Night appear,
The lonely Traveller to cheer!

O *Hesper*! Glory of the Night,
 Diffusing through the Gloom Delight;
 Whose Beams all other Stars outshine,
 As much as silver *Cynthia* thine;
 O! guide me, speeding o'er the Plain,
 To him I love, my Shepherd-swain;
 He keeps the mirthful Feast, and soon
 Dark Shades will cloud the splendid Moon. 10

Of

Attractive Power! whose mighty Sway
 The Ocean's swelling Waves obey,
 And, mounting upward, seem to raise
 A liquid Altar to thy Praise:
 Thee wither'd Hags, at midnight Hour,
 Invoke to their infernal Bower:
 But I to no such horrid Rite,
 Sweet Queen, implore thy sacred Light,
 Nor seek, while all but Lovers sleep,
 To rob the Miser's treasure'd Heap:
 Thy kindly Beams alone impart,
 To find the Youth who stole my Heart,
 And guide me, from thy silver Throne,
 To steal his Heart, or find my own!

VER. 3. *Glory of the Night.*] Thus *Homer*, *Iliad*,
 Book 22, speaking of the same Star:

Οἷος δ' ἄστῆς, κ. τ. λ.

As radiant *Hesper* shines with keener Light,
 Far-beaming o'er the silver Host of Night. Pope.

I D Y L-

Of Lambs I never robb'd the Fold,
 Nor the lone Traveller of Gold:
 Love is my Crime: O lend thy Ray
 To guide a Lover on her Way!
 May the bright Star of *Venus* prove
 The gentle Harbinger of Love!

IDYLLIUM VIII.

A L P H Æ U S.

FROM *Pisa*, where the Sea his Flood receives,
Alphæus, olive-crown'd, the Gift of Leaves,
 And

IDYLLIUM VIII.

The Story of *Alphæus* and *Arethusa* is related at large by *Ovid*, in his *Metamorph.* Book 5. *Virgil* also mentions it in his *Æneid*, Book 3.

*Sicanio prætenta sinu jacet insula contra
 Plemmyrium undasum: non veni dixere priores
 Ortygiam. Alphæum fama est huc, Elidis amnem,
 Occultas egisse vias subter mare: qui nunc
 Ore, Arethusa, tuo Siculis confunditur undis.*

An Isle, once call'd *Ortygia*, fronts the Sides
 Of rough *Plemmyrium*, and *Sicanian* Tides.
 Hither, 'tis said, *Alphæus*, from his Source
 In *Elis* Realms, directs his watry Course;
 Beneath the Main he takes his secret Way,
 And mounts with *Arethusa*'s Streams to Day. *Pitt.*

VER.

And Flowers, and sacred Dust is known to bring,
 With secret Course, to *Arethusa's* Spring;
 For, plunging deep beneath the briny Tide, 5
 Unmix'd, and unperceiv'd his Waters glide.
 Thus wonder-working Love, with Mischief
 fraught,
 The Art of Diving to the River taught;

D.

IDYLLIUM IX.

EUNICA, OR, THE HERDSMAN.

WHEN lately I offer'd *Eunica* to kiss,
 She fear'd, and she flouted, and took it
 amiss;

Be

VER. 3. —[*sacred Dust.*] *Moschus* calls the Dust
sacred, because the Olympic Games, which constituted
 no small Part of the Religion of the Ancients, were
 celebrated at *Elis*, from whence *Alpheus* flowed.

IDYLLIUM IX.

This *Idyllium*, though commonly inserted in the
 Works of *Theocritus*, has, by *Daniel Heinsius* and
 other Critics, been adjudged to *Moschus*; and there-
 fore is here translated. There is another *Idyllium*,
 of which *Moschus* is supposed to have been the Au-
 thor,

"Be gone, you great Booby, she cry'd, with a
Frown,

"Do you think that I long for your Kisses, you
Clown?

"The Sparks of the City my Favours esteem— 5

"You never shall kiss me, no, not in a Dream.

"How pleasing your Look! and how gently you
play!

"How soft is your Voice! and what fine Things
you say!

"So neat is your Beard, and so comely your Hair!

"And your Lips, to be sure, are a delicate Pair. 10

"But on your dear Person I never shall doat;

"So pray keep your Distance—you smell like a
Goat."

Thus spoke the proud Huffy, and view'd me
all round

With an Eye of Disdain, and thrice spit on the
Ground;

thor, containing a Dialogue between *Daphnis* and a
Shepherdes; but that is thought too loose to be here
inserted. The curious Reader may see it translated
by *Dryden*.

Then

Then mimick'd my Voice with satyrical Snger, 15
And sent me away with a Flea in my Ear.

My Blood quickly boil'd, in a violent Pique, 20

And, red as a Rose, Passion glow'd on my Cheek;

For it vex'd me, that thus in Derision she jeer'd

My Looks, and my Voice, and my Hair, and my

Beard. 25

But, am I not handsome, ye Shepherds, say true?

Or has any God alter'd my Person anew?

For lately, on Oaks like the Ivy, with Grace

My Hair and my Beard added Charms to my Face:

My Brows were coal-black, and my Forehead

milk-white, 30

And my Eyes, like *Minerva's*, were azure and

bright;

My Lips sweet as Cream, and from them would flow

Words sweeter than Honey, and softer than Snow.

My Songs are enchanting; nor aught can exceed

The Tunes of my Pipe, or the Notes of my Reed.

The Girls of the Country, if they had their Wills, 35

Would kiss me, and press me to stay on the Hills;

For they say that I'm fair : But this Minx of the
Town

Refus'd my sweet Kisses, and call'd me a Clown.
Alas ! she forgot, or, perhaps, did not know, 35
That *Bacchus* fed Herds in the Valley below ;
That Beauty's fair Queen fell in Love with a Swain,
And help'd him his Cattle to tend on the Plain ;
Adonis, while living, in Groves she ador'd,
And, when dead, she in Groves and on Mountains
deplor'd. 40

If right my Conjecture, *Endymion*, I ween,
Like me too once tended his Steers on the Green ;
Yet the Moon in this Herdsman took such a Delight,
That she met him at *Latmos*, and kiss'd him all
Night.

Ev'n *Cybele* mourn'd for a Herdsman ; and *Jove* 45
Snatch'd a Boy from his Flock to be Waiter above.

But *Eunica* disdains me, nor lifts to my Vow ;
Is she better than *Cynthia* or *Venus*, I trow ?
May she never find Lovers in City or Plain,
But lie always alone, yet still wishing in vain ! 50

CUPID TURN'D PLOUGHMAN.

AN EPIGRAM.

D Ifguis'd like a Ploughman, *Love* stole from
the Sky,

His Torch, and his Bow, and his Quiver thrown by;
And, with Pouch at his Shoulder, and Goad in
his Hand,

Began with yok'd Oxen to furrow the Land :

And, " O *Jove*, be propitious, he cry'd, or I vow,

" That I'll yoke thee, *Europa*'s fam'd Bull, to my
Plough." D.

This justly admired Epigram makes us regret that
Moschus has left us no more. *Tibullus*, as *Broekhusius*
observes, probably alludes to this Epigram in the Be-
ginning of his Elegy 3. Book 2. particularly in this
Verse,

Verbaque aratoris rustica discit amor.

Now *Cupid* joys to learn the Ploughman's Phrase,
And, clad a Peasant, o'er the Fallows strays.

Grainger.



H E

S E

HERO AND LEANDER.

Translated from the Greek of Moschus.

The by the Cove of Hyacinth shade,
 Leander woo'd the Vestal Maid;
 Through burning seas his ruffled hair,
 For fear'd the Ocean's chattering roar,
 He conscious Virgin from the tower,
 Dug out the fatal Torch, to guide him to her Bower.
 Daffy's Mythic Vol. 4. p. 308.



AD



T H E
L O V E S
O F
HERO and LEANDER.

Translated from the *Greek* of MUSÆUS.

Oft, by the Covert of Night's Shade,
Leander woo'd the *Thracian* Maid ;
Through foaming Seas his Passion bore,
Nor fear'd the Ocean's thundering Roar.
The conscious Virgin, from the sea-girt Tower,
Hung out the faithful Torch, to guide him to her Bower.

Dodley's Miscell. Vol. 4. P. 308.



ADVERTISEMENT.

THIS celebrated Poem on the Loves of *Hero* and *Leander* has been admired by the politeſt Scholars for many Ages: And thought Mr. *Waller* and ſeveral other Writers of the fineſt Taſte have conjectured it to be one of the Stories,

Which old *Musæus* ſo divinely ſung;

yet many convincing Arguments might be brought to prove it to have been the Work of a later Author, a Grammarian of that Name who lived in the Fifth Century.

Nor let the *Engliſh* Reader look upon the Title of *Grammarian* as a Term of Reproach, though now frequently uſed as ſuch. The Profeſſion, ſtyled by the Ancients Γραμματικὴν, was the ſame with the *Belles Lettres* among the Moderns: And the Appellation of *Grammarian* was particularly applied to thoſe who excelled in every Kind of polite Writing.

The firſt *Engliſh* Tranſlation of the following Poem appeared, in the Year 1647, by Sir *Robert Stapylton*. It has ſince that Time been frequently attempted; but with what Succeſs is left to the Judgment of others.

T H E

THE
LOVES
OF

HERO and LEANDER.

SING, Muse! the conscious Torch, whose
 nightly Ray
Led the bold Lover through the watry Way,
To share those Joys which mutual Faith had seal'd;
Joys to divine *Aurora* unreveal'd:
Abydos, *Seftos*, ancient Towns, proclaim,
Where gentlest Bosoms glow'd with purest Flame:
I hear *Leander* dash the foaming Tide!
Fix'd high in Air, I see the glimmering Guide!
The genial Flame, the love-enkindling Light,
Signal of Joy that burn'd serenely bright;
Whose Beams, in fair Effulgency display'd,
Adorn'd the Nuptials of the *Seftian* Maid:
Which *Jove*, its friendly Office to repay,
Should plant, all-glorious, in the Realms of Day.

To blaze for ever 'midst the Stars above, 15

And style it gentle Harbinger of Love :

For sure on Earth it thone supremely kind,

To sooth the Anguish of the love-sick Mind,

Till cloath'd in Terrors rose the wintry Blast,

Impetuous howling o'er the watry Wasse : 20

And, O ! inspire me, Goddess, to resound

The Torch extinguish'd, and the Lover drown'd.

Against *Abydos* sea-beat *Sestos* stood,

Two neighb'ring Towns, divided by the Flood :

Here *Cupid* prov'd his Bow's unerring Art, 25

And gain'd two Conquests with a single Dart :

On two fond Hearts the sweet Infection prey'd,

A Youth engaging, and a beauteous Maid :

VER. 23. *Against Abydos sea-beat Sestos stood.*]

Abydos was a City of *Asia*, situated on the *Hellepont*,

over against *Sestos*, a City in the *Thracian Chersonesus*.

Geographers are of Opinion, that the Castles of the

Dardanelles were built on the Ruins of these two Places :

But they are manifestly mistaken ; for there are

no Remains of Antiquity to be seen near those Castles,

but very remarkable ones three Miles farther,

where the Channel is considerably narrower. *Le*

Brun assures us, that the Strait at these Ruins is only

half a Mile over, and that one of them is still called

Sestos, and the other *Abydos* or *Avido*. *Pliny* and *He-*

rodotus say, the narrowest Part of the Channel is about

seven *Stadia*, or Furlongs.

Of *Seftos* ſhe, fair *Hero* was her Name ;
The Youth, *Leander*, from *Abydos* came. 30

Their Forms divine a bright Reſemblance bore,
Each was the radiant Star of either Shore.

Thou, whom the Fates commiſſion here to ſtray,
Awhile the Turret's Eminence ſurvey ;

Thence *Hero* held the blazing Torch, to guide 35
Her Lover rolling on the boiſterous Tide ;

The roaring *Helleſpant*, whoſe wave-worn Strait
Still in loud Murmurs mourns *Leander's* Fate.

Say, heav'nly Muſe, had *Hero* Charms to move,
And melt the *Abydinian* into Love ? 40

Say, with what Wiles the amorous Youth inſpir'd,
Obtain'd the Virgin whom his Soul admir'd ?

Fair *Hero*, Priſteſs to th' *Idalian* Queen,

Of Birth illuſtrious, as of graceful Mien,

Dwelt on a high ſequeſter'd Tower, that ſtood 45
Firm on the Ramparts, and o'erlook'd the Flood :

Chafte, and unconſcious of Love's pleaſing Pain,
She ſeem'd a new-born *Venus* of the Main ;

But, nice of Conduct, prudently withdrew

Far from the Follies of the female Crew : 50

Blest in Retreat, she shunn'd the vain Delight
 Of daily Visits, and the Dance at Night,
 Content in sweet Tranquillity to screen
 Her blooming Beauty from malignant Spleen;
 For where superior Beauty shines confest, 55
 It kindles Envy in each female Breast.
 To soften *Venus* oft with Prayer she strove,
 Oft pour'd Libations to the God of Love;
 Taught by th' Example of the heavenly Dame,
 To dread those Arrows that were tipp'd with Flame.
 Vain all her Caution, fruitless prov'd her Prayer; 60
 Love gains an easy Conquest o'er the Fair.

For now the sacred Festival appear'd,
 By pious *Sestians* annually rever'd,
 At *Venus*' Fane to pay the Rites divine, 65
 And offer Incense at *Adonis*' Shrine.
 Vast Crowds from all the sea-girt Isles repair,
 The Day to rev'rence, and the Feast to share.
 From flowery *Cyprus*, circled by the Main,
 And high *Hæmonia*, hastes the youthful Train; 70

VER. 60. To dread, &c.] In the first *Idyllium* of
Moschus, *Venus* complains of *Cupid*, that

His Darts and his Arrows are all tipp'd with Flame.

Not

Not one remain'd of all the female Race
 Thy Towns, *Cythera*, and thy Groves to grace;
 Afar from spicy *Libanus* advance
 The Throngs unnumber'd, skill'd to lead the
 Dance;

From *Phrygian* Plains they haste in Shoals away;
 And all *Abydos* celebrates the Day. 76

To *Sestos* all the mirthful Youths repair,
 All that admire the gay, the young, the fair;
 For amorous Swains, when rumour'd Feasts invite,
 Joy at the News, and follow with Delight, 80
 Not to the Gods to pay the Rites divine,
 Or offer Incense at some sacred Shrine;

Few are their Offerings, and concise their Prayer,
 Who give their whole Devotion to the Fair.

As through the Temple pass'd the *Sestian* Maid,
 Her Face a soften'd Dignity display'd; 86

Thus silver *Cynthia*'s milder Glories rise,
 To glad the pale Dominion of the Skies.

Her lovely Cheeks a pure Vermilion shed,
 Like Roses beautifully streak'd with Red; 90

A flowery Mead her well-turn'd Limbs disclose,
 Fraught with the blushing Beauties of the Rose:

But

But when she mov'd, in radiant Mantle drest,
 Flowers half-unveil'd adorn'd her flowing Vest,
 And numerous Graces wanton'd on her Breast. } 95

The ancient Sages made a false Decree,
 Who said, the Graces were no more than Three;
 When *Hero* smiles, a thousand Graces rise,
 Sport on her Cheek, and revel in her Eyes.

Such various Beauties sure conspir'd to prove 100
 The Priestess worthy of the Queen of Love:

Thus as she shone superior to the rest,
 In the sweet Bloom of Youth and Beauty drest,
 Such Softness temper'd with majestic Mien, 104
 The earthly Priestess match'd the heavenly Queen.

The wondering Crowds the radiant Nymph admire,
 And every Bosom kindles with Desire;
 Eager each longs, transported with her Charms,
 To clasp the lovely Virgin in his Arms;
 Where'er she turns, their Eyes, their Thoughts

pursue, 110

They sigh, and send their Souls at every View.
 Then thus some ardent Youth bespoke the rest,
 Cast a fond Look, and open'd all his Breast:

" I oft

- " I oft at *Sparta* wondering have beheld
 " Young Maids contending in the list'd Field, 115
 " *Sparta*, that boasts the emulated Prize
 " Of fairest Virgins, and of brightest Eyes;
 " Yet ne'er till now beheld a Nymph so fair,
 " Such Beauty blended with such graceful Air:
 " Perhaps (for sure immortal is her Race) 120
 " Beneath the Priestess *Venus* hides a Grace.
 " My dazzled Eyes with constant gazing tire,
 " But my fond Fancy ever could admire.
 " O! make me, *Venus*, Partner of her Bed,
 " Though Fate that Instant strike the Lover dead:
 " Let but my Love the heavenly *Hero* crown, 126
 " I on the Gods will look superior down.
 " Should you this Boon deny, O Queen! decree,
 " To bless my Days, a Nymph as fair as she!" 129

Thus spake the general Voice; the Train apart
 Conceal the Wound deep rankling in the Heart.
 But when *Leander* saw the blooming Fair,
 Love seiz'd his Soul instead of dumb Despair;
 Resolv'd the lucky Moments to improve,
 He sought Occasion to reveal his Love;

The glorious Prize determin'd to obtain,
 Or perish for those Joys he could not gain:
 Her sparkling Eyes instilling fond Desire
 Entranc'd his Soul, and kindled amorous Fire.
 Such radiant Beauty, like the pointed Dart, 140
 With piercing Anguish stings th' unguarded Heart:
 For on the Eye the Wound is first impress,
 'Till by Degrees it rankles in the Breast.
 Now Hope and Confidence invade his Soul;
 Then Fear and Shame alternately controul: 145
 Fear through his Bosom thrill'd; a conscious Shame
 Confess'd the Passion which it seem'd to blame:
 Her Beauties fix'd him in a wild Amaze;
 Love made him bold, and not afraid to gaze.
 With Step ambiguous, and affected Air, 150
 The Youth advancing fac'd the charming Fair:

VER. 144. *Now Hope and Confidence, &c.*] Virgil
 finely describes the Conflict of various Passions in the
 Breast of Turnus, *Æneid*, Book 12. Ver. 666.

——— *astuat ingens*
Imo in corde pudor, mixtoque insania luctu,
Et furis agitatus amor, & conscia virtus.

A thousand various Thoughts confound the Chief,
 He stood, he gaz'd, his Bosom swell'd with Grief;
 Pride, conscious Valour, Fury, Love and Shame,
 At once set all the Hero in a Flame.

Pitt.

Each

Each amorous Glance he cast, tho' form'd by Art,
Yet sometimes spoke the Language of his Heart ;
With Nods and Becks he kept the Nymph in Play,
And tried all Wiles to steal her Soul away. 155

Soon as she saw the fraudulent Youth beguil'd,
Fair *Hero*, conscious of her Beauty, smil'd ;
Oft in her Veil conceal'd her glowing Face,
Sweetly vermilion'd with the rosy Grace ;
Yet all in vain to hide her Passion tries, 160

She owns it with her love-consenting Eyes.
Joy touch'd the Bosom of the gentle Swain,
To find his Love was not indulg'd in vain.
Then, while he chid the tedious lingering Day,
Down to the West declin'd the solar Ray ; 165

And dewy *Hesper* shone serenely bright,
In shadowy Silence leading on the Night.
Soon as he saw the dark involving Shade,
Th' embolden'd Youth approach'd the blooming
Maid ;

Her lilly Hand he seiz'd, and gently prest, 170
And softly sigh'd the Passion of his Breast :
Joy touch'd the Damsel, tho' she seem'd displeas'd,
And soon withdrew the lilly Hand he seiz'd.

The

The Youth perceiv'd, through well-dissembled
Wiles,

A Heart just yielding by consenting Smiles; 175

Then to the Temple's last Recess convey'd

The reluctant, unresisting Maid:

Her lovely Feet, that seem'd to lag behind,

But ill conceal'd her voluntary Mind.

She feign'd Resentment with an angry Look, 180

And, sweetly chiding, thus indignant spoke:

“Stranger, what Madness has possess'd thy Brain,

“To drag me thus along the sacred Fane?

“Go—to your native Habitation go—

“'Tis quite unkind to pull my Garments so. 185

“Rich are my Parents—urge not here your Fate,

“Left their just Vengeance you repent too late:

“If not of me, of *Venus* stand afraid,

“In her own Fane solliciting a Maid:

“Hence speed your Flight; and *Venus*' Anger

dread; 190

“'Tis bold aspiring to a Virgin's Bed.”

Thus chid the Maid, as Maids are wont to do,

And show'd her Anger, and her Fondness too:

The

The wily Youth, as thus the Fair complain'd,
Too well perceiv'd the Victory was gain'd : 195
For Nymphs enrag'd the more complying prove,
And Chidings are the Harbingers of Love.

He kiss'd her snowy Neck, her fragrant Breast :
And thus the Transport of his Soul exprest :

“ O lovely Fair, in whom combin'd are seen 200

“ The Charms of *Venus*, and *Minerva's* Mien !

“ For sure no Virgin of terrestrial Race

“ Can vye with *Hero* in the Bloom of Face :

“ I deem your Lineage from the Gods above,

“ And style you Daughter of *Saturnian Jove*. 205

“ Blest is the Father from whose Loins you sprung,

“ Blest is the Mother at whose Breast you hung,

“ Blest, doubly blest, the fruitful Womb that bore

“ This heavenly Form for Mortals to adore.

“ Yet, beauteous *Hero*, grant a Lover's Prayer,

“ And to my Wishes prove as kind as fair : 211

“ As *Venus's* Priestess, just to *Venus* prove,

“ Nor shun the gentle Offices of Love.

“ O let us, while the happy Hour invites,

“ Propitious, celebrate the nuptial Rites. 215

“ No

" No Maid can serve in *Cytherea's* Fane ;
 " Her Eyes delight not in the Virgin-Train.
 " But would fair *Hero* secret Rites explore,
 " The Laws of *Venus*, and her pleasing Lore,
 " Those Rites are practis'd in the bridal Bed, 220
 " And there must *Hero*, yet a Maid, be led :
 " Then as you fear the Goddess to offend,
 " In me behold your Husband and your Friend,
 " Ordain'd by *Cupid*, greatest God above,
 " To teach you all the Mysteries of Love : 225
 " As winged *Mercury*, with golden Wand,
 " Made *Hercules*, with Distaff in his Hand,
 " To every Task of *Omphale* submit ;
 " Thus Love, more powerful than the God of Wit,
 " Sent me to you. 'Tis needless to relate 230
 " The chaste *Arcadian Atalanta's* Fate ;
 " Who from th' Embraces of *Milanon* fled,
 " Her faithful Lover, and the nuptial Bed :
 " But vengeful *Venus* caus'd the Nymph to burn
 " With equal Flame, and languish in her Turn.
 " O let Example warn you to revere 236
 " The wrathful Goddess, and your Lover hear !

Thus

Thus spoke the Youth—his magic Words
controul

Her wavering Breast, and soften all her Soul.
Silent she stood, and, rapt in Thought profound,
Her modest Eyes were fix'd upon the Ground : 241
Her Cheeks she hid, in rosy Blushes drest,
And veil'd her lilly Shoulders with her Vest :
On the rich Floor, with *Parian* Marble laid,
Her nimble Foot involuntary play'd. 245
By secret Signs a yielding Mind is meant ;
And Silence speaks the willing Maid's Consent.
Now had the wily God's envenom'd Dart
Diffus'd the pleasing Poison to her Heart ;
Leander's Form, instilling soft Desire, 250
Woo'd her pleas'd Eyes, and set her Soul on Fire.
While on the Ground fair *Hero* fix'd her Sight,
Leander view'd, with exquisite Delight,
Her swelling Breast, and Neck as Ivory white. }
At length her Face with lovely Blushes spread 255
She rais'd, and thus in sweet Confusion said :

“ Stranger, thy Words such magic Sounds convey,

“ With soft Compassion Rocks would melt away.

“ Who

- " Who form'd thy Tongue with such per-
 suasive Art,
 " To pour delightful Ruin on the Heart? 260
 " Ah! tell me, who thus taught thee to explore
 " My lone Retirement on the *Thracian* Shore?
 " Thy Speech, tho' pleasing, flow'd to me in vain:
 " How can a Stranger *Hero's* Love obtain?
 " Should I in public give to thee my Hand, 265
 " My Parents would forbid the nuptial Band.
 " And should'st thou here in close Concealment
 stay,
 " Our secret Passion would itself betray;
 " For soon the Voice of scandal-spreading Fame
 " The Deed of Silence would aloud proclaim. 270
 " But, gentle Youth, thy Name, thy Country tell;
 " For mine, alas! by thee are known too well.
 " In yon high Tower, which close to *Sestos* stands,
 " And all the roaring *Hellas* pont commands,
 " With one attending Damsel I remain; 275
 " For so my Parents and the Fates ordain!
 " No Nymphs coeval to sweet Music's Sound
 " Lead the smooth Dance, or lightly beat the
 Ground;

" But

“ But stormy Winds eternal Discord keep,
 “ And blustering bellow through the boundless
 Deep.” 280

Thus spake the Priestess, and, with modest Grace,
 Conceal'd the new-born Beauties of her Face;
 For on her Cheeks the roseate Blush that hung
 Seem'd to condemn the Language of her Tongue.

Meanwhile *Leander* feeds the hidden Fire, 285
 Glows in each Vein, and burns with fierce Desire:
 But anxious Doubt his musing Breast alarms;
 How shall he gain Admittance to her Charms?
 Nor long he paus'd, for Love in Wiles abounds,
 Well-pleas'd to heal the Bosoms which he wounds:
 'Twas he, whose Arrows Men and Gods controul,
 That heal'd *Leander's* love-afflicted Soul;
 Who thus, while Sighs upheav'd his anxious Breast,
 The Nymph with artful Eloquence address'd:

“ For thee, dear Object of my fond Desire, 295
 “ I'll cross the Ocean, though it flame with Fire;
 “ Nor would I fear the Billows loud Alarms,
 “ While every Billow bore me to thy Arms;

“ Uncheck'd,

“ Uncheck’d, undaunted by the boisterous Main,
 “ Tempestuous Winds should round me roar in
 vain: 300

“ But oft as Night her sable Pinions spread,
 “ I through the Storm would swim to *Hero’s* Bed:

“ For rich *Abydos* is the Home I boast,

“ Not far divided from the *Thracian* Coast.

“ Let but my Fair a kindly Torch display, 305

“ From the high Turret, to direct my Way;

“ Then shall thy daring Swain securely glide,

“ The Bark of *Cupid*, o’er the yielding Tide,

“ Thyself my Haven, and thy Torch my Guide: }

“ And while I view the genial Blaze afar, 310

“ I’ll swim regardless of *Boötes’* Car,

“ Of fell *Orion*, and the Northern Wain

“ That never bathes his Brightness in the Main:

“ Thy Star, more eminently bright than they,

“ Shall lead the Lover to his blissful Bay. 315

“ But let the Torch, O Nymph divinely fair!

“ My only Safety, be thy only Care;

“ Guard well its Light, when wintry Tempests
 roar,

“ And hoarse Waves break tumultuous on the Shore,

“ Left

“Left the dire Storms, that blacken all the Sky,
 “The Flame extinguish, and the Lover die, 321
 “More would’st thou know? *Leander* is my Name,
 “The happiest Husband of the fairest Dame.”

Thus mutual vow’d the Lovers to employ
 The Nights in Raptures of mysterious Joy; 325
 Her Task, secure th’ extended Torch to keep,
 And his, to cross th’ unfathomable Deep:
 On promis’d Bliss their fruitful Fancies fed,
 Ecstatic Pleasures of the nuptial Bed;
 Till the fond Nymph, when Decency requir’d, 330
 Back to her Tower unwillingly retir’d:

Leander, ere he left his lovely Bride,
 Mark’d well the Station of the blazing Guide, }
 Then sought *Abydos* cross the sounding Tide. }

What now but amorous Scenes their Thoughts
 employ. 335

Confus’d Ideas of the genial Joy?
 Slow rose on leaden Wings the Morning Light,
 Slow Noon came on—the Lovers wish’d it Night.
 At length dark Gloom a dusky Mantle spread;
 Sleep o’er the World his balmy Influence shed. 340

P All

All but *Leander* lay dissolv'd in Rest,
 Love kept a ceaseless Vigil in his Breast,
 Silent he wander'd on the winding Shore,
 The Deep resounded with tremendous Roar :
 Wide o'er the foaming Waves his anxious Sight
 Explor'd the Torch's love-proclaiming Light: 346
 He little deem'd, alas ! its Flame would prove
 The Blaze of Death, tho' meant the Torch of Love.

Soon as fair *Hera* from her Tower survey'd
 Th' Horizon darken'd in the sable Shade, 350
 The Torch on high she fix'd ; its Flames inspire
Leander's Bosom with the kindred Fire ;
 Quick thro' his Frame the bright Contagion ran,
 And with the glowing Signal glow'd th' ena-
 mour'd Man.

But when he heard the hoarse-resounding Roar
 Of thundering Billows breaking on the Shore, 356
 Aghast he stood, he shrunk, and thus address'd
 These Words of Courage to his trembling Breast ;

“ Ah cruel Love ! whose Woe the Waves con-
 spire !

“ The Waves are Water, but I burn with Fire :

“ Be

“ Be bold my Heart, the foaming Billows brave,
 “ Nor fear the Threatnings of the wintry Wave.
 “ Fair *Venus* rose propitious from the Main;
 “ She calms the Ocean’s Rage, and sooths the
 Lover’s Pain.”

He spoke, and strait his lovely Limbs undrest, 365
 And folded round his Head the various Vost;
 Then dauntless plunging in the foaming Tide,
 Dash’d with his Arms th’ intruding Waves aside:
 Full in his View he kept the shining Mark,
 Himself the Pilot, Passenger, and Bark. 370
 While faithful *Hero*, to her Promise true,
 Watch’d on the Turret every Wind that blew;
 Oft with her Robe she screen’d the Torch’s Blaze
 From dangerous Blasts that blew a thousand Ways:
 Till the tir’d Youth, on rolling Surges tost, 375
 Securely landed on the *Sessian* Coast.
 Soon as she saw her Lover safe on Shore,
 Eager she ran, and led him to her Tower,
 Welcom’d with open Arms her panting Guest,
 And, sweetly smiling, to her Bosom prest: 380

Then dumb with Joy the shivering Youth she led,
Still wet and weary, to the genial Bed,

Wip'd his fair Limbs, and fragrant Oyls apply'd,
To cleanse his Body from the oozy Tide;

Then clasp'd him close, still panting, to her Breast,
And thus with fond, endearing Words address'd : 386

“ My Life, my Lover, thou hast suffer'd more
“ Than fondest Bridegroom e'er endur'd before ;

“ Destin'd, alas ! dread Troubles to sustain

“ On the rough Bosom of the briny Main : 390

“ Now let sweet Joy succeed in Sorrow's Place,

“ And lull thy Labours in my warm Embrace.”

She spoke. He loos'd her Virgin Zone, to prove
The secret Rites, and Mysteries of Love.

VER. 383. *Wip'd his fair Limbs, and fragrant Oyls
apply'd.]*

Thus, in the Third Book of the *Odyssey*, *Polycaste*, the
Daughter of *Nestor*, bathes and anoints *Telemachus* :

Sweet *Polycaste* took the pleasing Toil
To bathe the Prince, and pour the fragrant Oyl.

On which Dr. *Broome* remarks, that the Practice of
Women bathing and anointing Men frequently occurs
in the *Odyssey* : Neither is this done by Women of
inferior Quality, but we have here a young Princess
bathing, anointing, and cloathing the naked *Telemachus*.

No Youths with measure'd Dance the Nuptials
crown'd,

Nor tuneful Hymn's congratulating Sound:

No Bard invoc'd the heavenly Queen with Prayer,

To smile propitious on the wedded Pair

No nuptial Torch its golden Lustre shed,

Bright Torch of Love, to grace the bridal Bed!

No *Paeans* musically rung

No greeting Parents Hymeneals sung:

But all was Gloom, and Silence all around,

Instead of Music's love-inspiring Sound.

Beneath the Coyert of the Night conceal'd,

They tasted Pleasures mutual Faith had seal'd:

In close Embraces all entranc'd they lay,

In Raptures never usher'd to the Day:

Till the fond Youth reluctant left his Bride,

Still breathing Love, and cross'd the foaming Tide.

Thus *Here* liv'd unnoted, unbetray'd,

Each Night a Woman, and each Day a Maid.

Both with'd the Hours on swiftest Wings would fly,

And hail'd the evening, not the morning Sky.

Thus rapt in hidden Joys, each blissful Night

They pass'd in Ecstasies of full Delight:

Q1318 : 2. M U S 2 E U S.

But soon, alas! those dear-bought Pleasures fled,
And short the Transports of that bridal Bed!

For now relentless Winter, that deforms
With Frost the Ports, and the Sea with Storms, 420

Bade the wild Winds o'er all the Ocean reign,
And raise the rapid Whirlpools of the Main;

The hoarse wild Winds obey, and, with harsh
Sound,

Roar o'er the Surface of the vast Profound,
Rouze from their Beds the scatter'd Storms that sleep
In the dark Caverns of the dreary Deep: 426

The trembling Sailor hears the dreadful Roar,
Nor dares the wintry Turbulence explore,
But drags his Vessel to the safer Shore. }

But thee, bold Youth, no wintry Storms restrain,
Nor all the deathful Dangers of the Main: 431

For when thou saw'st the Torch's Blaze from far,
(Of nuptial Bliss the bright prophetic Star)

Thee not the furious Tempest could controul,
Nor calm the glowing Raptures of thy Soul. 435

Yet sure fair *Hero*, when the gloomy Sky
With gathering Clouds proclaim'd a rough Winter
night,

Without

Without her Lover should have pass'd the Night,
 Nor from the Tower, ill-omen'd, Crown the Light.
 But she, ah hapless! burns with fond Desire; 440

'Tis Love inflames her, while the Fates conspire:
 The Torch of Death now glimmer'd from above,
 No more the gentle Harbinger of Love.

'Twas Night, and angry *Eolus* had hurl'd
 The Winds tempestuous o'er the watry World; 445

The bellowing Winds with Rage impetuous roar,
 And dash the foaming Billows on the Shore:

Ev'n then the Youth, with pleasing Visions fed,
 Glows with Remembrance of the bridal Bed;

And, while fierce Tempests howl on every Side,
 Floats on the Bosom of the briny Tide. 451

Waves, roll'd on Waves, in hideous Heaps are
 driven,

Swell'd into Mountains, and upheav'd to Heaven:

Bleak Blasts, loud-roaring, the vex'd Ocean sweep,

Foam the dash'd Billows, and resounds the Deep.

From every Part the blustering Terrors fly, 456

Rage o'er the Main, and battle in the Sky:

The growling Thunder of the vast Profound

The Rocks rebellow, and the Shores rebound.

Amidst

Amidst the wat'ry War, with Tails oppress'd, 460
 O'erwhelm'd with Billows, and in Gulphs distress'd,
 Leander oft with suppliant Prayer implor'd
 The sea-sprung Goddess, and old Ocean's Lord:
 There, Boreas, too, he summon'd to his Aid,
 Nor was unmindful of th' *Athenian* Maid: 465
 But Prayers are fruitless, and Petitions vain;
 Love must submit to what the Fates ordain.
 From Wave to Wave the hapless Youth is tost,
 Now heav'd on high, and now in Whirlpools lost.
 His weary'd Feet no more his Will obey, 470
 His Arms hang useless, and forget to play.
 Borne on the Surge supine, and void of Breath,
 He drinks the briny Wave, and draws in Death.
 Thus while in fatal Rage each Wind conspires,
 Extinguish'd at once the Flame, and Lover's Fires, }
 Fainting he sinks, and with the Torch expires. }
 While on the Turret *Hero* mourn'd his Stay,
 And fondly sighing chid his long Delay,
 Perplexing Anguish in her Bosom rose,
 Nor knew her Eyes the Blessings of Repose. 480

Now

Now rose the Morn, in russet Vest array'd,
 Still from th' impatient Pair the Lover stay'd;
 Watchful the flood, and cast her Eyes around
 O'er the wide Beach, and o'er the Depths profound,
 Haply to spy her Lover, should he stray, 485
 The Light extinguish'd, midst the watry Way;
 But when she saw him breathless on the Sand,
 Stretch'd, ghastly pale, by Death's relentless Hand,
 She shriek'd aloud; and from her throbbing Breast
 Rent the gay Honours of her flowery Vest; 490
 Then from the Tower her beauteous Body cast,
 And on her Lover's Bosom breath'd her last:
 Nor could the Fates this faithful Pair divide;
 They liv'd united, and united died.

VER. 494. *They liv'd united, and united died.*

They were lovely and pleasant in their Lives, and
 in their Death they were not divided.

II Sam. Chap. 1. Ver. 23.

F I N I S.

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